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PARKER



Ednah D. Cheney.

REMINISCENCES

OF

EDNAH DOW CHENEY

(BORN LITTLEHALE)



BOSTON:
LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.
1902.

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EDNAH DOW CHENEY

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DEDICATION.

*To all who have loved me, to all whom I have loved,
To all who have helped me by sympathy and by rebuke, by honest
demand and by stern counsel,*

I GRATEFULLY DEDICATE THIS LIFE

*Which is gone through sunshine and shade
to a peaceful end.*

*“Life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal.”*

E. D. CHENEY.

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GENEALOGY.

RICHARD LITTLEHALE
Died 1663

ISAAC LITTLEHALE
Died 1718

JOSEPH LITTLEHALE
Died 1757

RICHARD LITTLEHALE
Died 1804

THOMAS DOW
Died 1654

STEPHEN DOW
Died 1717

STEPHEN DOW
Died 1743

NATHANIEL DOW
Died 1787

JEREMIAH DOW
Died 1826

ABRAHAM PARKER
Died 1685

ABRAHAM PARKER
Born 1656

ABRAHAM PARKER
Died 1762

ABRAHAM PARKER
Died 1793

RETIRE HATHORNE PARKER
Died 1799

JEREMIAH DOW
Died 1846

EDNAH PARKER
Died 1846

Married 1797

SARGENT SMITH LITTLEHALE
Died 1850

EDNAH PARKER DOW
Died 1876

Married June 10, 1819

EDNAH DOW LITTLEHALE

SETH WELLS CHENEY
Died 1856

Married May 19, 1850

MARGARET SWAN CHENEY
Born Sept. 8, 1855. Died Sept. 23, 1882.

REMINISCENCES
OF
EDNAH DOW CHENEY.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

“The days, the precious days, we gladly let them fly,
That still more precious fruit may ripen by-and-by,
A rare and wondrous plant that shall bloom out some night
A child we 're training up, a book we long to write.”

RÜCKERT, *Wisdom of the Brahmins.*

JAMAICA PLAIN, April 15, 1893.

I HAVE so often been asked to write out my recollections of my (nearly) seventy years of life that I am tempted to take a day of enforced leisure to begin, at least, to recall the past. Alfieri says “a man writes a biography from self-love,” and also that he does not intend to speak of other people. But if I may hope to make my sketch interesting, it must be by telling of other people I have known; for I have had a quiet life, with very little of either achievement or adventure in it.

My genealogy offers little of interest. I belong to humble folks, and can trace my descent to neither William the Conqueror nor the “Mayflower.” My mother’s family, named Dow, removed from Massachusetts to New Hampshire. From the name I judge that they may have been of “our folks in

Holland." They certainly had the old Calvinistic traits, and were as rigid in their faith as the founders of New England. I have heard my mother tell how straight-backed her grandfather was, and how venerable he looked with his long white hair, as he walked out of the Baptist church when the bass-viol was brought in. He had a heart, though, like other men, and fell in love with a gay young woman who delighted to tease him by performing the rite of baptism on the cats of the family. He prayed much over the question of marrying such an unregenerate maiden, but concluded that it might prove for the good of her soul, and was greatly rejoiced when after their marriage she became regularly converted and joined his church. He was then supremely happy. Living on a farm they had pretty hard times through the Revolution. Some of mother's stories are preserved in my story of "Sally Williams."

My grandmother's name was Ednah Parker. Her family was undoubtedly English and of good standing. They lived in Bradford on the Merrimack, and were the principal family of the place. My great-grandmother was named Ednah Hardy, and the name, Ednah, then unusual, has been kept in the family for four generations, and always spelled with the "h."* One anecdote is worth preserving. When grandmother was young her parents went off for a visit, leaving the children to keep house. They took the opportunity to make for breakfast a "Johnny-cake" of Indian meal, of which they were very fond; but they were very much mortified when a neighbor happened to look in and found them partaking of such miserable food as only the poorest people deigned to eat. Grandfather Dow moved to Exeter, N. H., where he carried on a large tannery. I remember that whenever we passed a tan-yard in our drives, mother would say, as she inhaled the familiar smell, "There lives an honest man."

* I have always fought for this "h," and with good reason; for my Hebrew friends tell me the "h" is a sacred letter, and means "the favor of God."



After the fashion of children I pondered in secret, but never inquired, of the connection between hemlock bark and honesty.

My grandmother was an admirable woman. She was remarkable for her warm, unselfish affection, for her excellent judgment, and her executive powers. She had, moreover, a broad, progressive mind, and a sweet touch of poetic feeling and perception of the feelings of others. I always felt that she understood me better than any other person. I had that most inconvenient fault of carelessness, for which I got so many rebukes that I was deeply convinced of my own worthlessness. I have always been very grateful to her, for I once overheard her say, when somebody was praising a cousin for her virtues of neatness and order, "Well, I wouldn't give our Ned for her, after all."

Grandmother never had firm health, suffering greatly from asthma. She died at sixty-nine years of age. A short time before her death I one day brought home "Paul and Virginia," in French. She was greatly disappointed to find it was in French, as she said she had not read it since she was a child; so I translated it aloud to her and she enjoyed it very much. She never joined the popular church, and read Emerson and Parker with great enjoyment.

My father came from Gloucester on old Cape Ann. His father died when he was but twelve years old, and he was obliged to go at once into Mr. Mansfield's store to earn his living. His brothers went to sea, and I believe all but one perished on the water. He used to say that he felt rather ashamed that he did not want to go to sea himself, but he had no fancy for it.

When father was a young boy, the boys wished to celebrate Fourth of July, or Independence day, as it was then often called. To do this properly, good liquor was necessary, and they clubbed their small resources to buy a pint of rum; but this was not enough to make them all tipsy, so they decided that one or two should drink it for the credit of the company.

The Editor of the "Genealogy of the Littlehale Family," when wishing me to buy his book, told me that I was the most distinguished member of the family! Such unimpeachable testimony closes all hope of claiming a remarkable origin.

I never knew my Grandmother Littlehale, but suspect that she was not particularly amiable. She was a belle and a beauty in her youth, and was married very early to a Captain Edgar. My grandfather fell in love with her when he saw her walking out a bride with her first husband, and said he meant to marry her when he was old enough. Captain Edgar lived only two years, leaving one son, and then the young lover married her. My father was a devoted son, and, being the youngest child, his mother indulged him excessively, which perhaps was the reason that he never conquered a quick, flashy temper, which was his greatest fault, as he himself realized. Otherwise he was a very kind-hearted man, of generous impulses and sensitive feelings.

His opportunities for learning were small, but he improved them assiduously, spending every moment he could command in reading. His knowledge of history, especially American, was remarkable, for he had a clear mind, a retentive memory, and warm patriotism.*

He was very liberal in his views both in politics and religion, and was a believer in Woman Suffrage at a very early date. I must mention one inconsistency, however, both because it gave us much pain and because it is a curious illustration of the times. The first anti-slavery word that I ever heard was from him. He said, "The English and Americans boast of being the freest nations in the world, but the English impress seamen, and the Americans keep slaves." He had a real love for the negroes

* The story of one of the brothers who went down to St. John, N. B., and there married and founded the family still living there, and an offshoot of which is planted and flourishing in California, is partly told in my story, "The Child of the Tide."

from early associations, and felt deeply the wrong done them, and he could never refuse a negro who begged of him. But he had lived through the times when the establishment of the Union was the most earnest desire of the patriot; and when the cry arose that "the union was in danger," and his idol Daniel Webster strove to save it by giving up everything to the South, he was distracted by anxiety, and could not bear that any one should attack slavery lest he should pull down the pillars of the Constitution with it. Although fully in sympathy with Theodore Parker's theological views, he turned violently against him; which, as all the rest of the family were much attached to him was not agreeable to our feelings. Had he lived until the war broke up the fatal delusion that cost us so much, he would have found his humanity and his patriotism on the same side, and would undoubtedly have been a most enthusiastic defender of the Northern cause. He died in 1850.

My mother was a beautiful type of woman. She preserved to old age the sweet, shy modesty of a young girl, which suited well with the soft ringlets which hung around her face. She had good practical ability and great tenderness of heart. She was anxious and apprehensive by nature, but when trouble came, as it often did, she bore it with a strength and patience that always surprised us.

She had small opportunity of education in a country town, but she was very fond of reading. Indeed I can never remember seeing either her or my father sitting down to rest without a book in their hands. She read Byron as a young girl when he was the idol of the hour, and shared in the excitement when a *Waverley* novel came fresh from the press. Her love for Scott lasted all her life; she was never weary of re-reading him, and among my earliest recollections are the stories she told of Dandy Dinmont and Caleb Balderstone and other characters, who seemed quite as real to me as those of historic fame. This taste continued to the second and third generation. My solitary

meals are often cheered by the help of "Ivanhoe" or "Old Mortality," as by the presence of an old friend who is always fresh, and whose good stories, though well remembered, we are still glad to laugh at once more.

A family who lived near my grandfather, named Ellery, moved to Gloucester, Mass., and in due time my mother went to make them a visit, and enjoyed all the pleasures of a seashore life. My father had passed through his apprenticeship in Gloucester, and having attracted the notice of Mr. Tucker had been received into his large grocery establishment in Boston, and finally set up in business by him, so that he was at this time in a fair way of success. He formed a partnership with a man somewhat his senior, named James Pickens. They continued their connection so long that at one time they were the oldest firm in Boston with unchanged name; and one of the very few that went through the disastrous panic of 1837 without failing.

At the period of my mother's visit to Gloucester, the excitement about the sea-serpent was at its height, and as my father was always of an inquiring turn, he went down to Cape Ann to investigate for himself. He did not find the serpent, but what many thought even more more beguiling, the beautiful young maiden from Exeter. They met on a boating excursion. A squall arose and the young lady, who was very timid and usually very sick, was frightened out of the latter malady, and wrapt in "Mother Bedell's old black cloak," she doubtless received the kind attentions of her new admirer with silent gratitude.

Exeter at that time was a very strictly Calvinistic place. All innocent amusements, as dancing, etc., were frowned upon. One lady said her grandmother called "a young man dissipated if he played backgammon!" On Sunday it was considered wrong to visit or take a walk or read any but a professedly religious book, or in short do anything but go to church three

times a day and keep awake if possible. At the same time the custom of social drinking prevailed everywhere, and the young men, with little innocent amusement at home, were easily led into license abroad.

My parents were married June 10, 1819, and went to Boston, where they boarded for a short time. The next year, however, they took a house in what was called Belknap Street. This street has a curious little history, and as it may be swept away before this is read, I will give it. It runs from Beacon Street to Cambridge Street, and is divided by Mt. Vernon and Myrtle Streets into three parts, which at that time pretty well represented three grades of society. I do not know whether the name Belknap was originally given to the whole length, for even then the upper part was often called Joy Place, but Belknap was the prescribed name. Here were some of the finest houses and most "swell" people in the city. In the middle part were families of good standing, and in this part was our house, where I was born. The lower part was almost entirely occupied by colored people, who streamed by our house, and gave us children that early familiarity with this people which, thank God, has prevented me from having any difficulty in recognizing the "negro as a man and a brother."

But the upper ten did not relish the idea of giving their addresses on Belknap Street so associated with the despised race, and they petitioned the city government to change the name of their portion to Joy. Of course the middle class are but too prone to mimic the manners of the rich, and they next asked to have their portion re-named. It is a democratic country, and therefore the lower portion of the street wished for its Joy also, and so the good old name of Belknap, once belonging to a worthy divine, was given up, and has never been used again.

I was the third child and the last born in this house. When I hear of women worn out with the cares of housekeeping

I like to recall what my mother did. She had but one girl, but she was from Exeter and a treasure indeed, — Mary Parks; I will give her what immortality I can. Mother took care of her children, did all their sewing (without a machine), and was always hospitable and generous in her housekeeping. Then water did not run into the wash-tubs, but often had to be brought by hand from outside of the house. No friction matches, still less an electric spark touched the gas and gave you light on the instant, but the obstinate flint and steel hammered out the spark which must be caught as it fell, and the lamps, filled with greasy oil, must be kept ready for burning. I do not think my mother ever made her own candles as her mother had done; but she did make her own soap, and my father used to salt down a barrel of pork every year, and I remember when I held the lamp for him, and felt insulted that he offered me the tail for my reward. Mother always said in later years that she felt poor without her pork-barrel.

I was the third child, and curiously enough there is a little doubt about the day of my birth. The old Exeter nurse, Susy Beckett (I love these old names), who knew the birthday of everybody in the families where she nursed, and was in consequence a terror to maidens no longer in their teens, always gave it as the 27th of June; and June it certainly was, but somehow in one record book made by my father, but at a much later date, it is registered on the 22d. I do not know how it happened, but I think it must have been a slip of memory or the pen. I remember the discussion about it when I was a child, and of course, being then ambitious to be old, I favored the earlier date. But my mother, who was not likely to forget such a circumstance, always said that I was born on Sunday, and we found that Sunday fell on the 27th in that year; so that, having attained an age when a few more days of youth are not objectionable, I have always since considered the 27th as the date of my birth. I am sorry that I have not attained sufficient dis-

tion to make this a delightful puzzle for antiquarians. My mother died in 1876.

The earliest thing I can recall is that my grandmother took my cold hands in hers and wrapped them in her warm apron. From circumstances I think this must have been when I was two years old. I do not remember our removal to Hayward Place when I was about that age. I may have been five or six years old when the use of anthracite coal was introduced. My father was interested in it, and when people declared that it was too difficult to light and manage, he answered that a child could do it, and accordingly taught me how to kindle a fire. I wished to turn my knowledge to profit, and struck a bargain with the chamber-maid, whose duty it was to make the fire in mother's bedroom in the morning, that I would make the fire for her at the price of a cent a week. As this gave her a little more time to indulge in bed she gladly consented, but as she was rather a giddy girl, she was not very punctual in paying me my small pittance, for which I dunned her so unmercifully that she would cry out to the cook, "For God's sake, Ailie, do lend me a cent to pay this child." All the kindlings were laid ready for me, and I devoted myself earnestly to the task, somewhat difficult for a child of that age. My brother, of about two years, would crawl out of bed and as he had a little wagon he would load it with my wood and carry it off while I was busy with the grate. Father and mother would lie and laugh to hear my vigorous remonstrances.

I went to a school in the court kept by Miss Mary Elizabeth Rebecca Royal Pemberton and her sister Joanna. No playful kindergarten was this school! Miss Pemberton was a rigid Calvinist who believed in responsibility and duty to the tips of her finger-nails. Lessons were made to be learned, and the business of the child was to learn them by heart, though the heart had precious little to do with it. I do not remember any whipping in the school, but the common punishment was

to blindfold the child and stand her in a corner. A perhaps harder punishment was to be taken home by the teacher, and made to sit down in her room and learn the neglected lesson, while the voices of the other children at play could be heard. I did not love Miss Elizabeth, but her sister Miss Joanna was more congenial to the children. Her old father came in to teach us to read, and his favorite precept was, "Read slowly, and all other graces will follow." But spite of all, the training was excellent in reading, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. My next teacher, Mr. Fowle, said "he had no scholars so thoroughly trained as those from this school." History was not so well taught. We had an American history in questions and answers which mostly consisted of "Where was such a battle fought and who beat?" One of my classmates, Charlotte H., said one day, "When I don't remember who beat, I always say, 'The English,' for they beat the oftenest." "I don't," I replied, "I say, 'The Americans,' for I like them best."

By 1830 we were a little group of five children, and we had pleasant times playing in the court. Thanksgiving day was the great festival, and after dinner father always played games with us.

Our greatest pleasure was, however, going to my grandmother's at Exeter, and spending a month in summer. The home was not a farm, but we had a large garden and flowers and drives and many country pleasures, and both grandfather and grandmother exercised their undoubted privilege of indulging us to their heart's content. I don't know why I should not have been a very happy child, but somehow I do not look back on childhood as a happy time, although I think these feelings may belong more to a later period. I was shy and full of strange thoughts, and I never felt as if anybody understood me. I was very homely, while my older and younger sister were very pretty, and grown-up people have an amiable way of impressing such agreeable facts on the mind of a child.

While we lived in Hayward Place I had quite an adventure. We were taught sewing at school. One day I lost or broke my needle and the teacher sent me home to get another. I found my mother very busy, and she chanced not to have the right-sized needle to give me, so she gave me a cent and told me to go to a little store on Washington St., kept by one Hannah Farrar, and buy one. (Let me say in parenthesis that the common expression then was to buy a quarter of a hundred needles, that being the number in a paper, and I do not see how mother came to be destitute of them.) I never had much idea of locality, and for some reason mother told me to go out of the back door, which I was not accustomed to do, and so I turned the wrong way and walked on towards the "South End," looking vainly for the sign of "Hannah Farrar." I began to notice the changed aspect of things, for the "Neck" was then quite a rural place, and at last, convinced that I was on the wrong track, I turned around to go home, and overcome by fatigue and distress I sat down upon a door-step and began to cry. At this moment a young school-boy passed who recognized me and kindly asked what I was doing out there all alone. When I sobbingly told him I had lost my way, he said that if I would go with him a little way to his aunt's, where he must do an errand, he would then take me home. I followed him and was kindly received by the aunt, who (tell it not in these temperance days) treated me to cake and wine and sent me home quite cheered. In the meantime the teacher, alarmed by my not returning to school, sent another child to make inquiries, and alarmed my mother. My pretty sister came home from school and was despatched to the stores to ask if a little child had been seen. "No," said one gallant young clerk, "but if she is as pretty as you, she will soon be found." My little sister came home crying that "Neddy had gone off with her luncheon, and she had n't had a bit." The town crier was sent for, but was fortunately absent, so that I was saved from the

ignominy of being cried about the town. When I arrived home with my escort my first words were "Mother, I've got the cent!" "I don't care anything about the cent," said the half-distracted mother; so I kept the cent and thought I had made by the adventure. The young boy was thanked and praised, and all manner of rewards offered him which he would not accept, but in the confusion they forgot to ask his name. Many years after, a young neighbor introduced a gentleman to me at a dancing party, and when the set closed, said to me, "Do you know that you have been dancing with the boy who brought you home the day you were lost?" Alas for the romance! He did not fall in love with me, I did not pine for him, and so my childish adventure was without consequence.

In describing my walk over the "Neck" I said, "I got to where there were gardens on both sides of the houses."

Behind Hayward Place and parallel with it, was a narrow, filthy court, called Sweetzer's Court, inhabited by very poor people. Our well-water was very poor; we should now consider it poisonous. Later we had the Jamaica Plain aqueduct. Probably it was owing to the filth about us that we had the terrible scourge of scarlet-fever. All the five children and my father were stricken down with it. I remember the day I was taken. We had for dinner my favorite pudding. I could not eat a morsel. My poor mother looked at me and said, "You too!" Sargent, the only boy, two years old, died first, after only four days' illness, and my mother took me to his side and said, "Do you love your little brother?" I think she was kind to let me recognize death in this lovely guise. He has been strongly familiar to me all my life, and I have no outward terrors. It is only the parting that I dread. When my next sister, Sarah, a singularly beautiful child, died, my mother followed her to the grave alone, no other one of the family being well enough to go.

Our physician, Dr. John D. Fisher, who was connected with

Dr. Howe in founding the Blind Asylum, was a most kind, excellent friend, but his practice seems to me to have had the narrowness of the old school, almost at its worst.

The sister older than myself, Elizabeth, was very ill, having dropsy on the brain, which resulted in epilepsy. This was a terrible trial. My mother said she had lost two children, and she prayed as never before for the life of this child; and, to use the old theologic phrase, it seemed as if "her prayer were granted in anger," for the poor child, who had been a very brilliant scholar, gradually lost her memory, and her life was sad, and it was a great trial to all the rest of us. It is very hard to have one child among others who is not amenable to the ordinary rules of discipline. We were not old or thoughtful enough to remember how many pleasures she was deprived of, when she was allowed to do things forbidden to us; for the doctor's orders were that she was not to be required to do any tasks, and we often had to remain with her when we wished to be elsewhere. I have always questioned whether her mental faculties might not have been preserved by more judicious mental discipline, but they did the best they knew. It was singular that while she was the only one of the children who appeared to inherit the flashy temper of my father, she became very docile, conscientious, and affectionate, and only on one or two occasions in her life did she manifest any violence of temper. She had a great fondness for arithmetic, and was also fond of making puzzles and conundrums, and writing verses, which have no literary merit, but are often touching from their tone of feeling. Her religious feeling was very sweet and trustful. Although she often forgot the time of day, or the day of the week, yet on Sunday morning she always appeared with her Bible in her hand instead of the knitting which was her usual employment. Only once, I think, did she ever mistake the day. I never realized in any other person so fully that the soul may live and grow with apparently very little intellectual life. She lived to be sixty

years old, and died very suddenly in one of the usual fits of her malady.

One other incident of this dread time is like a light in a dark cave. There were no trained nurses in those days, and it was the custom for neighbors and friends to assist in the care of the sick, "watching" by night. I think mother had the aid of an excellent nurse who was much in our family (Miss Coolidge), but still with five or six patients, some of them very ill, her hands were more than full. A young lady (Miss Ann Williams) came to her, although an entire stranger, and begged and urged that she be allowed to watch two nights in the week, which she did. This good friend spent her life in such deeds of mercy as gave her the name of "Saint Ann." She lived long, and died in 1900.

Two years later, when I was eight years old, came a great change. I do not know whether it was because father was impressed with the unhealthfulness of the location, or because mother never could feel happy in the house where she had suffered so much, but we moved to a new house in Bowdoin Street. It was one of a block of four houses, still standing, which father had built in connection with others. The name on the lowest house door was Coolidge, next came that of his partner Pickens, next our own, and finally, on the upper one, Stone. So the boys used to amuse themselves by calling out, "Coolidge Picking Littlehale Stones." It was quite a rural part of the town then. We could look from our back upper windows over "Gardner Green's garden" to the water. This land was soon made into Pemberton Square, and was first a very fashionable place of residence, then devoted to lawyers' offices, and now mainly to the Court-house. Above our house was open space to nearly the top of the hill, and the land was in litigation between Bowdoin College (I believe) and other heirs, and one party took forcible possession, and we had quite a fight there.

Another change followed this, for I left the little school I have spoken of, and went with my oldest sister, Mary Frances, to the school of Mr. Wm. B. Fowle, which was conducted on the Monitorial plan. It was at that time in a poor little temporary building, where our ink froze on our desks, but was soon after removed to very fine quarters on the corner of Temple Place and Washington Street, the door being on Temple Place, and the lower story on Washington Street occupied by shops.

I shall not be able to brag of my later scholarship, so I will do what I can now. By dint of Miss Pemberton's drill and a delightful book called "The little Grammarian" (which I have tried in vain to obtain in late years), I had so thoroughly mastered Murray's grammar that Mr. Fowle exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, she parses as well as the girls in the first class!" Grammar was Mr. Fowle's hobby, and he had published a text-book of his own, on a system which he considered more rational than Murray's, and which he tried to teach in the school. But it was far too philosophical for such young minds, and as he always encouraged his pupils to express their opinions and argue with him, I used to stand up stoutly for the genuine Lindley Murray in which I had been trained. And I still think that the few simple empirical rules which lead to observation of the language, are far better adapted to the minds of children in our grammar schools, than the elaborate and tedious analysis of such writers as Greene, which is far from satisfactory, and bewilders the mind instead of enlightening it. I think Murray's grammar was to the study of English language something like what Linnæus' artificial system was to the science of botany. Mr. Fowle was not a college graduate and did not encourage the study of Latin, to my great regret, as, if I had studied it with him, I should have been thoroughly grounded in it, which I never was. But he had a genius for teaching and made everything clear to his pupils, and encouraged them to independent thinking. He introduced the study of Science and illustrated

it by experiments — and how hard the poor man did work with his old electrical machine! I believe that I delight in the triumphs of electricity now as one would in the success of one he had known as a little feeble baby! He was before the times in many things. Drawing was taught in the school, and the celebrated Lowell Mason drilled us in singing. A dry stick he was, and would never have been supposed to be a lover of the divine arts. He certainly did not make it very attractive to us. A teacher no less celebrated in his line, Monsieur Papanti, gave us lessons in dancing. Rev. Edward E. Hale is fond of claiming that he was his first pupil in Boston. Whether it was owing to the excellence of his first pupil I will not pretend to say, but it is a very singular fact that this foreigner held sway in Boston for two and in some cases three generations, as the only dancing teacher who was recognized as “*comme il faut*,” and whom no changes of fashion could affect; and his mantle has even fallen unquestioned on his son. He was exceedingly particular in his drill, and those who continued for years under his teaching certainly acquired the art which fitted them to become “ornaments of society.” I was not a shining star in his firmament. As we had a fine large hall and a piano, dancing was frequently our entertainment at recess. I suspect that our school was the first to introduce gymnastics, certainly for girls. We had parallel bars and a few other exercises, in which I bore my part.

The Monitorial system was then an important subject in educational circles, and its advocates hoped it would become a part of the public-school system. It was recommended by its cheapness and by the development of self-reliance and responsibility which it gave to the young teachers, which helped to fix their lessons firmly in their minds. But the elder pupils complained that too much of their time was occupied with simply reviewing what they had gone over, and parents fancied that their children did not get the influence they

might from older minds. My oldest sister was a fine scholar, and she and Miss Lucy Cushing were at one time the oldest and best pupils, having their seats beside that of the head teacher, and having control over the whole school in his absence. Although Mr. Fowle was an excellent teacher, he was not a very popular man. He allowed his pupils a good deal of freedom in their relation to him, and yet he was a strict disciplinarian. His temper was not good, and he sometimes employed what we thought "cruel and unusual punishments," although there was nothing like whipping allowed. I remember one instance over which we held many an indignation meeting. On the top of the stove was an urn which tempted the girls to pour water into it instead of going downstairs to the sink. This of course rusted the iron and injured the stove. Mr. Fowle had scolded and threatened in vain, and at last detected a culprit in the act. He took her hand and plunged it into the foul water. I do not know whether it was hot, and perhaps he did not expect the result, but it made her hand very sore, and we always looked upon it as a piece of great cruelty. Other girls were seated on the front of his high desk with their feet dangling in the air. One I remember was a specially saucy rogue, who would never betray that she felt abashed or ashamed by her position. But the chief method of reward and punishment was an elaborate system of marks of merit which were redeemed in money at the close of each term. It was a very equitable system, and as those who chose could leave their money on deposit, it was a good lesson in thrift. My savings when I left school amounted to nearly ten dollars, which my father deposited in the old Provident Savings Bank, where it lay for many a long year, and I reaped the benefit of it many times, for, if I proposed to take it out at any time to procure some desired object, my father, who considered it hardly less than sacrilege to disturb a deposit in the savings bank unless on dire necessity, would generally give me the money for my object.

French was well taught, with the assistance of a Frenchman for conversation. I have through life always felt the difference of my knowledge of French and that of any other language learned under a different method and teacher. I believe in drill.

The teaching in arithmetic was rational and thorough. Colburn was authority. I had been so well drilled by Miss Pemberton that I well remember my bashful blushes when I went to the head of the class above many big girls, and Mr. Fowle's saying, "It is not you but they who ought to blush." On rainy days he had special exercises to promote rapidity in calculation. I was often first in time, but I am sorry to say I often failed in accuracy. Geography was my horror, and to this day I would rather not have to know anything about the divisions of the earth's surface, but enjoy it as a whole. But thanks, I suppose, to those weary hours spent in Miss Pemberton's room after school (how I hated them), I was sufficiently posted to be monitor over girls considerably older than myself. Map drawing was the only thing that ever gave me any real insight or pleasure in geography.

Not so with science, especially astronomy, which was well taught by means of diagrams which we must copy in reduced size and explain. I had no faculty for anything mechanical, and Mr. Fowle once said, "I know your drawing will be the worst, and your explanation the best of the class."

In one of his reports, Mr. Fowle says, "I will teach algebra when I can find nothing more interesting or useful for young females." As my father had the same prejudice, I have felt the want of algebra all my life.

Mr. Fowle was very much interested in phrenology, and when the great Spurzheim visited the country, he came to the school and examined the pupils. He was much interested in my sister and wished he might have the privilege of educating her.

My sister, who was tired of being the oldest scholar and chief

monitor, left the school, and Mr. Fowle, who was of a jealous nature, could not forgive it; I thought him not very friendly to me afterwards, and I fear I was rather saucy to him.

I begged foolishly to go to another school. I had made some acquaintance with Miss C—— H——y (afterwards Mrs. D——), from the circumstance that her old grandmother had taken half of my grandmother's house, and we made a visit there together.

I found her at this time very agreeable. We had literary tastes and ambitions in common, and I was glad to go to the same school with her. This was the Mt. Vernon school, taught by Mr. Joseph Hale Abbot. He had been a professor in Exeter Academy, and my mother and aunts had a high idea of his learning. I am writing my own youthful impressions, and not a well-reasoned opinion of a mature woman; undoubtedly he was much more of a man than I ever came to think him. I have no doubt that he had very much of the knowledge to be acquired from books, but he seemed to me ignorant of human nature, certainly of girl nature, and he did not generally command the affection of his pupils. I could fill pages with an account of the mischievous tricks that we loved to play upon him. He used many "bywords," which we would repeat in proper connection, but with an imitation of his tone and manner which would convulse the school with laughter, and yet we could not be chidden for imitating our teacher. I was alone in the study of Spanish, and had a very sentimental love-story to read. Instead of the usual sing-song manner of translation, I would read it with proper dramatic emphasis, to the great delight of the listening school.

We were allowed to have a school paper called "The Casket," for which we wrote a great deal, while we grumbled over the weekly composition. The editor had the right of rejection of articles. The anti-slavery discussion was then raging, and some of us determined to write articles upon it. Our editor was a

charming girl, Katy W—— (I love to give these dear old names), belonging to a conservative family, and she refused to read the pieces. We held an indignation meeting and threatened to appeal to Mr. Abbot, but in the midst of it word was brought that Katy was crying on the staircase; our feelings overcame our passions, and we rushed out in a body to kiss and console her.

At this time Amasa Walker made a brave address on Woman's Rights at the Lyceum. My sister and I worked out some very prosaic stanzas, which, I believe, were printed in the "Transcript." As school-girls, of course, we must have a finger in every pie, and the discussion became so warm in the school as to interrupt the lessons. Mr. Abbot therefore gave us leave to hold a meeting in the school-room in the afternoon. Caroline H——, since so able an advocate of the cause, then opposed it, while I strongly advocated it. The day was set, but when the hour came for me to go, a little sick sister had fallen asleep in my arms, and I would not disturb her even to fulfil my engagement. Imagine the jeers to which I was exposed, — Caroline declaring that this settled the whole question, that a woman could not and should not vote!

I felt that this school was not good for me. I went over much ground in the languages, history, and even science, but superficially, and I did not get the kind of intellectual training in thoroughness and accuracy that I needed. The moral influence was not good, although Mr. Abbot was a conscientious, upright man, but I was in constant antagonism to constituted authorities, which was a lesson not particularly needed. At last I was conscious of it, and begged to leave school, but I do not think my parents understood the case and they did not grant my wish. Then Mr. Abbot finally called on mother and wished me to leave school, as my influence was so strong on the other scholars, and he thought not beneficial. I dare say he was right, for I certainly did not strengthen his authority. One of our teachers



was Dorcas Smith, afterwards Mrs. Murdoch, our drawing teacher. She was a woman of fine intelligence and high character, and all the girls loved her. Her methods of teaching drawing were very different from those now employed, but they were genuine and not tricky at all. I went so far as to paint miniatures in water colors on ivory, but they were quite worthless. After I left school I went for some years to her for private lessons. I think the only one of my schoolmates who has become very interesting to the public is Mrs. D——. I had much regard for her. She had a sincere love of goodness and has worked earnestly for humanity, and I believe that the world is the better for her having lived in it. I once expressed to Mrs. Murdoch my regret that I had not gone to Mr. Emerson's school instead of Mr. Abbot's. "You would probably have been a better scholar," she replied, "but I think you would not have developed so well what you value, independence of thought." So much for school days; now for education.

CHAPTER II.

GIRLHOOD.

Dream no more, thy young life is fleeting,
Linger no longer sweet visions repeating ;
High rides the sun of life, high aims pursuing,
Leave now thy couch of rest, up and be doing.

IN 1840 my father and mother took my older sister and myself on a journey. Railroads were still quite a novelty. We went to Springfield by rail, and then we went down the Connecticut to Hartford in a little steamboat, which appeared to draw about two inches of water and slid easily over the underlying rocks that rippled the shallow stream. I then saw more of the historic relics of Hartford than I ever have since. We went to the State House and saw the old Charter, and visited the Charter Oak, which I afterwards walked round with Theodore Parker, who took his hat off in reverence. It was blown down a few years later, and I have a piece of the wood. Thence we went to New Haven and to New York by boat and stayed at the Astor House, which was then a wonder of hotel splendor. We proceeded to Trenton Falls, which I enjoyed to the uttermost, although I almost frightened my mother out of her senses by going up by the side of the river to the very farthest possible point. We were obliged to go by stage to Rochester on the old Lake or Shore Road, as it was called, and I was much disappointed to find that it by no means followed the shore of the lake, but was inland, hot and dusty. It was the year of the election, when the country was roused for the defeat of Van Buren and the Democratic party, whose financial



measures had proved so disastrous to the business of the country, and the people flocked to log cabins to drink hard cider and sing songs for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" Their prayers were heard with a vengeance, for they got a great deal more of "Tyler too" than they found comfortable. We found the log cabins in the daytime often a welcome refuge from the heat. A week in Niagara satisfied my longings, and we went to Buffalo for a day, where we saw General Scott review some troops. He was then in the prime of life and a magnificent man, looking every inch a soldier. We crossed the lake, which brought the first experience of sea-sickness, and then the beauty of the Thousand Isles, where the fishermen spearing salmon by torch-light recalled Scott's wonderful description in "Guy Man-nering," with which I was already familiar. The steamboats did not then shoot the Lachine rapids, and we were obliged to take the stage and pass around them in the night — a weary journey! I remember how my heavy head would droop upon my mother's shoulder. Of Montreal, I remember little but the French service in the Cathedral and a visit to the convent of the gray nuns; but Quebec was very impressive from being the first walled city I had ever seen, and which, of course, recalled many of the scenes I had read of, more in romance, I suspect, than in sober history. My father, who was a most patriotic lover of American history, asked a native to tell him the spot where Montgomery fell, and was much amused to be answered: "Montgomery — oh, yes, the shoemaker! He lives in the next street." We came down Lake Champlain and crossed Vermont by stage on the once famous Gulf Road, which was so smooth that, having here met the Boston papers, I read them aloud to the company eager for the news. The most interesting item to me was the announcement of the projected fair for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument.

I was too young to take an active part in it, but my friend Cornelia Walter, who was some years older, was active in it. I

may as well speak here of these two friends, Mr. Lynde Walter, the founder of the "Boston Transcript," and his sister, who for some years took the editorial charge of it, then a position almost unheard of among women. Mr. Walter was a man of high culture and gentlemanly traits. His mother was of English descent, and of the old Tory school, and a fine specimen of a true, good-hearted, but aristocratic and highly prejudiced, woman. The father was very gentle and genial. Mr. Lynde Walter was very kind to us girls, and I believe that the last time he ever went out was to escort his sister and myself to see the Fourth of July fireworks. He was suffering very much, and his mother begged him to stay at home; but he would not "disappoint the girls." I remember how amusing and bright he was all the evening. He was taken very ill immediately, and at one time his death was confidently reported; and as the news went over the Union, and could not then be corrected by telegraph, he had the pleasure of reading his own obituary notices. He lived four years, confined almost entirely to his bed. It was as his assistant that Cornelia began her editorial work which proved so successful. She was a very warm-hearted, impulsive woman, but had also great good sense and executive ability, and seldom made a blunder. She took the stand of frank and impartial criticism of the lectures and other amusements of the day, and it made her notices much more regarded than the mere puffs of other papers. At one time Henry Norman Hudson was struggling to get a hearing for his lectures on Shakespeare. His audiences were pitifully small. She took me to hear him and asked me to write the notice. I used few words of praise, but told what he said, quoting some brilliant passages. The next night the audience was much increased. I continued in this way, and when the short course of six lectures closed, the audience was large, and unanimously invited Mr. Hudson to give another course. My copy of Charles Lamb is a gift of gratitude from Mr. Hudson. A queer man he was, full of wit

and keen penetration in literary matters, but not wholly agreeable, for he was opinionated and self-conceited and full of reactionary prejudices. As I was in the full glow of anti-slavery and radical feeling, of course we often differed greatly. He became an Episcopal minister of the highest church, I think, and I once heard him preach. It was very funny to hear him take the Scripture characters, Martha and Mary, and analyze them just as he did Shakespeare's heroines. It was keen and very entertaining, but did not impress me as devotional.

One anecdote of old Mrs. Walter is characteristic of the spirit of the times. Mr. Parker's South Boston sermon had just been preached and was severely condemned by all conservatives. Miss Walter was reading it to her sick brother, when her mother came into the room and listened for a while. "Whose sermon is that?" she asked. "It is by a Mr. Parker," answered her daughter. The name, then unfamiliar, did not strike her attention, and she asked, "To what sect does he belong?" Not wishing to shock her, her daughter replied, "I think they call him a Spiritualist." "I should think so," said the good old lady, "for it is the most spiritual thing I ever heard." When she heard what sermon it was, she was very indignant at having been led to praise it, and when I asked her daughter to go with me to hear Mr. Alcott she said: "No, — she shall have nothing to do with it; it is the most insidious doctrine in the world."

But I must go back to 1840. How we shouted and sang for the great Whig convention, and thought the country was safe and all right when Harrison was elected! And how soon was our joy changed into mourning by his death. I remember wearing mourning for him. At that time we had a little manuscript journal called "The Mount Vernon Review," which we passed from hand to hand. I drew a portrait of Harrison, surrounded by mourning lines. We had great fun with this magazine, for Mr. or Miss Walter would occasionally soberly notice it in the "Transcript" and criticise the articles, and

numerous would be the inquiries after this will-o'-the-wisp that could never be found. I do not know that any of its writers have ever been placed on the scrolls of Fame; but I give it its brief notice. I was rather elated when Mr. Walter took a little poem of mine, "The Morning Star," for the "Transcript."

About this time I first remember a singular and interesting friend of my mother's who exercised some influence over my development. This was Mary Ann Haliburton. She was the daughter of a bank officer in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; one of those men of much intellect and wit and large amateur literary acquirement who have the reputation that they might have been great, only unfortunately they are not. Whether he remained only a bank cashier all his life from indolence, or want of ambition, or from what cause, I know not; his daughter used to compare him with Goethe and other great men. She had a quick, lively mind, fine conversational power, and an earnest interest in humanity. She was, however, sensitive and very desirous of admiration and affection; but her fine powers were not trained and disciplined either by home or school. She had an intense love of beauty, and while she had a fine figure and graceful carriage, to plain features and a very prominent nose was added the crowning mortification of a squint eye. She would joke about her infirmities, keenly as she felt them, and used to say that when walking in the street she would hear young men say, "There's a fine figure—let's see her face." "But I always took care," she said, "to keep my face well hidden." It was a current saying that "she was an angel to follow, but a devil to face," which was as true in regard to her temper, also, as epigrams are apt to be. Her grandmother lived next door to my grandfather, and when she visited her she saw my mother, a little younger than herself. Tradition runs that as Mary Ann looked through the separating fence she said: "Are you Ednah Dow? I know you by your curly hair;" and that my mother replied: "Are you Mary Ann Haliburton? I

know you by your squint eye." In spite of this impolite answer, the children became friends, and mother enjoyed her visits to Portsmouth, and in later years had great intellectual pleasure from this bright companion, who had leisure for the study and literary society, for which our large family gave but little time.

One point in her history is instructive. Her mother died early, and while a young girl in society Mary Ann had a delightful life with her intellectual and indulgent father. But it was said that she did not so fully provide for physical comforts as middle-aged men are wont to require, and at any rate he married a woman much his inferior in culture, and whom he had often ridiculed. I never knew this person except from Mary Ann's report, but I have heard that she was a good average woman. Yet it was quite natural that Mary Ann should not take kindly to the relation. At last she came to the resolution to leave home and support herself by teaching drawing, for which she had some talent. But she had a brother then in business in New York, who was scandalized at the idea that his sister should work for her support. He offered, if she would give up this idea, to pay her yearly four hundred dollars, that she might live where she pleased. She had enough of the same kind of aristocratic feeling to accept the offer; and so, instead of leading an independent life, which would have called out her energies, disciplined her character, and brought her into affectionate relations with young people, she spent her life in cheap boarding-houses, trying one scheme after another to make something like a home, for which the natural conditions did not exist. When this brother died he left her only an annuity of seven hundred a year, giving the bulk of his large fortune to a step-brother, who (it was supposed) he thought would keep up his name in business. This property was invested in stocks, and during the inflated period of the war time, the dividends were large, and yet she received only

the stated sum — paid in currency, which had sometimes not the purchasing power of one half the amount in gold. I always thought it a great wrong, which could have been avoided by payment in gold.

She had many quaint sayings which became proverbs among her circle. One was that she wished she had been born a widow with one child; for she thought it was the most “independent position for a woman.”

I am greatly indebted to her, not only for a great deal of intellectual stimulus and many pleasant acquaintances and social enjoyments, but especially that she introduced me to two of the most precious friends of my life, of whom I shall speak later, — Margaret Fuller and Mary Shannon.

I have not kept a very strict chronological order as things rise in my mind; but I wish to speak now of a subject covering several years of this forming period. I was not brought up under severe religious influences, but still I heard something of the prevailing Orthodox theology, and as I was an omnivorous reader, when I was with my Aunt Hannah at Exeter I read her books on Sunday, because I could not get any others. When I was eight years old my little baby sister was very ill, so that the old family nurse was summoned. At evening I recognized her danger and feared that she would die; but I went to bed early at mother's wish. I had read much of the efficacy of prayer, and I poured out my heart fervently to God for the life of the dear baby, and went to sleep confident that my prayers would be answered and the child would live. I woke in the morning and found the old nurse lying beside me. I knew what it meant, — for she would not have left her charge if alive, — and a terrible shock of sorrow and loss of faith came over me. I remember our minister spoke of my grief as something extraordinary in so young a child. I have wondered if this mental shock did not have something to add to it.

My father was a Gloucester Universalist, and they were not

very strict in religious regulations; still, we had a respectful observance of Sunday. I remember that we would not say on Sunday, "Let's play keep house," but, "Let's make believe keep house!" "Make believe," did not seem inappropriate to Sunday, but *play* was sinful. I can remember reproachfully checking myself if I chanced to hum a secular tune. Father used to read the Bible to us on Sunday afternoons, and he often related that when he read the passage about God's commanding the Israelites to borrow jewels of their Egyptian neighbors before going into the wilderness never to return, I looked up into his face, and said, "Father, was that right?" It was a solemn decision to make, on the instant, between the authority of the Bible and a child's own sense of right. He did not hesitate, but said, "No, my child, it was not." This was a beginning of education and of confirmed trust in my father that was worth a great deal. I do not know why, when Dr. Holley, who had been my father's favorite pastor, left, he did not continue to his successor, John Pierpont; but my first remembrance of meeting was at the church on Church Green, and Mr. Young was the pastor. He was not attractive to children, and my first remembrance of going to meeting twice a day is of unmitigated dulness and ennui, which above all things I hated. The walk thither through pleasant, shady Summer Street, and Winter Street, then the abode of doctors, whose signs we regularly counted, was pleasant enough; but the cold of winter pinched, after sitting still so long. I pricked my finger and wrote in letters of blood in the hymn-book, or I chewed my gloves, or did anything, to while away the time, rejoiced indeed when a hymn-book fell from the gallery, or there was any disturbance of the wearisome monotony of the sermon. By and by a Sunday School was established, with a library, and my wise mother used to allow me to read my book during the sermon, to the great relief of all my neighbors. My teacher was Miss Bradley. She read the Bible to us in order, for which I am indebted to her. I

always enjoyed the reading of the Bible and the hymns in church. I must record the gratitude of the children to dear old Dr. Lowell, whose sermons were always short — seldom more than twenty minutes.

But when I was some fourteen or fifteen years old, I began to enjoy meeting very much. I had no enthusiasm for Mr. Young; but he was a fine historical scholar, and his sermons were often interesting. He excelled in funeral discourses and was fortunate in having several distinguished men in his congregation, so that he was said to be “good to blow the last trump.” His discourse on Dr. Bowditch was over two hours long, and yet held the attention of the audience completely. He had a difficulty in pronouncing the letter R, and of him was told the famous speech which I doubt not is made to do service for many a successor in that impediment. Meeting the President of Harvard College, he said, “I hear you had quite a wov the other day.” To the President’s astonished look he explained, “A *wov*, a *wiot*, a *wumpus*, a *webbellion*!” I myself heard him say, “*Chawity* we have, it is *twue*, but not the *chawity* which is *victovious* over *pwide*.” He was very conservative, and much disturbed at the vagaries of Transcendentalism. He once said in a sermon, “*Pwove* all things, hold fast to that which is *twue*, but for God’s sake, hold fast to something.”

When I was about twelve and thirteen years old, I spent much time in the summer with my aunt at South Berwick, Maine. I had much time for reading there, and uncle had a good collection of books. Here I read all Miss Edgeworth’s novels, — good reading for a young mind. I found a congenial companion, and we used to sit up in a willow tree, and read Hamlet; or in some leafy bower act plays of our own devising. My uncle was a Unitarian and used to go to Dover to meeting. I loved to accompany him, and here first knew Rev. John Parkman, who became much later a valued friend. I may here mention a dearly loved friend, Mary Lowe, of Dover. I

spent much time with her, both in Dover and in Exeter, where she passed much of her time with her uncle, Judge Smith. The Judge was my first *distinguished* acquaintance, and my father told me so once, and that he wanted me to remember that great men of whom I read (biography was always my delight) were just as easy and unpretending and delightful as he. He was very kind to me, and commended me for using a dictionary. His second wife, whom he married late in life, was at once a highly accomplished, and most truly religious and benevolent woman. The house was the perfection of a pleasant home, and young people were ever welcome. Mrs. Smith had a happy way of bringing to her young visitor some charming book which she recommended, thus leaving her free to read, when so inclined or the hostess was busy. Their only son, worthy even of such parents, is again Judge Smith, Dean of the Cambridge Law School. Mary Lowe was very unlike me, for she was gentle, shy, and unambitious, although very beautiful, and having many admirers; but we loved each other with perfect trust. When she died, only this year (1894), I could truly say that our friendship had known no break for over fifty years. I have never known a purer, sweeter, truer woman. She married Dr. Swett, of Boston.

In 1838 the head of Exeter Academy, Dr. Abbot, resigned, and there was a grand festival in his honor. This was the occasion of my meeting Daniel Webster in private for the only time. He had not then lost his place in my reverence, and as my father was most devoted to him, of course he was the idol of my admiration. As he was a trustee of the Academy, Judge Smith, who was its President invited him to dinner, and Mrs. Smith, knowing my admiration, kindly invited me to come and see the lions. The Judge lived in handsome but simple style, and no trained waiters could then be hired, so it was arranged that Mary Lowe and a granddaughter of Judge Smith should wait upon the table. I have never forgiven myself for my

stupidity that I did not think to ask permission to help them; it would have been much better fun than sitting silent at table among the grandees, especially as Mr. Webster said, "We are waited on by angels." I had a bow and an introduction, and then waited eagerly for the words of wit and wisdom to flow from the oracle; but, whether because our hostess was a temperance woman I know not, our oracle was rather dumb, and I only heard some remarks upon cheese, which were not interesting to me. At the meeting the next day the Lion was himself again, and very eloquent. I never was fortunate enough to hear one of his great speeches. I heard him only in Lyceum lectures, which did not give full scope for his powers, although his address was always impressive, and his lecture full of valuable information. I remember one occasion when he spoke on the "Constitution." The lecture contained many important historical statements and much logical reasoning; but it was entirely unrelieved by any ornamental illustration, still less wit or humor, and quite unsuited to the general capacity of the somewhat youthful, not to say frivolous, audiences that usually gathered at the Lyceum. The audience listened with respect — for Daniel Webster spoke — but they were evidently rather bored. He was succeeded by James T. Fields, then a young poet full of lively aspiration, and tolerably well satisfied with his own work, who jauntily delivered a bright poem full of pleasant jokes and local allusions, which woke up the audience, and sent them away feeling that they had had a delightful evening with the great men. One of his lines in his compliments to the orator was:

"Who follows Webster takes the field too late."

I mourned deeply over Webster's subserviency to the slavery oligarchy, and it was most painful to see his baleful influence on the conscience of the North. When he made his famous 7th of March speech, E. P. W—— said in my presence that

he would rather Webster had put a pistol to his brains than to have him utter such words; yet in a few days he was apologizing for it, and defending him. I heard Theodore Parker's wonderful sermon on Webster, in which he remembered all the nobility of his early utterances and all the kindly traits, his love of nature and his interest in all classes of men, but also brought out in strong characters the change in his later words, and the moral deterioration which had grown so rapidly from the first yieldings to temptation. As he was speaking, the snow which lay in a great mass on the old Melodeon suddenly slid from the roof with a noise like thunder. The audience, already roused to excitement, were thrilled by the sound, but in a moment Mr. Parker said, "Would that the infamy might so slide off from his character." Mr. W—— was asked to write a biographical notice of Mr. Webster for a liberal review in England (I think the "Westminster"). He wrote with his usual ability, but omitted all mention of Mr. Webster's connection with proslavery measures. The English editor, feeling this to be an important omission, inserted a long extract from Parker's sermon covering this point. It was said that Mr. W——'s cheerful visage was not seen as freely about town as usual that week.

I may as well speak here of my early Exeter life, for it was characteristic of an Academy town. We always made a visit there in summer, and as a child it was paradise to me. I was very fond of my grandparents and my aunts, and I found playmates and friends. Once we stayed all summer and I went to a little school; and I remember with gratitude that our teacher used to bring in a large pitcher of molasses and water and ginger to refresh us in the forenoon recess. This was then a very common drink, and it is a very good substitute for stronger stimulants. My grandfather, like most of the moderately well-to-do people, took Academy boarders, and as we grew older we thus came to form acquaintance with the other sex on very

pleasant familiar terms. On the annual exhibition day the ladies trimmed the Academy hall with evergreen, and even the children were allowed to assist in tying up bunches of ground pine. But at last I arrived at the honorable age, about twelve, I think, when I was regularly invited by the committee of students to aid in the work and attend the exercises, and as he boarded at grandfather's, the salutatory orator, Edward Reed, was appointed my escort. I think that I never felt prouder of any honor than I did of walking up the aisle leaning on his arm. I had already read romance and poetry, and he made an excellent hero for my youthful imagination, and I sat by the window next day and watched his departing figure, deliciously miserable, in approved style. Mother used to say we girls "came out" at Exeter, and went in again when we returned to Boston. I should have said that I was not very much given to flirtation in my youth; but a bundle of my old letters lately returned to me and covering a period of from thirteen years old to mature life seem to bear testimony against me that I was a very silly girl. I had no serious love affairs, however, and was never much tempted to them, for I never was a favorite with young men in general, nor a belle at dancing-parties, which I honestly think was the great reason that I hated them, for I loved the exercise well enough. I had, however, come to care very much for other things, of which I shall presently speak.

It must have been in 1840 that I went to a ball given in honor of the Prince de Joinville, the son of Louis Philippe. I was very unwilling to go, but mother insisted upon it. Among other reasons against it was the fact that I had an allowance of one hundred dollars for my clothes, and I very much grudged the money for a white silk dress. It was a brilliant ball; but I had a stupid time, for I had no partner except one poor youth who knew nobody else, and was introduced to me by some business friend of father's. We always felt the want of a brother on such occasions, as father was not a society man, and

we had no one to escort us; but my sister was pretty and attractive enough to have plenty of attention on her own account. My only very pleasant recollection is of Anna Shaw (since Mrs. William B. Greene), who was then in the perfection of her youthful beauty. With her flowing, light curls and her soft, white, muslin gown like an angel's drapery, she was a perfect vision of beauty which always remains with me.

While on this subject of youthful gayeties I want to pay a brief tribute of respect to Dr. Dix, the oculist, for his kindness to forlorn young women at parties. Like the poet Shelley, he would not confine his attentions to those who were pretty and popular, but would take pains to see that no one was wholly neglected.

Another sorrow had come into the household from the death of a dear little sister about two years old. Oh! how little did I then appreciate the sweet patience of my mother, who bore these repeated losses without complaint, never wrapping the home in a cloud of gloom, but encouraging us in our pleasures when her own heart must have been aching so heavily. We always said that mother had something of the Indian in her nature,—none of his cruelty, certainly, but much of his patient endurance of suffering, and also his long memory of injuries, which she did not retaliate, but could not forget.

The first and most severe depression of business I knew occurred about 1837. It was attributed to the measures of the Democratic party. Parties were extremely bitter, and personal abuse was constantly heard. Even in my childish remembrance I was thoroughly imbued with the prejudice against the Democratic party of that day. I think it was the most violent and disastrous of all the evil financial times I have ever known.

My father never brought his business troubles into the family circle, but his last support gave way when he heard that the Boston banks were suspended. Money was utterly demoralized,

wild-cat notes were passed through all hands, and the paper of the most worthless banks was received readily among the people. My father's position alone stood firm in his line of business every other house failed. He had prudently drawn in sail before the storm came on, but it was even worse than he apprehended.

I remember one instance of the bitter feeling which even affected the children. Robert Rantoul was very unpopular, as a Democrat and also as a reformer, especially active in the temperance cause. The alliteration in his name always struck my ear unfavorably, and I thought of him as the worst man in the State. When I accidentally overheard a cousin of father's intending to call upon Mrs. Rantoul I wondered how she could visit such a wicked person. In after years, when I mingled in reform circles, I learned to estimate Robert Rantoul as one of the truest and noblest patriots of the State.

There is a curious change in amount and character of school vacations since my young days which deserve attention. Four weeks in August were considered ample enough to refresh our brains for the year's study, and our holidays were restricted to very few. Two sessions a day were the usual custom, but Wednesday and Saturday afternoons were granted free. Thanksgiving Day was allowed for the following Friday and Saturday, to digest the festival, and besides these were the annual Fast Day, now only of the past, the Fourth of July, which was more commonly called Independence Day, and 'lection days, of which more hereafter.

The following letter is so vivid a picture of old Boston in my youth that I have asked permission to reproduce it in my "Reminiscences." I only add that at that time there was a general kindly feeling towards the negroes, mixed with some contempt, but no harshness. Through many experiences they have conquered the respect of our citizens. I remember that Garrison, non-resistant as he was, petitioned for the right of

colored men to bear arms, and Charles Sumner was very active in securing the co-education of both people, which has been a triumphant success.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK W. G. MAY.

69 ADAMS ST., DORCHESTER, MASS.

May 7th, 1902.

MRS. EDNAH D. CHENEY,
Forest Hills St., Jamaica Plain.

DEAR LADY: In the days to which you refer, the State Election was held on the last Wednesday in May, at which time, I think, was the general muster of the militia, especially the new levies; for every male from 18 years up, if able-bodied, was liable to do more or less military duty; and to make this as acceptable as possible to the public, numerous independent military companies were formed, such as the New England Guards, the Boston Light Infantry, the Rifle Rangers, the Pulaski Guards, the Fort-Hill Artillery, and others, and the "Sea Fencibles," a redoubtable body of sea-faring men and ship-captains. Holidays were very few in those days; and those Election days were the most notable ones, saving, perhaps, the national holiday, — the Fourth of July. I should say that Election day was not a legal holiday. I am quite sure that Independence was, — but would you believe it, my father's store was open for an hour or two in the early morning of Independence Day, on the considerate suggestion that the drivers of the huge country wagons which might have arrived at the "Port," or Charlestown Square, over night, might slip over to town and deliver their orders and lay their plans for the return freight, etc.! There were no railroads in those days. And by common consent the afternoon of Ancient and Honorable Election day was given as a half holiday to the clerks and employés!

Indeed, it was everybody's day; and emphatically the colored people's. They appeared in great force from what was known as "Nigger Hill," of which you cannot fail to know even more than I do.

The wooden fence of the Common from Park Street corner to and beyond West Street was lined with booths and stalls where eatables and drinkables were exposed for sale by white and colored salesmen and saleswomen. Even oysters by the saucerful at fo'pence-ha'penny ($4\frac{1}{2}$ d., six and a quarter cents) found eager buyers; lobsters too, and

candy by the ton, it seemed to my young eyes, cakes in variety, doughnuts, ginger-nuts, lemonade, spruce beer, ginger beer, etc.

One specially delightful feature was the ambulatory stall. It was an ordinary hand-cart, — or I should say they were, for there were many of them, — the common hand-cart then being almost the only medium of conveyance of heavy or coarse merchandise between the strong, rough wheelbarrow and the “Boston long-tailed truck;” the express wagon being a comparatively modern institution!

This refreshment cart was furbished up and fitted with a tilt or hood to shield its delicacies from sun, dust, etc.; inside were boxes and shelves with the innumerable cakes that the well-bred baker then could furnish, buns with actual currants on them, molasses gingerbread, sugar gingerbread, jumbles, waffles, and I know not what else, — seed cakes, I can see and smell them now, PRESIDENT BISCUIT, etc. But these carts could literally cover the field as the tide of mimic war ebbed and flowed. The shows innumerable, the camera obscura, delightful exhibitions — I wonder whither they have all gone! These laudable chariots carried baked beans and similar necessities of Boston-Beverly life, — brown bread hot, etc., — their proprietors and motive power being genial old darky ladies with genuine wool, etc., and gay-colored head handkerchiefs in the latest Southern style. This was Nigger 'lection, — the colored people very much in evidence.

But on the first Monday of May came Artillery Election, when the Ancient and Honorable Artillery had their annual dinner and marched to the Common, there to elect officers for the ensuing year in presence of the Governor, who “took his seat (a chair) on the Common” and presided over a “drum-head election.” It was on this august occasion that it was considered the proper thing for the white boys to run the colored ones off the Common.

The State Election now occurs in November, and the Legislature meets on the first Wednesday of January.

This is now a thing of the past, but the Ancient and Honorables still keep up their anniversary.

My memory of Nigger 'lection, you see, is that of a very young boy and wholly dissociated from any election as such. It was simply “'lection Day,” about as near to a country muster as a city, of even so moderate a size as Boston then was, could compass, but the dear old “Common” made a great deal possible that could n't be effected in most other such places.

As I was born in 1821, I was born in the "Town of Boston," as was the "Provident Institution for Savings in the Town of Boston" in 1816, and Samuel May, my father, was one of the original corporators.

In one sense I could say "pars fui" but minima pars, so I am conscious that my memory, long unransacked for that callow period, has probably got much tinged by later experiences. Thus traditions are arranged and arrayed, I suppose. Forgive my diffusiveness!

Cordially your obed't servant,

(Signed) FRED. W. G. MAY.

It is worth remembering, that for several, if not many years, the colored citizens of Boston celebrated the anniversary of the act of the British Parliament by which, in 1833, slavery in the colonies of Great Britain was abolished. A procession bearing British and American flags traversed the streets, greeted by the cheers of fun-loving youngsters.

Christmas Day was not in favor with our ancestors, and a record remains of the General Court in 1659 against "observing Christmas either by forbearing of labor or by feasting." In my youthful days Christmas was kept only by Episcopalians, except by some little playful remembrance, as putting up the stockings for St. Nicholas, and perhaps listening to the pattering of his sleigh on the roof. When I attended Mr. Abbot's school, for the first time we petitioned for the privilege of Christmas, which was granted.

Now Christmas has become an almost universal holiday, and the German custom of the Christmas tree robs our forests of many a fair ornament which only blossoms for a day, but might remain a blessing for a generation.

New Year's Day was rather a favorite with old Boston, although not a legal holiday. It was an important business day for settling up the accounts of the year, and the New York custom of making calls was never established here. But friends exchanged gifts and many people had family parties. It has always been a cherished day to me, when the sun mounts

up and the long cheerful days begin. It is one of Nature's great days.

At the present, vacations in the summer range from about nine weeks in the public schools, to fifteen or sixteen weeks in the private schools, and about three months in the colleges and universities. Besides these relaxations Saturdays are usually omitted. The Christmas vacation often extends to a fortnight. Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays are school festivals. Fast Day is changed to commemorate the patriotic day on April 19, and Bunker Hill on June 17. One or two weeks are usually given in the spring, or at Easter week. Commemoration Day keeps the memory of the heroes of the war in May, and Labor Day is celebrated in September.

So long are the summer vacations that now we come back to the early days of winter and summer schools, as formerly to accommodate the farmer boys, and numerous vacation or summer schools are arranged in country towns or mountain or sea resorts.

So far has the rage for vacation prevailed that our late distinguished teacher, Mr. Cushing, wittily said that if he wished to make a new school popular he should advertise that it should be all vacation.



CHAPTER III.

EARLY FRIENDS.

I would for my life a fragrant garland twine,
 And each living flower should be almost divine ;
 Of sweet human flowers my wreath I would compose,
 And with the silver cord of Love I would bind it close.

IN speaking of the early time, I wish to mention a set of young men whom we used to call "the clique," men of brightness and literary ability, who made a most pleasant addition to our society.

I was first introduced to James T. Fields as a young poet ; and his handsome dark hair and eyes, ready wit, Byronic collar, and fluent speech well answered the description, — one of the most kindly and genial of men, who as author and publisher did great service to our infant literature, although his advice to Louisa Alcott was : "Go back to your sewing, for you will never make a success with your pen."

E—— **P**—— **W**—— had no pretensions to beauty, but his fine knowledge of literature, his keen critical sense and great powers of conversation, made him a delightful companion.

T—— **G**—— was the Adonis of the circle : black curling hair, not in those days shaved to the crown like a monk's, with a dark, rich complexion, soft, melting eyes, and a voice with profound tragedy and tender sweetness in it, gave him an almost irresistible fascination for the moment, until you learned that your friends had enjoyed the same tender pressure of the hand, and the same demonstrative glance of the eye. He had remarkable ability in imitating celebrated actors, especially Booth, and

filled you with horror as he recited tragic pieces. Starr King said of him that he was "almost a genius — not quite." He was very fond of Art, but devoted the early part of his life to business ; beginning Sculpture when, perhaps, nearly forty years of age. He achieved some success, however, his most distinguished work being the statue of the King of the Sandwich Islands, now at Honolulu.

Starr King established his own character and fame so fully that I need say nothing of him, except how very much we enjoyed his companionship, as we met him at Gloucester and elsewhere.

But one of the most peculiar persons was a young lawyer, H—— W——, whose life might "point a moral," if not "adorn a tale." I first met him when he was a schoolboy at Exeter Academy, but afterward lost sight of him, until one evening he joined a cousin who was visiting me, while walking home from an Emerson lecture. He belonged to a very fine anti-slavery circle in Maine, and was at that time intimate with people of the same character in Boston, and apparently full of zeal and earnestness in all good things, a great lover of literature, and having an inexhaustible store of entertaining anecdote. I have known him to stand for an hour after he had risen to go, telling one witty anecdote or joke after another. I am indebted to him for my first acquaintance with Shelley, Burke, Coleridge, and many other good authors. At that time he was very gentle and kind in his manner, and very helpful and sympathetic in trouble. After the dark days came, a lady said of him, "I can never forget his kindness to my poor, dead children." I also felt it at the time of my dear little sister's death. I do not know how much he ever accomplished in his profession, but his social talent made him welcome in many circles. I think the demon of social ambition took possession of him, and he began to seek and gain admittance among those who did not share the reform views in which he had been brought up. He perhaps

never failed to admire Emerson, and often exerted himself to get up lectures for him, but he could join in the sneering tone which he heard from George Hillard, and other men of that stamp. I am disposed to repeat an anecdote which I had printed elsewhere, to illustrate this change. He was at my mother's at a party one evening, the day after Mr. Emerson had given his lecture on Memory. Mrs. H——, a friend of his, and I, were sitting on the sofa talking about it, when he came up to us and said: "Oh! that was all very fine, very pleasant, but what did it all amount to? I can't remember anything he said, can you?" "Yes," I replied; "he said, 'Shallow brains have short memories.'" He good-naturedly replied, "I might have known I should get that from you." But the poison worked still deeper; he deserted the old anti-slavery standard, and his former friends; and when the fugitive slave, Simms, was carried away, he rose early in the morning to be one of the guard to see him safely off, lest he should be rescued.

I know little about his professional life, except that he seems to have undertaken the office of securing pensions for the soldiers, and we were very much amused at his offering his services to my mother to secure her one. My father was a member of the old New England Guards, who were called out to defend the "Constitution" when she was on the stocks in Charlestown, during the war with England. The soldiers had a merry time, with no prospect of danger. My father lived to be sixty-three years old in good health, and got his full reward for his services in the pleasure he had in telling stories about his only military service; so his destitute widow and orphans never made any claim on a grateful country.

Mr. W——'s whole demeanor changed after the change in his principles. He became rude and overbearing to his acquaintances of earlier times. But I was indeed startled when I heard that he had attempted to commit suicide, and that his pecuniary affairs were in a wretched condition, involving the

property of some of his truest friends. Through the kindness of his brother, he appeared to retrieve his circumstances. He afterward married; but I knew little of his later life, until the papers announced that he had disappeared from a Fall River boat, for which he had taken a ticket, and, so far as I know, he has never been heard from again.

Another friend did not exactly belong to the "clique," but was a prominent member of our circle; this was a young Unitarian minister, James Richardson by name. He was a man of rare powers, quick fancy, and lively and sympathetic feelings. It was quite in vain to be angry with him, for he charmed your animosity by his wit, his sympathetic kindness, and his imperturbable good-nature; but his organ of fiction was largely developed and in full activity, and his readiness to sympathize with everybody else prevented his having any very fixed standards of his own. He was very readily welcomed by the parishes, and won all hearts at first by his charming qualities. A very frank woman asked me, when he was settled in her native town, if he was perfectly truthful. I rather evaded the question, and she afterward said, "You did n't answer my question the first time I asked you, and by the next time I saw you, I had no need to ask you."

Samuel Johnson used to call him the "flying prophet;" but he went through life shedding a great deal of pleasure and happiness around him, and making friends even of those who saw his faults most plainly. When the war broke out, James, who had never done any fighting in his life, joined the army as a common soldier. His commander had the good sense to see that he would not excel in that capacity, but employed him first on clerky duty, and then he was sent to the hospitals. Here he was in his element; he sympathized with the suffering men, wrote their letters, told them stories, sang them hymns or songs, and diffused his own spirit of hope and good cheer throughout the wards. He took the fever at last, and died in

his calling. "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it."

LETTER FROM MARY SHANNON.

CINCINNATI, May 23, 1863.

And among the rest came James Richardson. We were delighted to meet, most especially at that time when fresh incidents were coming constantly from the battlefield. Mr. R. is in his true sphere and doing a world of good going to and from the battle-field — hunting up the lost or missing — writing letters for the wounded and dying — getting back-pay for the poor soldiers — assisting the widow and fatherless to obtain pensions. In fact he is doing a little of everything. He sends me some of the most thrilling letters from parents, where they willingly gave up their sons' lives for the good of their country. James Richardson's face is radiant with sympathy and love. He is indefatigable in his labors. *

In the Harvard Divinity School I had several interesting acquaintances. I especially cherish one young man, George Fenner from Providence. He gave great promise in thought and poetry, as his one little volume of poems shows, and he became a minister in Cincinnati; but he died early of consumption.

George Wm. H—— was not counted among my friends, but his extraordinary career was well fitted to serve "a moral." He was of Southern origin, and of remarkably handsome person, and fascinating manners. He wrote poems, and especially hymns, of extreme beauty and high spirituality, several of which were adopted into popular hymn-books, and became favorites of devout worshippers. But he was utterly unfaithful to his loves, and he was equally untruthful and dishonest in his general character. Before the opening of the Civil War, when he was in London, he wrote an excellent essay on Slavery, which was quoted with admiration in Congress. But

* An interesting memoir of him appeared in the Harvard book which recorded the lives of the graduates who entered the Union army.

at the beginning of the war he had returned to Charleston, S. C. The Confederates arrested him as an abolitionist, but while he remained in prison he was surrounded with admiring women, who sent him beautiful flowers. He was released from prison, and returned to New York, where he wrote for the "New York World." It was supposed that he was discharged that he might do greater service in the Confederate cause by his work at the North than at the South.

His checkered course ran from being picked up from the gutter in New York, and being arrested for theft in the same city, to the most favored circles in England and America which his talent opened to him. He wronged many women, and cheated many men, but finally married. I have lately heard that he was fortunate in his marriage, and sincerely mourned by his widow. He afterwards travelled and lectured in California. He was a most impressive instance of great charm and high talent, with even spiritual insight, but of the most base character, such as I have often heard of in novels, but the only one with whom I ever came in contact. He was recognized as Deusdeth in Winthrop's remarkable story of "Cecil Dreeme."

Among the interesting friends of my girlhood was John P. Hale, of Dover, New Hampshire, a relative of my friends, the Hales and Lowes. He was a young lawyer of most genial and warm-hearted nature, burly in appearance and frank in speech and manner. He had enjoyed the lively pleasures of youth, and begun his career in politics as a promising Democrat in New Hampshire. The Rev. John Parkman was then settled over the Unitarian church in Dover; he saw in this young lawyer the promise of much higher service to humanity than a Democratic politician would render, and he sent to him regularly Garrison's paper, "The Liberator." Mr. Hale read it first out of respect to his pastor, but soon became deeply interested in the anti-slavery views, and insisted upon paying

the subscription himself. From that time he became an active friend of the slave, and after a warm contest against the Democratic candidate, he was finally sent to Congress, where he took a brave stand against the slave power. When taunted by another member, that he stood alone in his views, his manly reply was, "I came here to stand alone." Although so strongly opposed to them, his genial manners and kind heart made him a favorite with the other members. My own introduction to him was characteristic and amusing. I was introduced at a party in Dover, and the conversation fell upon Bulwer's "Zanoni," a novel then much in favor with us young transcendentalists. We talked earnestly about it, and at last he led me up to his wife, and introduced me, saying, "Here is a young woman who thinks." We became warm friends and correspondents, but I have unfortunately lost his few letters. I heard him speak in defence of the rioters who rescued Shadrach, the only time I ever went into a court-room. He was nominated by the Liberty party for President, but of course did not gain an election. I remember well one excellent piece of advice which he gave us when my father died. He said to my sisters: "My dear girls, I suppose you think it is impossible that you will ever quarrel about money, but I beg of you to have everything settled in as thoroughly business-like manner as if you were perfect strangers, and then you will always keep good friends." We followed his advice; my older sister settled the estate without a mistake of a dollar in the accounts, and we have never had any money troubles in the family.

The last time I saw Daniel Webster was in Mr. Hale's company. Mr. Hale was then staying with us, at the time of the celebration of the introduction of the Cochituate water into Boston; Mr. Healy, the painter, had his large picture of "Webster's reply to Hayne in the Senate," on exhibition in the Athenæum building on Beacon Street. Mr. Hale and I went up to see it, and found Mr. Webster there with the artist, who

was explaining the picture to him, and of course surrounded by an admiring crowd. As Mr. Hale was then decidedly in opposition to Mr. Webster, he did not care to join the crowd, and we went up to the front, close to the railing which surrounded the picture. Suddenly Mr. Healy proposed to Mr. Webster to come forward, and see the details of the picture more clearly, and before we were aware of it we were so closely shut in by the crowd that we could not escape, and I was within a yard or two of Mr. Webster, and could narrowly watch his face. Never did I see anything so powerful and so tragic; the deep, cavernous eyes seemed to have lost every spark of life, love, and hope. I said to myself, "Paralysis will soon have its victim." His death occurred shortly afterward.

As I have spoken of Mr. Healy, I will now tell something of my pleasant acquaintance with him, although it began some time afterward. My first impression was not agreeable; he was then in the zenith of popularity, and had acquired a certain degree of French manner, which did not rightly express his warm nature, and true, loyal heart. He painted a portrait of Mr. Cheney in 1852, but while it was agreeable in color, I did not feel that it did justice to his character.

I afterwards saw much of Mr. Healy in his own home in Paris, and found him always a true, loyal, and affectionate friend; but one remark of his I must recall. Women Suffrage was just beginning to attract attention, and as he had several daughters for whom he could make small provision, the subject of the employment of women interested him very much. After a long talk, in which the right of women to hold office as well as to vote had been considered, he said: "Do I understand you aright? Would you have ladies go to Congress *unattended*?" This was a difficulty that had not occurred to my American mind. His wife was a delightful English woman, who made a hospitable and attractive home.

I must remember also a cousin of Mr. Cheney's who was a very

interesting and peculiar person, and very dear to me. "Cousin Jane" was hard to describe. She had a long and deep and varied experience of life, though she never travelled far from her own home.

She had very hard sufferings from early poverty and from domestic trials, through which she was devotedly unselfish. She was almost entirely deprived of early education, but always dearly loved instruction and had a natural inclination for a teacher. She began in a little district school, and there she thought out many of the principles and plans from her own mind which now are credited to the kindergarten; but the committee objected to allowing her "to clutter up the schoolroom with stones and mosses and other natural objects, to waste the children's time with." When over forty years of age, she went to a normal school to improve her education. She found a kind friend in the late Mr. Philbrick, who appreciated her natural gifts and assisted her in the work.

She was an early member of the Methodist church, and was a bigoted and rigid, but conscientious member. When she found a house with a yard full of flowers, she once said that she thought, "As a professor lived there, she did not think, she could have religion, to spend her time on flowers." Afterwards, she became wholly liberated, and rejoiced in everything. She loved to hear Beecher or Parker or Emerson, and enjoyed the opera or the circus. Her whole nature seemed to be hungry and thirsty for thought and knowledge; but it was necessarily hastily acquired, and without system and regularity.

She was very kind and helpful to any person in need, but she was strong in her prejudices and did not always judge people rightly. The Methodists had a custom of having testimony in meeting, and she afterwards often offended a minister by too frank criticism, in manner or matter.

She was under the yoke of fear of the devil in her youth, but after her release she wrote, "Cousin John, thank God, I am out

of Hell." Afterwards came the dread of horses and railroads, and every other dangerous thing, but she was brave as a lion for the truth, and would stand up before the world for righteousness. Still, she was shy and diffident; and often, in the effort to hide her feeling, she appeared rude and ill-bred. She was very original in many expressions, especially in her prayers, which she used to suit the occasion. When some friends, lovers of nature, were visiting her, she said, "Did you have to come here to show me everything is beautiful about me?"

She was wont to say all she wanted "for heaven was to have her debts paid, her feet warm, and a clear conscience." When once sitting cosily by her fire to warm her feet, she said, "Oh, I hope we shall have fires in heaven." "Why, I thought that was what you hoped to escape from there," answered Mrs. P.

In her last days she had a pension from her relatives of four hundred a year, on which she felt as rich as a king, and in her little boarding-house chamber, she always spoke of her "ten-acre lot," in which she had boundless treasure of all manner of relics and letters, autographs and photographs, which were a constant delight to her.*

LETTER OF JANE CHENEY TO E. D. C.

We met at the house of Mr. Ralph Phelps for the purpose of making and quilting spreads for the soldiers. I can assure you that it was a proud day for me — my mother's spirit seemed moving about the rooms, for in this same house, when our country was at peace, my mother was for many years cold and hungry; but now when our country is being enveloped in darkness and suffering, and want comes to our soldiers, there are seen five warm spreads passing from out of this same house for the poor wounded soldiers in some hospital. Cynthia was with me that day and we asked Mrs. Phelps if we might go over the house, so we went into every room, and out in the well-room we found a Beaufat that was made when the house was built, and formed the chief ornament of the parlor. Cynthia made the remark that our

* See Appendix.

mother had probably opened and shut that Beaufat door nearly a thousand times ; so I said to myself I must have this purchased and brought down to my school as a relic. I named this to John, who said that it must be put in some room at the homestead, but I shall dispute his claim. Coming home that night we proposed walking through the pines—the moon was up, and shone through the trees, giving us just light enough to make the walk not romantic nor patriotic, but something that approached to the spiritual ; it only needed your presence to make it *just right*. I wish I could find a word that expressed the feeling I sometimes experience.

FROM JANE CHENEY.

[*On returning from Boston.*]

I took Miss Carter's book to read in the cars, together with some knitting-work ; but I did not even untie the wrapper, nor take out the needles and yarn. Now what do you guess I did ? Well, I did just what a cow does when she has been feeding all day in the meadow and has come home to the barnyard. I did nothing but set up a great thinking ; I chewed over all the pleasant things that I had enjoyed ; I took a look at those living pictures at the Women's Club and at the Horticultural Hall and heard again the two lectures on Work and Immortality ; or, in other words, I ruminated.

Harriot Kezia Hunt was among the most remarkable and characteristic of the pioneers of women physicians. I acknowledge her great services. She was a native of Boston of the stock of the old North End, so rich in life and character, full of intelligent mechanics, brave seamen, and thoughtful, self-reliant women who gave to our young city a balance of sturdy strength, for the somewhat exclusive refinement of the hilltops of old Boston.

Miss Hunt had not the advantages of college education, but had the best private schools, and she eagerly received all the knowledge which was offered her from any source.

From an experience of severe illness in her family she gained

the acquaintance of an English physician, Dr. Valentine Mott, from whom she first acquired an insight into the medical profession. She applied to Harvard for medical instruction, but in vain, and she proceeded therefore to learn all she could and to practise any good for others which she attained for herself. She finally received a degree from the Philadelphia women's college.

She was full of intuitive perception, and drank a full draught of all the theories and truths which came to her. She had great insight into the mental states of her patients and had a spiritual guidance of her whole life. Many women who sought her in trouble or sorrow, were deeply indebted to her sympathy and assistance. Her joyous laugh was most contagious and often proved the best prescription to her patient. She was brave to the uttermost! She protested against the imposition of her taxes, and when she was obliged to go to the court-house to recover some property stolen from her, she insisted that the chains which had been put across the entrance to secure the fugitive slaves from rescue, should be put down; she would not stoop under a chain. She was full of all manner of activities, of philanthropic actions, sentimental affections, and practical wisdom. One person said, "She is Sancho Panza in petticoats." Another said, "I have great respect for Miss Hunt in her character and conduct, but she makes every æsthetic hair rise up on my head." She was attached to the Swedenborgian church, but her large liberality included all sects. She revered from childhood John Murray, the apostle of Universalism. She loved to preach in a Methodist meeting or in a Unitarian gathering, and she was a warm advocate of Theodore Parker.

When she had practised twenty-five years she celebrated her silver wedding, as she called it, in most original and characteristic style. Her many friends gathered about her, her home was overwhelmed with a profusion of flowers, and her own and her sisters' heads were wreathed with double

wreaths; a pure gold ring was given her to consecrate the marriage to her profession.

She was a rare type of woman in whom heart and intellect, fancy and sound common-sense were all mingled in strange profusion. She had faults and petty failings enough, but withal she made a path for women on which many a noble successor has followed.*

How can I tell all the richness of this time? I have spoken of some of the great men and women whom it was my privilege to know, but how can I tell a tithe of memories of —

“The Good, the Noble in their prime,
Who made this world the feast it was !”

Dear, sweet Anne Gore, I wonder if she did not do me good by believing in me and loving me enthusiastically and inordinately out of the fulness of her own heart and not of my merits. “You must have a strong head,” said R—— A—— one day, if you can stand such admiration. I think it rather sobered me when I saw how much more truly good and unconscious she was than I could find myself to be. Her cousin, Sarah B. Dana, was a rare nature, very poetic and extremely sensitive to others’ feelings.

Mary C. Shannon was the noblest and most harmoniously blended woman it was ever my blessed fortune to know and love. Her physique was majestic, and her manners suggested the high type of natural nobility. When I have looked upon Vandyke’s exquisite portraits of the aristocratic women of his day, I have said, “That is what we want, with the spirit of democracy added to it.” In Mary C. Shannon, and in another friend of Southern birth and anti-slavery principles, Miss F—— M——, I have seen this type expressed. Miss Shannon’s queenly bearing was blended with the most tender loving care for every human being who came under her influence. Her will was

* See “Glances and Glimpses,” by Harriet K. Hunt.

strong and commanding. I put myself into her hands, and the sway was as wise as it was sweet and loving. The tenderest of nurses, she brought sleep to my pillow and rest to my soul.

Her sympathies were not confined to humanity, though she never to animals "gave up what was meant for mankind." She was kind to all, but dogs, horses, and cats were her special favorites. She believed in their immortality, and like the Indian could not look forward to "a Heaven in which her faithful dog should not bear her company." They responded to her love, and when she came home bowed down by grief, old Bruno, who was wont to leap around her in wild gambols of welcome, walked by her side and bowed his head when he saw the grief in her face. She said she "felt his sympathy as deeply as that of a human friend."

Her garden gave relief to a heart oppressed by many sorrows. She felt the need of the plants and gave them as by instinct the care which each one needed. She would rub the earth in her hands and say, "Only feel the life in it," recognizing the blessing that was to come out of it. The arrangement of flowers was her means of artistic expression. She spoke her loving thoughts through them as clearly as another might by words or music. Once when I was in deep anxiety, I received a box from her. On opening, it seemed to contain cut flowers laid in loosely. I felt as if a friend had sent me a page of a dictionary instead of a letter. But on looking a little farther I found these flowers only put in to fill the box, and below was the beautifully arranged bouquet full of her thought and love. Full of practical wisdom and ability, and ready to serve in the humblest or the hardest work that was needful, she made "drudgery divine," and filled every moment with spiritual life. Tender and deep in her religious nature, she was broad and progressive in her thought, a dear and honored friend of John Weiss, Samuel Johnson, and Theodore Parker, an original member of the Free Religious Association, an active Abolition-

ist, a friend of the Freedman's schools, and a thorough Woman Suffragist. I have been blessed in knowing many noble women, but I have never known one more perfect than she.

“ A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command ;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel's light.”

Her niece, Mary Shannon, Jr., survived her fourteen years. When, as a little child, she was rescued from the unfit guardianship of her mother, her aunt's unflinching influence of love and goodness brought abundant fruit from a strong and rich soil. They were unlike, and yet their harmony was perfect. Less poetic than her aunt, but with fine intellectual perceptions and the strongest principles of integrity and honor, united with sound practical judgment and warm affections, she repaid the unflinching devotion of her aunt by wise management, and tender care in her old age, and always carried into her daily life the same generous love and care for others. She was faithful to the friends of her youth in all the trials of their lives, and many a family were saved from distress by her wise and provident care. Decided in all her opinions and warm in her feelings, her love of country was unbounded. She lived through the war, and never forgot its great lessons. Always an Abolitionist her interest in the negro was constant and helpful, and especially she rejoiced in the noble career of Booker T. Washington, and was constantly his wise adviser and generous friend.

She never shrank from the expression of her patriotic feelings. She died suddenly on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, 1901. She seemed in her usual health the night before, and she directed that the country's flag should be hung out early in the morning for the country's festival. When the morning dawned, the great heart that had so loved its country had ceased to beat, and the flag at half-mast told the sad tale to passers-by. She loved life passionately. In spite of dark

troubles she believed in this world and in humanity. Nothing could shake her faith in the power that rules over all; and this love and this faith made her perfectly sure of continued life, eternal love, and constant progress. Who can doubt that when she ceased to breathe our common air she entered into the communion of blessed spirits and a life of richer love and service?

How delightful were my summers at the sea-shore, especially at my father's early home, dear old Gloucester, where after a long interval of absence we went as the first summer boarders. As I had then some young relations in the town, we mingled with the young people of the place, and had the merriest of drives and walks and picnics with them. Every generation has its joys, but I cannot conceive of anything so pleasant now as the old fishing parties at Bass Rocks, when we conscientiously ate all the cunners caught, with the brown rashers of pork, and the large round pilot bread which first served us for a plate and afterwards was eaten with its contents. A crowd of children from the town usually surrounded us and finished up all our leavings. The dear old matrons were ready to stay with the frying-pan and the coffee-pot, while we clambered over the cliffs and listened for the roar of the Devil which Cotton Mather heard among the rocks, or searched for his moving rock, which may still be seen to-day by careful and believing eyes. How I enjoyed the long walks into the country with father, who would often stop to speak to some old lady sitting in the sun on the doorstep, who would not recognize the portly gentleman from Boston until he said, "Why, don't you remember Sargent in Mr. Mansfield's store?" The boy in the leading grocery store was well remembered. Gloucester was an ancient town and full of interesting legends and quaint old names. How I hate to have "Eastern Point" and "Little Good Harbor Beach," and "Up in Town," and "Done Fudging," and "Vinson's Spring," and all those dear old names swept away to give place

to "downs" and "dunes" and "avenues" and even "boulevards," for all I know.

Here I first met Charles F. Hovey, who revolutionized the business methods of retail business in Boston. The simple fidelity to truth and openness of dealing were united to thorough knowledge of business affairs, and secured the confidence of his customers and soon obliged the whole trade to follow his example. For more than fifty years "Hovey's" has been a synonym for perfect fairness and excellence in business, and has effectively given the lie to the common false maxims that honesty and uprightness are not the true methods of success. Mr. Hovey was a very radical reformer in all things, but he was a most genial and kind-hearted man and a perfect gentleman, as much at home and as happy in an elegant drawing-room as he was with the fishermen on the beach.

At Marblehead Neck, where we were again pioneers, we made the acquaintance of the Curtis family who have been true and dear friends ever since, — not the "slave-catching Curtises," but good Transcendentalists and Abolitionists. In this quiet retreat we read and studied more than we frolicked, but had many a glorious walk and swim.

Then there was my dear child, Ariana S. Walker, an Æolian harp sensitive to every wind and making music from them all. A quick, bright, naturally passionate nature, full of keen desires and intellectual longings and ambitions, she was disciplined by severe sufferings and bereavements to exquisite patience, but with keenest sympathy to all other sufferers. Obligated to spend most of her time in quiet surroundings with books for her companions, she lived in a world of poetry and romance, and wove subtle webs of fancy and dreams. She called forth the love of all around her, and the village children brought her flowers, and every offering of beauty they could find so that she led them into the secrets of nature and blessed them as much as they cheered and enriched her life. On her death-bed

she married the young poet to whom she had been an inspiration of love and hope. While his later years have been given to noble duties and wide humanities, she has never ceased to be the star of his life, and his home, the centre of kindly affection, generous hospitality and care for the unfortunate, has both by him and his unselfish wife been dedicated to her living memory.

I must not forget my cousin and life-long friend, Jane W. Dow, of Portland. Her sparkling beauty and her fascinating manners charmed young and old, but if she broke many hearts they were always finally healed, and she remained friends with whom she had wounded. She had much talent both for music and for poetry, and continued her studies in music after her seventieth year. She was full of wit and charming conversation which delighted her large circle wherever she went.

She married happily General Anderson of Portland.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

“If e'er I have a house, my dove,
 That truly is called mine,
 And can afford but country cheese,
 Or aught that 's as good therein;
 Though thou wert rebel to the king,
 And beat with wind and rain,
 Assure thyself of welcome, love,
 For old lang syne.”

ALLAN RAMSAY.

“A poor widow, some deal stoop'n in age,
 Was whilom dwelling in a narwè cottage
 Beside a grove standing in a dale.”

CHAUCER.

I WAS married in 1853, but I shall say but little of those precious years of my life, because I have already spoken of them in my memoir of my husband, and they seem to contain nothing apart from him.

We sailed for Liverpool in the “Niagara,” August 2d, 1854; but, strangely enough, I have but little to say of this great experience of a first visit to Europe. I was almost wholly absorbed in personal matters. My acquaintance with the pictures of Millet, and my one sight of him made an impression which has never been effaced. It was a great happiness to see Art with Mr. Cheney; but a veil of sadness covers the whole time, and I must let it pass.

On our return from Europe, we remained at Manchester, until the birth of my daughter, on September 8th, 1855. This great joy was saddened by Mr. Cheney's continued illness, and we remained mostly at Manchester, until his death in 1856, when I returned to Boston, with my baby, then about a year old, and

took possession of a house belonging to my father's estate, No. 94 Chestnut Street. My old friend, Augusta R. Curtis, spent a year or two with me. She was devoted to the child, and did much to make the empty house a home.

The first thing that awoke me to the claims of duty outside of my own house was a visit from Dr. Zakrzewska, who was then in Boston on a mission to raise funds for the New York Infirmary, and had been sent to me by my friend, Harriot K. Hunt. It seemed impossible to enter into her earnest, enthusiastic views at that time, but she would not let me rest in the indolence and selfishness of grief, but impressed me with her own noble and unselfish character. Her life has been partly written by herself and edited by Mrs. Dall, and I hope that her friends will complete her reminiscences; but I must give my testimony to her large genius, and still larger heart. Of quick, impatient temper, and brusque manners, somewhat characteristic of her country, she sometimes gave offence, yet in forty years of working together, I found her the most unselfish of human beings, and entirely devoted to the interests of humanity. Her many and trying experiences of life gave her a deep interest and tender compassion for the sufferings of others, and she was as tender of the feelings, as careful of the welfare of the most humble and ignorant, as of the most lofty and accomplished. To her, more than to any other human being, is due the success of women in America, in the noble profession in which she led the way. To Elizabeth R. Blackwell must be given the credit of first entering the profession herself, and she has had a career of great service and fame, but she was of English birth, and left America for England—where she is still living (1901). And she has not so identified herself with the work in America as her German follower, who always looked up to her with reverence and love.*

* She died May 12, 1902. She was of an ancient Polish family.



The next few years seem almost a blank to memory, except for the delight of my child's development, and the sweetness of the relations growing up, and the interest of little children who first called me "Aunt Ednah," and who occasionally came for a short time under my care.

One thing, however, stands out prominent — the Hospital for women and children. For three years this hospital was connected with the Medical College already started. When we took an independent position for the hospital, I became its Secretary, and continued so until the resignation of the President, in 1887, when I was chosen to fill her place, which office I have held until the present time, 1902. I have written the history of this work elsewhere, and here I can only say what it has been to me. First is the warm friendship of the President, Miss Lucy Goddard, a woman of rare qualities of mind and heart, but whose brusque manners often caused her to be greatly misunderstood. She was utterly unselfish, but impatient of contradiction; "Let me have my own way, I shall live the longer" was a favorite expression of hers. Her own way was generally a very good one. She had fine intellectual powers; her literary taste was excellent; she was an intimate friend of Emerson, a warm admirer of James Freeman Clarke, and many other men of similar stamp. Her artistic sense was very fine, and showed itself in a rare power of decoration with flowers. She was engaged by the city to arrange the decorations for Governor Andrew's funeral.

When some one once praised the decoration of a Fair table, attributing it to me, Mr. Clarke said, "I've great respect for Mrs. Cheney; but in decoration she can't hold a candle to Miss Goddard." She would not employ the ordinary heavy black in funeral draperies, but preferred a beautiful violet, which expressed her own cheerful feeling about death and the thoughts that should accompany it. She was a most untiring and faithful friend and nurse in sickness. She lived to an extreme old

age, and it was very touching, when she was brought to the hospital, — her own home being closed at the time, — that she did not recognize the place for which she had done so much, and said it was the most delightful boarding-house she had ever seen, saying, “Everybody is so kind, and it seems as if they loved to take care of you.”

I cannot speak of all the dear friends who were engaged with me in this work, which I had the happiness to see advance from its small beginnings to full recognition and success. I must not, however, fail to mention the Fairs, which were held at intervals of about three years, to raise the necessary funds. Fairs are generally considered necessary evils, but they became occasions of much enjoyment and good fellowship. Giving up all raffles and other objectionable means, we endeavored to win favor only by the excellence of the articles offered, and the courtesy of those who tended the tables. I usually assisted Miss Goddard in the Fern table, and she did wonderful things in the way of preparing ferns for decoration. We sold hundreds of dollars' worth of the beautiful climbing fern* which was then rare, and we made many transparencies. Many things first introduced by us became regular objects of sale in the stores, thus introducing new methods of industry. In this, and in many other ways the Fair was soon a public benefactor.

I will say nothing of the medical success of the work, which is well known to the public, except to mark the very uncertain character of all prophecies about the success of woman's work. In the beginning of our efforts for medical education, the remark was constantly made that women might be adapted well to nursing, as, indeed, they had always shown themselves, and even to the care of purely medical cases, but that they would utterly fail in surgery. Yet this has been precisely the department in which they have been most successful, and acquired marked

* *Lygodium palmatum*.

public recognition. In fact, so strong has been the predilection of women for this branch of medicine, that it has been necessary to discourage the applicants for it, instead of having difficulty in securing them. In surgery the results of skill are patent to all, and the success of a brilliant operation wins more attention than the long, patient, wise care of a medical case, although the latter may require equal mental and moral ability on the part of the physician.

Our commodious and well-appointed surgical building was not created until our surgeons had done admirable work; which won the confidence of the community under many disadvantages.*

I have often been puzzled when asked to state my calling in life, and although often tempted to answer "Jack at all trades" or "Jack at a pinch," I have more soberly answered, "Writer," feeling that I have never accomplished anything in literature that would entitle me to the name of author.

It was my earliest ambition to belong to that honorable calling, since an artist's career was impossible, and I remember well when I thought that a book, sent with the "author's regards" would make me the proudest and happiest of women. I treasure still a little thin, yellow-covered copy of poems, with the autograph of my honored friend Edward Brackett (the sculptor) which was the first gift of the kind that I ever received.

I began very early to scribble for my own amusement, and to write stories, the only interest of which now would be to show the tone of thought of "a girl of the period."

My life was so sheltered, and I knew so little of passion or adventure, that I was always at a loss to get any bad people in. I could never make them have any relation to or influence in my good people's lives. I was no Calvinist, and error, igno-

* Abundant record of this work may be found in the "History of the Hospital."

rance, and weakness seemed much more real facts to me than the monster Sin. I used to delight the girls at school with my stories, which I presume were only rehashes of what I had read, but in later days I tried to express what life really meant to me, and to state, if not solve, the problems which interested me.

None of these early stories were ever published; and I know of only one extant, called "The Faithful and True." My heroes were always ministers or artists. I remember one story in which I tried to portray Mr. Alcott as counsellor and friend, in contrast with my lively young cousin who served as the gay hero in my tales. When a schoolgirl I wrote many foolish things for a school paper, and afterwards with an older set of girls, among whom was Cornelia Walter, I wrote for a manuscript magazine called "The Mount Vernon Review." Mr. Walter, then editor of the "Transcript," occasionally printed some of my articles, and I was proud to make my first appearance as a poet in "Lines to the Morning Star."

I experimented with a young friend of similar taste in offering didactic articles to the newspapers; I need not say they were neglected. I very early made up my mind never to enter into newspaper controversies. This method of controversy seemed to me neither profitable nor agreeable, and I resolved that I would never answer a newspaper article except to correct some misstatement of facts.

I had an amusing incident, and formed a valuable friendship from one of the first newspaper articles that I ever published. I wrote for a new paper called "The Rationalist," a satirical article called "The Rights of Man," claiming that a man was entitled to all the rights to unselfishness, patience, purity, and obedience, and other virtues commonly assigned to women. It was published anonymously and attracted the attention of an eccentric but interesting farmer in Massachusetts. He applied to the editor for the name of the writer, which was refused. He then sent me several pamphlets of his own

writing. Having learned from my old teacher, Mr. Fowle, that he was a highly respectable though eccentric married man with an independent fortune, living on a beautiful farm, I consented to see him. He was the son of Professor P ——, of Andover Theological School. He said he had no childhood, but was always a young student. He became a teacher in Professor Bolmar's school in Pennsylvania, but when about forty years old he received a large inheritance from his mother's family, the Bromfields. When he found himself an independent man, his first thought was, "What could he do that would do nobody any harm?" He decided that farming was the most innocent of amusements, and concluded to take possession of his estate and cultivate it. His next object was to secure a wife possessed of all imaginable perfections; but being a very warm-hearted and impulsive man, he fell in love with a young woman from Maine who was his companion in a stage coach, because of her beautiful smile when she bade her friends "good-bye" at the door. His method succeeded, for after many years of happy marriage he said, "If God Almighty had made a woman on purpose for me, he could not have done better." She was a genuine, healthy, intelligent, kind-hearted, and practical woman, but had little intellectual culture, and looked up to her husband as a marvel of erudition, so that the respect was mutual.

They devoted themselves to the farm, which was beautifully situated near a small lake, with two avenues of noble elms, leading one to the street and the other to the cemetery. He invited me to come and make him a visit in June, and I was so charmed with the place that our whole family spent several weeks at the hotel, which was a very good one.

His religious views became very much enlarged and he had built a little chapel on his own grounds, where he either preached himself or engaged some other person, whose opinions he approved. His wife managed the dairy, and for many years

supplied "Parker's" with the super-excellent butter which delighted the epicures who frequented there. His house was accidentally burned to the ground. He spent several winters in Boston and was a constant visitor at our house, where all the family enjoyed his quaint humor and warm-hearted feeling. His education had been so neglected in childhood that he had never read Mother Goose until I presented him with a copy, which was among the few treasures saved from the ruin of the house. One room in that house was like the chamber in which they laid the pilgrim to rest, "that looked to the sunrising, and the name of that chamber was Peace."

He became very much interested in Dr. Miner and left all his property, except a provision for his wife during her life, to Tufts College.

I had published various articles in "The North American Review," and other periodicals, but I think that my first venture in a book form was a very little one called "The Hand Book for American Citizens," written for the use of the Freedmen's schools.

It contained the Constitution of the United States and other historical matter, and some rules for conducting meetings. Lee & Shepard printed it for the advertisement on the covers, and it was sold to the schools for a few cents. 1866.

Next came a little book, in 1871, called "Patience" a book of solitaire* games with cards. It has been very popular and is an invaluable resource for invalids. The profits went to furnish libraries for the Freedmen. Another book of social games followed in 1871.

I had spent a few memorable days at Thatcher's Island with my dear friend Mrs. Bray, and was so much interested in her adventures that I published a little story founded on one of them and called "Faithful to the Light" (in 1870). In 1873 and

* When I have felt any temptation to literary vanity, I have corrected the impulse by remembering that I have had more gratitude for this than for anything else I have ever written.

1874 I published two popular tales for young people called "Sally Williams" and "Child of the Tide."

In 1875 I began my work in biography with a life of Susan Dimock, our first surgeon at the Hospital. She was a young woman of extraordinary talent and noble character, and her sudden death by shipwreck was a terrible blow to all who were interested in the cause of medical education for women.*

In 1881 I printed memoirs of my husband, to give a correct account of his life, as the notices of him in current publications were very often erroneous; and I afterwards added brief memoirs of my dear daughter, and of my brother-in-law John Cheney, the distinguished engraver.

I edited, with the help of friends, a selection from Michael Angelo's poems, with translations, in the hope of promoting a knowledge of these works of the great artist. 1885.

I also, in compliance with his will, edited the poems of my friend David A. Wasson. I prepared a brief Memoir of Mrs. Harriet E. Sewall at the request of her family, and also published the "Life of Louisa Alcott."

In 1890 I published, for the benefit of our Hospital Fair, a little book which might appear rather audacious: "A Sequel to Ibsen's 'Doll's House.'" I was so moved to indignation by Walter Besant's conclusion of the book, which seemed to me wholly false to the original idea, that I hastily wrote my own solution, which I fear has little merit save in intention.

Having become much interested in the work of the German sculptor Rauch while in Europe in 1892, I condensed the German life of him into one volume, hoping to introduce him to the attention of our sculptors, and the American world of Art.

As Falstaff was "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others," so if I have not accomplished much in literature

* Life of Susan Dimock, published by the N. E. Hospital.

myself, I caused the publication of a book which is a manual of knowledge, skill, and patience.

While engaged in making a collection of my brother John Cheney's engravings, I had the valuable assistance of Mr. S. R. Koehler, the curator of engravings in the Boston Art Museum. He offered to make a catalogue of his work. It is a model of thorough care and faithful criticism, and is an instance of the perfect fidelity and exactness which ought to characterize every publication on contemporary Art. It was a work of love on his part, for it brought him no pecuniary reward.

Mr. Koehler's loss to the Art Museum and to the study of Art is incalculable.

I have neglected to speak of an earlier work called "Gleanings in the Fields of Art," which is mainly a collection of my first lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy.



CHAPTER V.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

“Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp soe'er thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown, thou very soon canst see.
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering,
The point of every work, time without fail shall show.”

RÜCKERT — *Wisdom of the Brahmins.*

I N the autumn of 1850 I came home from Gloucester ill with typhoid fever, as soon appeared. By the urgency of my dear friend, Mary Shannon, Dr. William Wesselhoeft* was called, as our old family physician, Dr. Fisher, had died a few years before. This was my first experience in Homeopathy, and of the noble, dear doctor who more entirely filled my ideal of a physician than any one I had ever known. He was a German of fine culture and intellectual attainments, who had known Goethe in his youth. I do not know what circumstances led him and his brother to America; but they were settled for a time in Pennsylvania, where he pursued his profession as physician of the old school in which he had been educated. Through his observation of some interesting cases he was led to the study of Homeopathy, and accepted the theory and practice with enthusiasm. He was one of the earliest to come to Boston, and shared in the suffering from the opposition to the new method. An amusing proof of the popular feeling was given me by a lady who said that she could remember running rapidly by his house in Bedford Street, because she thought a murderer lived there. He was one of the most gener-

* See Memorial of Dr. William Wesselhoeft published by Nathl. C. Peabody, 1859. This is an interesting story written by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody.

ous, warm-hearted and delicately benevolent of men. A man of the finest artistic taste, he was shut out from much of the refined society of Boston ; but his house was always open to the needy among his own countrymen, many of whom had their Sunday dinner at his hospitable table regularly. His son and grandson have succeeded him in his profession with equal success. It was a great trial to my mother, who had no knowledge of, or enthusiasm for Homeopathy, but was obliged to withstand the criticism and objection of friends and relatives, who thought she was risking my life in the hands of a quack, while I had become so attached to my helpful physician that any hint of change would have driven me frantic.

My recovery was long and tedious ; the winter was one of great anxiety and distress to all anti-slavery people, for disension was at its height, and ran into families and homes, as well as into public councils. In the spring, Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend, a lady of Philadelphia with whom I had slight, but pleasant acquaintance, insisted upon taking me home with her for a visit, as she saw the low tone of my health, and my depression of spirits. Nothing could have been wiser or kinder ; for several weeks, I had with her every comfort and luxury the heart could desire, and among other things a carriage journey through the beautiful West Chester county. I met new and delightful society ; Dr. and Mrs. Townsend both belonged to old Quaker families, though they had left the strict communion and joined Dr. Furness' church. Dr. Townsend's sisters were very interesting women ; one of them was an invalid, almost confined to her couch, and nearly blind, but her heart was full of love and joy, and the deepest sympathy for anti-slavery and all other reforms. A younger sister was her devoted nurse and attendant ; she read to her, wrote for her, helped her in the little fancy work that she loved to do, and with the keenest delight in the beauty of nature, she seemed to drink it in, only to pour it all out to her sister. She herself

was full of comic wit and fun ; I remember one of her sayings, that she did n't like a cedar tree, for they were dead when they ought to be alive, and alive when they ought to be dead.

Here I first made the acquaintance of Dr. Furness. I went to see him almost immediately after my arrival in Philadelphia, and had the pleasure of bearing to him the news that Charles Sumner was elected to the Senate. We had a long, sympathetic talk on the great subject, and when I came away he held out his hand and said : " Birds of a feather flock together — I shall come and see you."

I heard him preach one of his noble anti-slavery sermons, so full of tenderness and pity that it might seem fit to melt " the heart of a millstone ;" but one or two men walked angrily out of the church. He very narrowly escaped losing his pulpit ; but a few faithful ones clung to him devotedly. His study of the life of Jesus was the work of his heart and poetic imagination both. One morning he came to see me. I was alone. After a call of a reasonable length he put on his hat and took his cane to go, when something recalled to him the story of Lazarus. He began picturing out the whole scene, till it was as vivid before my eyes as the daylight around us, and for an hour or more we were talking with Jesus and his friends, and entering into the heart and life of Him who was as near and present to him as his own family.

I also met Lucretia Mott. I heard her in Quaker meetings, and visited her in her own home, where she shed an atmosphere of peace and life around her, which made every one feel at home and content.

Another, very different, person gave me a great deal of interest and pleasure : Dr. William Elder. He was a man of great gifts, very eloquent in public speech, and entertaining in conversation, but erratic and unreliable ; he wavered in his political connections, and never accomplished the work which seemed possible to him.

But one of the most interesting results of my Philadelphia residence came from visiting the School of Design, for women, in company with Dr. Flagg, of Boston. This school was then new, and under the charge of Mrs. Hill, a woman admirably fitted for the place, both by her own force of character and the training of her father, himself an accomplished draughtsman.

We were so much interested in the school that we conceived the desire to establish a similar one in Boston, and on our return found Dr. Harriot K. Hunt and others very ready to accept the idea, and we began talking of it to others. At this juncture, as we were looking out for a possible teacher, an English gentleman arrived, who posed as a Unitarian martyr, with letters of introduction to the most distinguished Unitarians in Boston. He had been educated at the South Kensington School, and refused employment because he could not conform to the National Church. It seemed a providential opportunity, and many influential people were ready to assist in starting the school and giving him employment. At the same time, Mr. S— G. W—, agent of Baring Bros., a rare man, who combined high financial ability and the truest sense of honor and integrity with fine artistic ability, saw the need for improved design for our manufactures, and secured for the school the countenance and pecuniary assistance of several of the leading manufacturing firms in the State. All seemed to smooth the way for opening the school; a committee was formed, which at that time consisted of Dr. Flagg, President, John T. Sargent, Anna Q. T. Parsons, Harriot K. Hunt, Ednah D. Littlehale, Secretary, and Samuel G. Ward, Treasurer.

We had indeed secured a most remarkable man for our teacher; such a compound of plausibility, superficial fascination, vanity, conceit, ignorance, and impudence it would be hard to discover in a well-dressed Englishman. At some meetings held, a witty gentleman described his manner of speaking, as if he were "uttering a confidential prayer." He deceived the very elect.

We had a room in Warren Street Chapel, but afterwards removed to a very commodious hall in one of the new buildings in Summer Street, and began to advertise for pupils. Young women applied in large numbers, many of them full of zeal and talent, and most eager to find a new and agreeable way of earning a living. But they were appalled at the idea that they must give six months for training, and we had to argue with them as to the length of time required in fitting for other professions.

The teacher had been trained at the South Kensington School, and he began at once with its methods of linear drawing, the combination of angles, lines, etc. This he understood, and he had the power of making it intensely interesting and captivating to his pupils, who zealously labored day after day, and week after week in the same direction. His powers of personal fascination held many of them enchained to him, and he lavished promises with all the generosity and unscrupulousness of Caleb Balderstone at Wolf's Craig, and with as little power or purpose of fulfilment. In six months every one of them could be earning \$500 or \$600 a year by designing, if they would only follow his directions. I remember one poor girl, who had to follow the strictest economy to come to the school, looked forward to a heaven of hope, when she might sell her design, and get a "nine-penny" beefsteak dinner at some restaurant she had found.

The committee had engaged him distinctly for his whole time; but he soon began delivering lectures about the country on his own account, and thought the committee very unreasonable when they objected to his arriving in school at a late hour in the forenoon, instead of being in his place at nine o'clock. The committee began to find his criticisms very shallow, and often ridiculous, and they thought however valuable as elementary training drawing straight lines together might be, it was not all that would be needed for an accomplished designer; and they proposed more progressive work. But they soon found

the limits of their accomplished teacher. He could not lay a flat tint in india ink, nor draw a grape-leaf, nor do anything beyond the strict limits of the system. He did exhibit some attempts at oil painting to Mr. W——, who urged him to keep them out of sight for the sake of the reputation of the school.

Mrs. Hill, head of the Philadelphia school, once visited the school, and said she had never seen a class so well trained in linear drawing. And no wonder — for five or six hours of each day, for six months, the pupils had done nothing else. The first class who entered were mostly girls who were eager for self-support; there was abundant talent among them, and they were stimulated to the utmost degree by Mr. Wh——'s promises. But the second class contained several pupils of a rather different position, who yet had a desire to obtain some means of earning, as a future need. Among them were some intimate friends of mine, such as Abby W. May, Augusta R. Curtis, etc. They had a very keen sense of humor, and soon saw through the thin veneering of Mr. Wh——'s follies. My position as Secretary, of course, made it improper for me to join in their fun; but it was pretty hard work sometimes to keep from laughing at the stories they brought me. The jests of this class only intensified the admiration of the first class, who became so excited that they could hardly speak civilly to the committee. I said of one of them, that "I felt as if she threw a hatchet at me every time I spoke to her." The committee remonstrated with Mr. Wh—— on his unpunctuality, and taking his time for other purposes, which so incensed him that he made a public speech to the school, in which he said the committee "were trying to harness his brain;" comparing them to the Emperor of Russia, as the greatest of tyrants. This could not be allowed to pass, and his withdrawal was suggested, when he came down in the most abject manner, signing a paper which I was almost ashamed of anybody's accepting.

Finally Mr. Wh—— decided to start a school of his own,

promising the girls that after a few months spent with him they would all be able to be earning great bonanzas for themselves. One of the earliest pupils of the school was Miss Clark, of whom I have spoken in my memoir of my husband. We had made her an assistant teacher, and we were now anxious to know whether she wished to remain with us or to follow Mr. Wh——. She had maintained such a perfectly calm, respectful attitude to all, that I did not know what her feelings might be, but on talking with her found that there was no doubt in her mind; she had seen through the teacher as clearly as Mr. W—— himself.

Mr. Wh—— started a school; but it was abandoned at the end of a few months. As soon as he was left alone he fully demonstrated his shallowness and incompetency. A fine young artist, Mr. Albert Bellows, took charge of our school, and we re-opened in October. Many of the first class came back, and I never saw a set of more mortified and disappointed faces than they presented.

Our great difficulty in conducting the school was in finding a teacher who had practical knowledge of designing for manufacturers. We found occupation for a few pupils in carpets and wall-paper designing, etc. Mr. Bellows wished to devote himself to his art, and was succeeded by Mr. Tuckerman. At that time I had married and gone to Europe, and had resigned my position in the school.

At one time we had a most delightful committee, having in addition to the original members, James Russell Lowell, Charles E. Norton, Abby W. May, and Julia Ward Howe. Our discussions were sometimes as lively and entertaining as a literary club.

The school as an experiment was perhaps premature; but it showed the great amount of talent among American women. William Furness said once, when he took charge as a teacher a short time, "These young women come in with such an amount

of talent that I could tear my hair for envy ; but they don't *know* the first thing !”

Among those who distinguished themselves in art were Miss Ellen Robbins, Margaret Foley, and Mrs. Ohlenhauser, who, however, gave up her art to nurse the soldiers in the Rebellion.

I knew Miss Phinney (Mrs. Ohlenhauser) at the school, where she was considered as the best designer in the class. I have regretted very much that I have lost sight of her through her interesting career. She died in 1902.

I think this school was one of the failures that enriched the ground for success.

At a later period the Lowell School of Design was established in connection with The Institute of Technology, open to both sexes, which has done and is doing good work.

As fellow-workers at the School of Design I first came into intimate friendship with one who became ever after one of my dearest and closest companions. It will be in vain for me to attempt an adequate analysis and description of this rich and remarkable nature, for her sensitive delicacy shrinks from publicity and even from remarks, and only from the sense of duty as reporting important facts, and pregnant relations to deep principles would she consent to the meagre account which I shall dare to preserve even in this semi-private publication.

Her mental and spiritual powers have been preserved throughout years of great physical suffering and mental anxiety. She has always maintained her faith in God and in humanity. I may say that through life she has looked forward with passionate hope to the developments of society in right relations to labor and capital, to the harmonious life of art and usefulness, to peace as the result of righteousness, and to grand fulfilment of the association of all human hearts. She is especially deeply interested in the progress of woman to her rightful position as an independent soul, yet closely related to the great destiny of man and the race. She has thought deeply and

acted wisely in every reform, and although for half a century incapable of active and prominent part in any cause, she has been the inspiring thinker, the wise counsellor, and in all practicable ways a full helper in every good effort.

She has fulfilled all duties to her family, and to a large circle not only of her friends, but to many who depend upon her support for advice and assistance in the hard tasks of life. She has never failed in devotion to her high ideal.

With the deep sensitiveness of an artistic nature, she has found a source of strength and blessing in the beauty of Nature, in literature, in art, and in music; and thus her life is rounded with beauty. But dearest of all has she found friendships which have lasted through life, and affections which have gone on through the immortal life. Keen wit and good-natured humor have helped over many a dreary period, and she takes a merry joke as kindly as she gives it.

But the especial point of interest lies in the remarkable power of extreme sensitiveness which enables her to gather the impressions of a letter which she does not read, and whose author is unknown to her. She does not suppose this power to be a peculiar gift to herself alone, but regards all persons as capable of the same power in different degrees. How closely this extreme sensitiveness may be connected with her state of health I shall not attempt to decide, but I am confident that this insight into the minds of other natures is also very closely related to her highly intellectual powers, to an imagination which rounds the whole from any part, and from a spiritual sympathy which, like the poet Allston, found every face interesting. In addition to this is a high moral nature and a scrupulous conscience which will never allow her to reap any outward advantage from the exercise of her marvellous powers.

She makes no claim for certainty in her revelations, but is fully aware that they are subject to many conditions of mind,

and to great limitations from the imperfection of language and her own state of perception.

I have known several others who have experienced this power with more or less success, but I have never met any one who so clearly and distinctively represented the personality perceived by her. I do not myself easily accept the marvellous, and during this intimate acquaintance for fifty years with these facts I have applied to them every test that I could use, and I am thoroughly satisfied that through her readings she does manifest a true and deep knowledge of the nature of men and women with whom she has entered into relation. Sometimes she perceives outward and physical facts, which may be more immediately convincing, but the deep knowledge of the heart and soul as revealed by her is the most satisfactory assurance of her insight.

She was first aroused to possession of this power by the experiments of Dr. J. R. Buchanan, whom she esteems as a great original thinker whose genius has not been fully understood and accepted, but who, as she believes, will reveal great truths in physical and metaphysical science to the coming generations.

She has thus read by psychological examinations the letters of many celebrated persons. Her method of reading is to take the letter entirely without reading it or knowing of the writer. She sometimes holds it in her hands or presses it to her forehead. Although she is interested in chirography, she does not help the reading this way. She often goes on talking with other people freely, and makes a remark when any word of suggestion from the letter comes to her. Sometimes she gets very little, but at other times she is so thoroughly possessed with the character that she feels she has gained a new friend.

She readily recognizes the physical states of the writers, and is painfully impressed by the sympathy with sick and suffering people.



One of her most remarkable readings was a letter by the first wife of Mr. Lewes. I asked for the privilege of taking Mrs. Lewes's letter to her. She knew nothing of the writer. She was drawn most affectionately to her, recognized her charming qualities, and felt that whatever faults she had manifested she had been conscientious and true to her own nature. The letter referred not at all to the troubles of her married life, but was written to a friend in America on her birthday, describing each of her children. It was a most affectionate, bright letter, analyzing each one of the children and delighting in their prospects in life.

Miss P—— gives her own account of this peculiar phenomenon :

“ It is the simple, natural use of a natural power, and like all other natural powers is at its best estate when the health is best. There is nothing weird or marvellous about it. We are all like sensitive plates constantly receiving impressions, only we do not heed them — do not develop them, as a general rule. Perhaps they belong to those ‘ unused areas of the brain ’ which psychologists prate about. Dr. Joseph R. Buchanan, — himself both sensitive and magnetic and devoted to the study of the human being — first felt that the spiritual aura, which like the insensible perspiration is forever passing from us, was especially outflowing when brain, heart, and hand were active in writing. I do not know what led him at first to realize that sensitive persons, by coming in contact with this aura, could relate themselves to its source. He soon found, in all places, many or few who were interested in experimenting with the new direction of a natural gift. Sensitiveness is a not uncommon peculiarity of temperament, varying in degree and character.”

The personal equation has always to be considered in accepting any impression — as is shown markedly by the different readings from the same letter.*

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER VI.

ANTI-SLAVERY AND FREEDMEN'S WORK.

“ When such musick sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortall finger strook,
 Divinely warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
 The air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.”

MILTON.

THE anti-slavery work now became more and more important. I shall not speak of the general course of events which belongs to the history of the country, but especially of some very remarkable women whom I knew intimately. The first of these was Harriet Jacobs, who was born a slave in North Carolina, and who suffered in her own person all the terrible evils of a beautiful young girl as house servant. Through incredible suffering she escaped from slavery. For almost seven years she was concealed in a small loft where she could neither stand erect nor move with any freedom. She has herself told the history of her life, under the name of “Linda,”* but the book is now out of print, and very scarce. She came to New York, and was received into the family of the poet, N. P. Willis. Here she was treated with every kindness, and became a trusted and beloved member of the family. She was a woman of great

* Linda, the Autobiography of a Slave Woman.

refinement and sweetness of character. She was equally accepted by Mr. Willis's first and second wives. She was Mrs. Willis's friend and confidante through many troubles, and she received from her during her own long and most painful sickness most tender care and kindness. Her book should be preserved as a faithful picture of what slavery was to woman. She filled many important and respectable positions — was teacher of the freedmen at one time, and at another time kept a boarding-house at Cambridge for Harvard students, and was employed as matron of the New England Women's Club. She died in 1899.

Another more picturesque person was Harriet Tubman. Her life has also been written.* She was a slave in Maryland, but escaped from her master and went to Philadelphia, where she supported herself by cooking. She laid up money, bought a nice suit of clothes, and went back after her husband, who she found had, according to slave custom, taken another wife at his master's command. She then devoted herself to getting away all the slaves to convey them to freedom. She went down seven or eight times, and brought away companies of slaves. Her life was full of the most wonderful adventures, and she accomplished her work with the greatest skill and courage. Gerritt Smith said "she showed all the qualities of a great general." She could neither read nor write; but she could tell her course by the stars, or, when they failed, to her —

"The moss upon the bark
Was pole star when the night was dark." (Emerson.)

After the fugitive slave law was passed, she was obliged to take her little band to Canada, where she established a colony at St. Catherine's.

I shall never forget the eloquence of her expression on the day when John Brown's men were executed. "It's cla'r to

* Harriet — The Moses of her People. By Sarah H. Bradford.

me," she said, "that it was n't John Brown that was hung on that gallows — it was God in him." And again, "When I think of the prayers and groans I've heard on dem plantations, an' 'member dat God's a prayer-hearing God, I feel dat His time is near." "Then you feel that 'God's time'* is near?" said I. "God's time is always near," she replied. "He set de Norf Star in de heavens; He gave me de strength in my limbs; He meant I should be free." Her first prayer was, "God make me strong and able to fight," — and it was answered. But she did n't fight for herself alone, but for all her race. Once, when on board a steamboat, the clerk refused to give her tickets for a moment, and she feared she was discovered. She said: "I sat down in de bow of de boat, and I said, 'O Lord! you know who I am, and wha'r I am, and what I want,'" and three times she did this; and then the clerk touched her on the shoulder and said, "Here's your tickets."

She had a natural love for beauty and art, especially in sculpture. I never left her alone a little while in my room but I found her standing in admiration before a cast or a picture, and she was overwhelmed with delight at the present of a little statue. She said she had visions of these things when in the woods, and she saw all the ladies she afterward met, holding out their hands to her to come across the line into freedom. Her biographer dwells much on her spiritual perception and her faith in the immediate help of the Lord. These were consistent with the greatest practical sense. The native power of mind and imagination, not developing by the usual means of education, became so keen and perfect that they acted in the way of intuition, which may be a kind of prophecy. She is now, in her old age, living at Auburn, taking care of all the old colored people that come in her way. In 1899 she was baptized in the Baptist church, for the first time. She was in Boston about two years

* "God's time" meant Emancipation.

ago, at a meeting where she attracted a great deal of attention by her earnestness and originality.*

In 1861 the war began, and every other interest was swallowed up in it; even non-resistant principles gave way before it. I believe Samuel J. May was the only person who fully maintained them. It was a new sight in Boston to see a regiment mustering on the Common on Sunday morning, while the chimes rang out from Arlington Street steeple "Joy to the world — the Lord is come." I had no near friends in the army, but I shared in all the anxiety during the terrible defeats of the first years of the war. But when at last it was decided to enlist the colored men in the regiments, I took a more active part. I was secretary of a committee to give such comforts as were not furnished by the government to the regiment under Colonel Shaw's command. The troops were encamped at Readville for drill, and we sent them various helps, such as stoves, and, although with some reluctance, we added tobacco, thinking that as its use had become a second nature, it was hard to refuse it at such a time. I went out occasionally to see the troops, and I shall never forget the picture of the young colonel in his fair beauty, which seemed almost angelic, as his clear, sweet voice rang out over the plain. It could be distinctly heard, although evidently not raised. We furnished a flag to the regiment, on which was David Scott's picture of a Christian Warrior, which Colonel Shaw himself approved. I went out to see the bestowal of the flags, of which four were given. The Freedmen's Society sent out teachers to the men at Readville. I accompanied them. It was a most interesting work. The men were of every grade of intelligence, but were all eager to learn. As we had but little time, we tried to teach them to read the New Testament, in which they had great delight. I said: "When you are in camp

* The romantic story of William and Ellen Crafts was well known to me, but Miss Child has recorded it well in "The Freedmen's Book."

won't you like to meet together and read and sing your hymns?" "We always do," was the reply. They were immensely impressed by the ladies who came through storm and rain to teach them, and showed their reverence and respect in every way. "Won't you take my india rubber coat?" said one of them to me in a driving storm — "it's new, ma'am; I've never worn it." But they were keen observers, too, and mocked heartily at a pompous English captain who was appointed to drill them — but who held them in extreme contempt.

A little after, the regiment passed through Jamaica Plain, and we went down to the station to see it, and cheered ourselves hoarse as they passed. Then we went into Boston, and from a window in Tremont Street saw the passage of the regiment. I shall never forget the whole impression of the scene; and as the heroic mother looked on her fair-haired boy thus leading this army of heroes, she said, "What have I done that God should be so good to me?" A month from that day he died at the head of his troop, and she telegraphed, "Lay him where he fell, with his men around him." I afterwards saw the brave sergeant who held up the colors after he was wounded and fell, and he said of Colonel Shaw: "We would have followed him anywhere — we knew he only meant our good." His worthy monument is set up opposite the State House. Every face of the troop that surrounds him is the face of a hero, and they will speak through all coming times for justice and right to the negro.

One of the most beautiful days I remember was when the troops returned to be mustered out after the war was over. I went to one of the islands in the harbor to see again the men of my class. It was a glorious winter day, with the bright, white snow covering all the island. I called over the names, and the response "Present" was made and a glad greeting followed, or a tribute of respect to those who had met a soldier's death — but very deep and sad were the groans for the few who had

deserted. This regiment, the Fifth Cavalry, never went into battle.

It was my privilege to enter into the great work of educating the freedmen of that day. I owe a debt of gratitude to Hannah Stevenson, who called me to her side to aid in this great cause, and upon her resignation I became Secretary of the Teachers' Committee. It was a work full of the most profound interest, and gave me an intimate acquaintance, not only with the people who were just escaping from slavery, but with the noble band of workers who so unselfishly devoted themselves to the cause. I did not go into the schools myself as teacher, but was engaged here in organizing and arranging them.

The eagerness of the teachers who flocked to the work made it very hard to refuse any of them. I remember one lady who said she "had come for ten years, and we refused her because she was too young;" she was indeed one of those people who never grow old. On our committee were Mr. Edward Hooper, Treasurer, Miss Abby W. May, Mr. William C. Gannett, Miss Hannah Stevenson, Mrs. Ellen Gurney, Mrs. Jonathan Lane, Mr. John Parkman, and above all, Miss Lucretia Crocker. It was indeed a pleasure to work with such people, and our weekly meetings at the Studio Building were full of the warmest interest, and wit and pathos were equally abundant in the stories of our teachers.

We had one delightful occasion every year, when the teachers returned from their work. They were eager to see the people who had befriended them, and the societies who each supported one or more teachers were desirous to meet them; so we took a hall and invited all to meet at a freedmen's reunion. The teachers were hungry to hear some good speaking, after their dearth at the South, while the home people were equally anxious to hear the account of their work. Mr. Garrison sometimes presided, but Mr. Higginson was the usual chairman, and his bright sallies of introduction delighted the teachers, who had

heard nothing but untutored colored ministers for so long a time. That everybody might recognize the teachers, they were called to the platform one by one, and named to the audience, and presented with a bouquet by a trio of little girls, Eva Channing, Eleanor May, and my own Margaret. I shall never forget the beaming look with which Mr. Higginson gave the little gifts to his young aids, and the delight with which the teachers received them, and the smiles of the young girls. A simple banquet of ice-cream and cake was not unwelcome after their somewhat restricted diet in the South. I remember a bright young negro teacher from Maryland, whose school we felt obliged to give up, who said: "Mrs. Cheney said she found it almost impossible to give up any school which she had visited in the South, and the only reason our school was given up was because Mrs. Cheney had not visited it." I went several times to the South to visit the schools; on the first occasion Miss May and I were delegates to a convention in Baltimore to elect a president for the united societies. We were always uniting societies and changing constitutions, and half the time did not know what our real title was. It was a good deal of a puzzle to our entertainers, who were, by the way, a most admirable set of men, but had not yet outgrown all their prejudices, to have two women and a colored brother on the list of delegates. The first evening there was a public meeting at the large theatre, and the colored brother, a Methodist bishop in high standing, was treated with great respect, and invited to make a prayer, and the ladies were also well received, although not asked to speak. But on the following afternoon, after the business meeting, a banquet was to conclude the exercises, and here the dilemma was felt,—what was to be done with two ladies at a gentlemen's banquet, and still worse, how could a colored man, although good enough to address the Almighty, sit down at a table with white men? The difficulty was solved in the case of the ladies by an invitation to tea from Mrs. Ware;

but I fear the poor bishop was left out in the cold altogether, — I know he was not at the supper. The meeting was long, and the discussions warm, and tea-time was near, and we had not adjourned. We felt that Mrs. Ware would be awaiting us and proposed to leave the meeting, but were told that we represented New England, of which there was some jealousy, and it would be taken very ill if we left. Delighted to be of so much consequence we assented and remained, and elected Governor Chase president, and at nine o'clock we separated. It was raining very hard, but a carriage was procured for us, and the gentlemen went on their way to their banquet. It was so late that I thought it not worth while to go to Mrs. Ware's, where Miss May was staying, and sending my compliments by her, I went home. My hostess, supposing me to be at Mrs. Ware's, had gone to a wedding. I asked the servant to give me a glass of water and a cracker, and went supperless to bed. The next morning I rallied Judge Bond unmercifully on Southern hospitality, which I had heard so much praised, and he told me, to comfort me, that the "dinner did n't go off well at all; the grace was so long that it took away all appetite for the meat that came after." When I spoke of the exclusion of the colored bishop, they excused themselves on the ground that one of the regulations of the club at which the dinner was held was that no colored person should be admitted. Judge Bond, Mr. Israel, John Graham, Rev. John Ware, and others of the same stamp, started a society for educating the negroes in Maryland, and asked our co-operation in the work. When they sent out a circular appealing to the churches to join in this "Christian work," the Jews were the first, and, I think, save possibly the Unitarians, the only ones to respond, and hoped to be allowed to help, although not Christians. They had an excellent school in Baltimore, and in many of the country towns, and were unfailing friends of the negroes.

It is worthy of note that when the American Association of

Women went to Baltimore several years later, the same circle of friends received them most kindly, and did a great deal to further their work.

I think it was at this same time that I made my first unexpected experiment in speaking in public. Judge Bond had invited all the colored people to their largest church in Baltimore to meet the delegates. It was crowded full. After several others had spoken, Judge Bond, who was presiding, said: "Now which do you wish to hear next, a gentleman or lady?" Of course the chivalrous audience immediately shouted, "A lady!" Then he turned to me and said, "Mrs. Cheney, will you please address the meeting?" I was too much interested to refuse, and stepped forward and said — I know not what; but my heart was full of sympathy, and theirs of response, and I have no doubt they applauded as heartily as if I had given them the wisdom of Solomon. In fact, the colored audiences were the easiest of all people to speak to. They felt the sympathy that their hearts craved, and at once responded to it. A Northern audience seemed very cold and indifferent after I had spoken to the colored people, as I frequently did.

We went on to Washington, but were prevented from going further South by the rains, which were so severe as to cause a great deal of damage. Another time I went as far as Richmond, and saw the schools at the Old Bakery, and the admirable work of Bessy Canedy and Abby Francis.

When Richmond was first taken, Lucy and Sarah Chase, who were then stationed at Norfolk, where Miss Stevenson was visiting them, went up to Richmond, and opening the largest colored church in the city, summoned the people to come thither and hear about the plans for schools for them. The building was thronged to its utmost capacity, and the enthusiasm went beyond all bounds. This was freedom indeed! Instead of being forbidden to read and write, here were friends coming and asking the boon of teaching them. Young and old

flocked to the schools. We sent thither our best teachers, who saw at once the importance of selecting the most promising pupils and forming graded schools. The old people learned to give up the hope for themselves, but rejoiced that it was secured for their children.

I can never do justice to the devotion and heroism of the teachers, and one little anecdote shows the feeling of the people for them. Miss Francis and others were met by some colored women, who spoke to them as teachers. "How did you know that we were teachers?" they said. "O Honey, we knows ye by de heavenly light in yo' faces!"

A year or two later the society wished to have a thorough inspection of the schools which it was most important to retain, as our funds were diminishing. We had sent down one man as agent, but we were not satisfied with the result. Miss Crocker and I offered to go if our expenses were paid. I decided to take my young daughter with me, then about thirteen years old. It was the most memorable journey of my life. Whenever practicable, we stayed at the teachers' homes, and thus became acquainted fully with their lives and work. We sailed directly for Savannah. We stayed at the hotel there, and found the spirit very bitter towards Northern people. We carried a package from a lady in the North to a lady to whom she had been very kind. It was necessary that the latter should receive the package in person. She called upon us at the hotel; but her courtesy extended no further. She seemed only anxious to get away with her package, and did not even advise us as to the pleasant walks in the city. We left at night for Columbus, where we had a fine school. It was in April, and we had left deep snow at home, and oh! how beautiful the hedges of Cherokee Roses appeared in bloom. This school, which was of our first grade, was taught by two teachers, Miss Caroline Alfred and Miss Lee, ladies of great refinement, and here we had an opportunity of seeing a little of Southern life.

The postmaster, Colonel Hogan, was disposed to be very polite to us, as he was of course a Union man and a Republican, and he had the idea that we had great influence at Washington and could further his political aspirations for office. Although an ignorant man, he was intelligent, and with the help of his son, I have no doubt made a very good postmaster. He came to us, like Nicodemus, by night, not wishing it to be known. He was eloquent upon his sufferings for the Union, and told how his daughter was ostracized from all society. Miss Crocker said a little maliciously she "must find our teachers a great resource, they are such fine, intelligent women." "Oh! Lord bless you," he replied, "her own relations would n't speak to her if she had anything to do with them."

We came slowly up North, visiting schools by the way, and spent a delightful week with Miss Botume at Ladies' Island, Beaufort. She lived on the old Fort plantation, and we approached it by moonlight through a beautiful avenue of live-oak trees hung with the Southern moss, which made a delightful contrast with the green foliage. We felt as if we were entering a cathedral as we passed under the green shades, and they told us that good old Dr. Gannett spontaneously took off his hat in reverence as he entered them. This was the same plantation which Nehemiah Adams visited when he painted his "South Side View of Slavery," and the beautiful patriarchal life which he saw there; but the negroes said that the master had been one of the hardest and most cruel masters in the South. Glad enough they were to exchange his control for the wise, kind care of Miss Botume, who for more than forty years (1900) has been their teacher and their friend. The island had been stripped of everything, and the only beast of burden on it when we were there, was poor little "Button" who took us around the island and to the boat.* We also visited Miss Towne's school,

* First Days among the Contrabands. By Elizabeth Hyde Botume. Lee & Shepard, 1893.

on St. Helena, one of the best schools. It was carried on by her own means.

Our journey was attended with many curious incidents; the colored people all turned out to meet us when we arrived, the children begging for something to "tote," and our baggage was carried off piecemeal, by we knew not whom; but it always appeared at our destination. When we went away the same crowd attended us to the station, bringing us frequently luncheon in a paper bag, such as sweet-potato pie, or a plate of honey, or other things convenient to carry!

On one occasion we went to a boarding-house to which we were recommended by a Bureau officer who boarded there. At this place we had two teachers who were very light-colored men, who were born free, and had a fairly good education. One of them was then in the legislature; the other was, I think, post-master. When we arrived in the town one of them met us at the station. Mr. W——, the Bureau officer, was with us; but there was trouble about our baggage, which had gone astray, and he forgot to introduce us. The teacher looked so nearly white that we did not dare to address him as a teacher, as it would have been a mortal insult if he had been a white man. He looked rather grieved at the omission, until Mr. W—— recovered his senses and introduced Mr. Haynes to us. He then walked along with us, talking of the school, etc., and when we arrived at the house Miss Crocker innocently said, "Won't you walk in?"—and he refused. She urged him, saying, "I want to talk about the exhibition to-morrow." He then came in, and sat perhaps a quarter of an hour, talking about the schools. Soon after the landlady came and told Mr. W—— that she had n't any room for him; but we said that we could give up one of our rooms, as there were two beds in one room, and we could sleep together. She then informed us that they had typhoid fever in the house, — not a very comfortable thing to know; but as we had no other place to stay in, we concluded to

brave the danger. We told her on retiring that we should like breakfast at eight o'clock. The next morning before seven o'clock, the girl came in and informed us that breakfast was ready. We had not begun to dress, and told her that we could not possibly be ready in less than three quarters of an hour. When we went down about eight we were kept waiting some time, and then shown into a room where one man was sitting at the table eating his breakfast. He immediately got up in an angry manner and left. We sat down and ate our breakfast, which I must say was a very nice one. I was alone in my room soon after, when Mr. W—— came, in a state of great excitement, to know if we could pack up and leave immediately. He said the landlady had ordered us out of the house; that her boarders had all threatened to leave if we remained, because we "had a yellow man sit down in the house." I told him we could leave perfectly well; we could go over to the school, and go directly from the school to the station, but charged him on no account to let the young men know what had occurred. When Miss Crocker came up I told her, and we consulted about the matter. We concluded that we could not let it pass without an explanation, and we sent for the landlady to come up and see us. When she appeared, we addressed her in the most polite terms, and told her that we had no intention of giving her offence; that at home when a gentleman escorted us home we always invited him to come in, and had no idea that it would be any different there. It was no inconvenience for us to leave, as we could go directly from the school to the station. The poor woman was evidently relieved at being treated with such mildness when she expected reproach, and then opened her heart to us. She said "she had n't eaten nor slept since we had been in the house; that she was dependent on her boarders, who all threatened to leave if we stayed." (There was n't the slightest danger of their leaving, as there was no other place in town.) We went over to the school, where we had a very interesting exhibition;

but Mr. W—— was too angry to keep the secret, and he told Mr. Haynes, the teacher. Mr. Haynes was excessively angry, and it showed itself in the most marked attention to us in every way. When the school was finally dismissed, the entire negro population of the town, fathers, mothers, and children, all escorted us to the station. I shall never forget my amusement. Miss Crocker, a very tall, graceful woman, headed the procession with Mr. Haynes. His brother, a very elegant man, escorted me, and Mr. W—— followed with Margaret. When we went to the boarding-house, Mr. Haynes chose very quiet streets for us to go through. But now we marched through the principal streets of the town, like a conquering army; for the men retreated into their stores, and the women peeped out through the shutters at the unwonted sight. So we shook off the dust from our feet as we left the town, and Margaret exulted, childlike, that now she would have something to write home about.

Mr. W——, an agent of the Bureau, accompanied us occasionally. He was a pompous, empty man, full of his own importance, and with a sharp eye for his own interest. He was a specimen of the class of men who got positions in the Bureau and did not make it popular. He was, however, elected to Congress, from which he was finally expelled for selling West Point cadetships. We had been visiting a school of great interest, where we found an old blind man, to whom we had sent a part of the Bible in raised letters, and for the first time he felt that he too could learn to read. Miss Crocker gave him a lesson, and when she explained to him the meaning of the first verses of Luke, his delight at finding that it was nothing but plain common-sense was wonderful to see. It was a pretty contrast to see the difference between the fair-haired accomplished teacher, bending so earnestly over the page, and the gray-haired old scholar, drinking in her every word with delight. As we left for the station the whole dusky crowd followed, breathing

all manner of blessings upon us, till at last one old woman called out "good-bye," and finally "good-bye, brother Whittemore,—keep the bellows blowing!" The parting injunction was so appropriate that we could with difficulty restrain our laughter. These people are shrewd observers.

We stayed a week at Charlottesville, Virginia; the people seemed very much touched at my bringing my daughter with me. She was very much delighted, and entered into all their feelings, and was a decided belle among them. At Charlottesville the young men serenaded her by night, and brought her little geraniums in pots. We visited Monticello, the house of Jefferson, and saw the curious instances of bad taste in the home of that remarkable man. We did not find that he bore a very good name among those who remembered him; he was said to have been a hard master.

In one of the schools the teacher had employed a young girl as assistant teacher; she had been a favorite house slave, and was just old enough to know what might have been her fate, when emancipation came. She was just married to the young man of her choice, and they had gone to house-keeping in their own simple way. Everything in the house was of the husband's making, as he was a carpenter, and she had more pride and joy in a simple table or chair that he had made for her, and which was all their own, than in the most costly furniture that she could have bought. In the school exercises she read Whittier's beautiful poem, "We're Free on Carolina's Shore," with such pathos and feeling that we were entirely broken down. We were frequently prayed for in the prayer-meetings, and I remember one prayer in which, after giving thanks for "the sisters who had come from 'way over the seas," they prayed for a very particular blessing upon *de Committee*, "and may dey be very safely returned to their 'speckly 'bode an' habitation."

There is a great difference in the physical characteristics among the negroes, and I have never seen finer types of manly

beauty than is common among them. At a meeting in Raleigh, owing to the crowd, the young men stood around the wall, and I was amazed at their fine, stalwart beauty. Such a race is not one that can be permanently kept down. They had probably been in the army and gained a soldierly bearing. One teacher who had been a soldier governed his school by strict military drill, ordering them to, "present books" — to "salute the teacher," etc. It was very funny, but not a bad training in manners.

We frequently spoke to the people at their various meetings, and the audiences listened with intense delight, whether they understood us or not. They always responded to the broadest, freest views of religion that we could offer, though we never directly antagonized them. At Charlottesville we had a teacher who was very radical, and not always discreet, so that although personally very popular with her scholars, she excited some opposition in the town. When we went there a revival was going on, and the ministers objected to the children's going to school because they said it prevented them from getting religion. They described the process of getting religion as "She fell down, and had to be toted home." The children refused to sing the patriotic songs in school, saying it was wicked to sing anything but hymns. We called a meeting of all the children, their parents, etc., in town, taking especial care to invite the ministers, one of whom had most opposed the work. We then addressed them with no reference to the troubles. I took my text, "Serve God with all your mind and soul and heart and strength," and then proceeded to show them that to serve God with the mind was to understand Him, and to possess the control of the mind, and to be able to use it wisely and well, and that was the object of education, and that was what they were there for. Miss Crocker followed in a similar train of thought, and when she sat down, the minister rose and commended this doctrine of truth they had heard, and urged them to follow it, to

come to school diligently, and pursue their studies in the right spirit. I received on this occasion the best compliment I ever had in my life. I chanced to sit down by a young colored man of very humble and modest appearance, who had been made an assistant teacher in the school. He turned to me, and said: "You've helped me." In the religious instruction of the negroes, while there is a great deal of superstition and error to be done away with, one who meets them in the right spirit will find an earnest, simple faith which responds at once to the deepest and truest thoughts. They loved forms and shouts and camp-meetings; these were their only recreation, all that saved them from despair, but they had, too, a deep sense of the constant presence of God. I remember a poor woman telling me how her mistress forbade her going to prayer-meeting, "But Lord sake! I was praying all de time I was combing her hair."

One winter I wished to have a pupil of Miss Gardner's at Charlottesville, who would go to school and work for me to pay his board. She selected a young man who belonged to a good free family of colored people. I went to the Eliot High school in Jamaica Plain to engage a place for him. This school was then (about 1870) supported by the funds left by the Apostle Eliot, who directed in his will that Indians and negroes should never be excluded. When I said to Mr. Howe, the excellent principal, "I think you will find Robert well prepared;" he replied, "I shall take him whether he is prepared or not — I've never had one to swear by." The colored population of Jamaica Plain was small and generally poor, and the children did not go beyond the grammar school. Robert stood well in his class at the school, but returned to Virginia in the spring, as he was engaged to play the violin with his father and uncle at the Springs. He was very earnest for improvement, and was especially interested in the study of language. He was delighted when he learned the composite character of the English,

and I advised him to use good Anglo-Saxon words. I had then two very intelligent Irish girls, and they held frequent discussions over the propriety of his and their peculiar expressions. Almost every night Robert came in with the request for "the loan of the dictionary," to settle their disputes. He once brought a letter from a friend in Richmond in which he read "there have been many vicissitudes in Richmond since you left." "He ought to have said 'changes,'" said Robert.

Robert returned to Charlottesville, married well, and taught school successfully; but he fell a victim to the prevailing malady of consumption.

I cannot write the history of the noble schools which have carried on the work. I visited Hampton when it was in its second year, and held in the old Barracks, and again I saw it in the last year of General Armstrong's noble career, when it was a grand sight, with its thousand pupils — noble, self-respecting, ambitious young men and women.

I have visited Atlanta and Tuskegee, and many other schools, and I have never felt a doubt of the progress and final success of this race, whose destiny is very closely bound up with our own safety and welfare.

Much has been said in these late times of the crimes against women. Our teachers went down South, young women, unprotected, living in lonely places, and I never heard of one word or act of disrespect from the negroes among whom their lot was cast. They found them generally grateful, faithful, and friendly. If they have become otherwise, it has been from receiving insults and wrongs, to which they have unfortunately responded in kind.

The Freedmen's Society was finally given up, and as the reconstructed States established a public-school system, only a few of the schools still remained. I count it the most interesting and fruitful work of my life. The relation with the teachers was delightful, and formed a basis for enduring friend-

ships. The privilege of such a journey with Miss Crocker was never to be forgotten. We worked afterward together in the Women's School Suffrage Association, and she was one of the first supervisors in the schools of Boston, a position which she filled until her death, as no one else could.

The teachers in the Freedmen's schools deserve remembrance as true martyrs to the cause, for they did faithful and exhausting service with very slight rewards, except in the consciousness of the good they accomplished.

After ten or twelve years of service the teachers returned to the North to find their places filled by others and new methods and requirements demanded for which they were unprepared.

I would like to name many in grateful remembrance but I cannot do justice to all. Most prominent in my memory are Bessy Canedy, a teacher without peer, who made the Normal School at Richmond; Anna Gardner, who was an inspiring influence at Charlottesville; Caroline Alfred, whose beautiful life was among the most hostile opponents of her noble cause; and Elizabeth Hyde Botume, who was indeed a Mother in Israel.

Peace be to them all!



Margaret S. Cheney.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSCENDENTALISM AND THEODORE PARKER.

"Nor deem he lived unto himself alone ;
 His was the public spirit of his sire ;
 And in those eyes, soft with domestic fire,
 A quenchless light of fiercer temper shone
 What time about the world our shame was blown
 On every wind ; his soul would not conspire
 With selfish men to soothe the mob's desire,
 Veiling with garlands Moloch's bloody stone ;
 The high-bred instincts of a better day
 Ruled in his blood ; when to be a citizen
 Rang Roman yet, and a Free People's sway
 Was not the exchequer of impoverished men,
 Nor statesmanship with loaded votes to play,
 Nor public office a tramps' boosing-ken."

LOWELL.

FROM about 1840 to 1850 I may call the period when I became interested in Transcendentalism, and especially in Margaret Fuller and Emerson. I was a mere schoolgirl when I first began to hear about this new faith and its apostles, and had the usual unreasoning prejudice against them. But it was soon dispelled. I think that my first knowledge of Emerson was at a lecture before the society "for the diffusion of knowledge," which I attended with my father and mother. I remember subsequently being pleased when told by a friend that Emerson had asked who that young lady was who listened to him so attentively. I did listen to him, and though I had then never spoken with him, I used to feel as if I had told a lie if I replied in the negative to the frequent question "Do you know Mr. Emerson?" I always felt very close to him; but I never had

any intimacy with him. I never missed an opportunity of hearing him or reading his works. Mr. Malloy has lately spoken as if Emerson's poems were not appreciated at the time they were published. I can only say for myself and my circle of friends that we read them with the greatest delight, often meeting together for the study of them. At the same time I may say that we had a little class for the study of Plato and of Dante. We sometimes varied these high studies by reading Clough's "Bothie of Toper na Fuosich" and Lowell's "Fables for Critics." Mr. Alcott sometimes joined us in our readings.

I knew Mr. Alcott and all his family much more familiarly than the Emersons. His influence upon me was very powerful and I think very good, although I never accepted all his theories, and he did not quite accept me as a Transcendentalist. But he gave me an insight into the life and thought of the old philosophers, and moreover he gave that constant sense of the spiritual, the supersensual life that is the most precious of all possessions.

Mr. Alcott's life has been adequately written by two such friends and enthusiastic disciples as Mr. Frank B. Sanborn and Mr. Wm. T. Harris; but I have many pleasant anecdotes, one of which I cannot refrain from repeating, because it is so characteristic of his spirit and because I have found it a help in many a perplexity.

A lady was very much troubled by some moral occurrences which called for her correction, saying, "I wish I knew what I ought to do about it." "Perhaps," said Mr. Alcott, "you ought to do nothing." The lady still persisted, when Mr. Alcott quietly closed by saying, "Meantime there is Providence!"

While we greatly enjoyed Lowell's fun, and could even laugh good-naturedly at much of his satire, we were yet very indignant at his flippant and almost malignant treatment of Margaret Fuller, which evidently appeared like personal reprisal on her somewhat severe criticisms of his poems. He afterwards re-

mented of this early folly, and he also made ample compensation by his own admirable work.

Yet I have always felt a contradiction in his nature. His generous and unfaltering devotion to Liberty, and his great services to the Anti-Slavery cause, ennobled his whole life. His wit and keen observation of human nature were most worthily employed in the cause of the slave, and he punctured many false and empty sophisms by his keen satire.

Yet there always lurked a feeling of aristocratic exclusiveness in his utterances, and his poems did not go deep to the heart of the people, like the songs of Whittier. Perhaps a certain sadness, due to a long suffering from sickness, and a constant struggle with hard conditions, were revealed in his poems when he had tried to conceal them in life. One happiness he always had, in the close, keen appreciation of nature. He comes to the heart of the bobolink and the flowers, if he does not always answer to human needs.

He was a grand, rich personality, with prejudices and limitations, but with deep sincerity, and a genuine loyalty to the depths of his own nature.

But an even more intimate influence came from Margaret Fuller. I absorbed her life and thoughts, and to this day I am astonished to find how large a part of "what I am when I am most myself" I have derived from her. But I have written so fully of her in my lecture and also of the general influences of Transcendentalism that I will not repeat it here.*

I think it may have been in 1842 that Theodore Parker preached the great ordination sermon which so startled the community. I was not wholly unprepared to accept his ideas. My father had been a parishioner of Dr. Holley, who was very liberal for his day. I remember my first reading of the sermon. I was then attending a course of Lowell lectures by

* See Appendix.

Professor Silliman, and as we had no reserved seats I used to go very early, taking this book to while away the half-hour of waiting. It took hold of me like the voice of Truth itself, and when the lecturer began to speak I started as if called back to earth from another world. This sermon, whose doctrine is now so generally accepted, made a great impression at the time, and startled the old thinkers most effectually; yet it spoke to the very heart of unprejudiced persons.

It is impossible to tell all that Theodore Parker was to me. He threw a new light upon the life and thought of Jesus. Up to 1845 I had heard him only occasionally at lectures. I think that I must tell the story of the Thursday lecture as I knew it. This venerable service, which dated back to the very beginning of the colony, had fallen into the hands of the Unitarian Congregationalists, and the ministers of Boston and vicinity read the lecture in turn. It was always considered to be an occasion for entire frankness in speaking the whole truth, without caring for the prejudices and sensibilities of the congregation. When Mr. Parker's turn came after his great sermon, the house was crowded, and he gave a clear, strong statement of his views. I do not know whether it was on this first occasion or the next that the committee in charge did not make the usual provision for music, and the organ was not played, and we had to make such harmony as we could with improvised singing by the congregation. On the next occasion James Richardson secured an organist and arranged a choir. This did not please the powers that were, and to exclude Mr. Parker from the service, the clergymen were invited thereafter by the pastor of the First Church, in which the lecture was given.*

My first personal acquaintance with Mr. Parker was in a time of great sorrow. The youngest of the children, Anna

* Mr. Parker afterward said of the Thursday lecture, "It was not killed, it did not die; but it kind o' gave out."

Walter, had been my special charge since the time that she was weaned, as my mother was quite ill at that time. She slept with me ; I bathed and dressed her, and tried my pet theories of education upon her. She was a child not only of great beauty of person, but of the rarest delicacy and nobleness of character. No one could be with her without admiring and loving her. She was very bright and appreciated humor and fun, and very affectionate and most unwilling to hurt anybody's feelings. She would never say that she loved one of her sisters better than another. But we were very closely bound to each other by every tie, and when she died in my arms after only one day of alarming illness, life seemed to have nothing left for me.

My sweet friend Anne Gore asked me after a few days if I would like to see Theodore Parker. He came to me, he sympathized with me, and as I told him little traits of my darling, I saw the tears gather in his eyes. I told him of a little prayer I had written for her in which I said: "May each day to Good be given" — and she changed it to "Love." "It was better," he said in his deep tones. Then he recited Mrs. Lowell's poem of the Alpine Sheep. He left me changed in mind. I felt that I could still live for her, and with her, and that her loving presence would go with me through life, as it has. It was Mr. Parker's wonderful trust that gave him such power to comfort and strengthen the hearts of others. It made his funeral services most helpful. On one occasion, at the funeral of a beautiful young girl, who was betrothed to a German of extreme radical views, he spoke as he usually did of the Fatherhood of God and the immortality of the soul as "the great truths on which we can rest in the darkest times of trial." The young German sceptic was deeply moved, and said afterward, "Mr. Parker did not speak as if he thought it, but as if he knew it." I remember well another occasion when an old friend of my mother had lost a son, who from mental deficiency had seemed of little value to anybody. I

wondered what could be said of such a life. Mr. Parker spoke of the great truths which form the basis of all our hope, and then said that "No man died to his harm, that all the little joys of his life here had broadened out into the life of eternity." I shall never forget the tenderness with which he said, "Chief of all, he lived in the sunshine of his mother's love." One other occasion was equally beautiful. That excellent man, Dr. Flagg, in his last illness had some aberration of mind, and finally, in a moment of ecstasy or despair, threw himself out of the window on to the pavement. I had lately had much friendly intercourse with him in the School of Design. My husband chanced to pass just as his body was raised from the pavement, so that we felt deeply depressed by the sad event, and I almost shrank from attending the service. Mr. Parker gave an account of the doctor's noble and beneficent life, and sweet and holy character, and closed with, "And then, as he grew old, the body became weak, the brain tottered, and he — became immortal." All the sadness was swept away, and we only thought of the continuance and oneness of his life.

When my husband died, his brothers came to ask me whom I would like to have at the funeral. We all of course had the same wish for Mr. Parker if he could come. My brother telegraphed, "Will you come?" His answer was in one word which went straight to my heart, with the whole force of his nature — "Certainly." Most comforting, too, were his prayers. He sat for a few moments in silence, his eye passing over his great congregation, and in the stillness he seemed to gather up the life of their hearts and to pour it out to God in the fulness of love and thanksgiving. I know from my own experience how truly he interpreted our sorrows. More than one of his congregation felt that his Sunday prayer sustained them through all the trials of the week.

Fortunately there were those who were not content with the blessing to their own souls, but wished to preserve these

prayers for others. Mr. Rufus Leighton was then a young and very skilful stenographer, and his friend Matilda Goddard joined him in the record of his utterances. They were successful in this labor of love, giving the spirit and life of his thought. The little book has been a precious possession to many who never heard his living voice. The late Frances Willard, whose theological surroundings were so different from his, told me that it always lay upon her mother's table, and that they found it a source of help and comfort.

I hardly know what to select from the thoughts and memories of this great friend that throng upon me now. I only try to give those personal traits which are not known to those who only saw him as the great preacher and reformer.

One very characteristic anecdote must be preserved. It runs that in New York, some one, after the usual American fashion, asked him how he liked their city. "Oh, very much," he replied; "it is a fine city!" "Well, don't you think it is finer than Boston?" "It is larger, certainly." "But," persisted the questioner, "is n't it better than Boston?" "It is a large city, a fine city, indeed, but somehow I miss my glorious phalanx of old maids."

And well he might; for he was surrounded by a band of women who were glorious helpers in his work. They were not foolish, sentimental maideus who worshipped and flattered him; but they did him brave service. I must name some of them.

Hannah E. Stevenson became interested in his preaching before he came to Boston, and used to walk seven miles, out to West Roxbury, to hear him. (No electrics then.) She was a woman of very fine culture, and he often read his sermons to her and consulted her in literary matters. She afterward, when left alone, became an inmate of his household, and assisted him and his wife in the réceptions of the parish and other social duties. She was warm-hearted and generous, but satirical and witty, with strong personal feelings. She was very

brave in his defence. When walking with him through Court Street the day when Burns the slave was carried away, a man threw his hand up in his face and taunted him: "You killed Batchelder!"—the one man killed in the mob at the Court House. "I suppose you know who did kill him," she replied. "It was Loring who killed him." Loring was the commissioner who had sent the man back to slavery, although good lawyers felt that he might have saved him, even on legal grounds.

Mr. Parker's sermon on this occasion was most thrilling and powerful, yet his allusion to Loring was very tender and considerate. He spoke of his appointment as Judge of Probate, and said: "We thought of him as one with whom the widow and the orphan would be safe."

It was said that on the following Saturday Mr. Loring went down to Faneuil Hall market to buy his Sunday dinner, and having selected a fine little pig for roasting (then a favorite meal with Bostonians), asked the price. "I could not sell to you, sir, for any price; I should taste blood in the money," was the indignant reply. It was said that this rebuff hurt Mr. Loring very deeply, and indeed, his death, which occurred shortly afterward, was attributed to his agony of feeling at the loss of respect among his fellow-citizens.

When the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society was formed "to give Theodore Parker a chance to be heard in Boston," my sister, Mary Frances, and I were among his first parishioners, and soon after mother joined us and became his warm friend and admirer. We gave out of our small allowance of pocket-money five dollars a year, which now seems exceedingly small for such a glorious privilege; but we were faithful attendants, and good hearers of the Word, if not mighty doers. On the day of the installation we sent a bouquet of flowers for the desk. This was not at all customary then; but Mr. Parker seemed so pleased, lightly and reverently passing his hand over

them as he drew some beautiful lesson, that we never felt a service complete without them. We formed a committee, who paid a small sum every little while to Miss Caroline Thayer, who bought and arranged the flowers in winter. But when summer came, we often devoted our Saturdays to searching for wild flowers, and brought them to decorate the desk. Thus many of the audience, confined to the city, saw the columbine or the laurel or pond-lily for the first time. Mr. Parker always took the flowers to some sick person, oftenest to the wife of our blessed "St. John," who was entirely crippled with the worst rheumatism. The faithful husband gave up business to retire on a moderate income, and devote himself to his family; but he yet found time to do many a kind deed, and utter many a brave word. His true name was Manley. Occasionally on a calm summer Sunday, Mr. Parker and he might be seen wheeling his wife in her garden chair from her house to Mr. Parker's home in quiet Exeter Street.

The Misses Thayer, a family of sisters, aided Mr. Parker in all his benevolent work; but Miss Caroline was of especial value by her literary help. She was a very careful student of history, and when he was investigating any subject she would read any books he desired, and mark everything important for his work, thus saving him many hours of precious time. Everybody, in fact, liked to do such service for him. The policemen helped him most readily when he was preparing his sermon on "the perishing classes." Miss Thayer had a fine library of her own, and she gave it to the Boston Public Library, where it is placed (I think) in the room with Mr. Parker's books.

But most precious of all was our "St. Matilda" (Goddard) who, like her Italian precursor, gave her all to the church, — not, indeed, in money, but in service to its human members wherever they were found. She fulfilled the command to "serve God with your mind and heart and strength;" for, as we have seen, she was as desirous and as able to help men and women in their

intellectual and spiritual needs as she was to relieve human suffering.

I can hardly believe that at this time she was only about thirty years old, for she seemed to me then the same saintly, quaint, utterly unselfish little woman that she does now. She and her sister with their mother were then living in very simple fashion in Florence Street at the South End. She long had the one old-fashioned domestic, who always sat at meat with them, and who was treated more as a kind and helpful friend than as an inferior and dependant. The mother was a person of fine artistic taste, who did beautiful embroidery directly from nature, and Matilda had great feeling for beauty, although her life was devoted to practical interests.

I do not know what special circumstance called her attention to destitute infants; but when I first knew her she was already engaged in the work. She could not take them to her home, but when she found an infant deserted by its parents, or having none able to care for it, she found a boarding-place and carefully watched over it until it was either adopted or well provided for. She never gave up her watchful care until the child was of age, or had finished its earthly life. She was the most practical of housekeepers, and the most perfect of economists. She saved, not for herself, but for her work, and waste was utterly unlovely to her. "Oh! if people would only give me their rag-bags," she would sometimes say. "I don't want them to give me what they want, only what they don't want. I can make it all useful." And the remnant of cotton or flannel went to line the jacket of some little urchin she was fitting out for a Western home.

All was done, not in a cold spirit of duty, but with loving kindness, so that my husband said, on first seeing her, "She is the only woman I ever saw that was not a mother, who had the mother in her face." She had a brother whom I did not know personally, but whom I have always honored. He had become

a rich man, and undoubtedly helped his sister greatly in the necessary expenses of her loving work. When he died, comparatively young, he left to his sisters the sum of one hundred thousand dollars (then considered a fortune), entirely without restriction. His wife, a woman fully worthy of his love and name, concurred in this, and her own life was spent in the same blessed charities.

Miss Goddard made no change in her simple style of living, except that she went on her errands of mercy with a carryall and horse and driver, enabling her with her feeble health to do an amount of work which she could not have done unaided. When she was not using the carriage it was well employed in taking poor invalids to ride. Her recreation was found in attending the best concerts and the theatre, of which she was very fond. She spent all her summers in town, and seldom, if ever, travelled; but she had a wide acquaintance with various people, and her conversation was delightful. She removed to Newbury Street when the South End house became noisy and unpleasant from the growth of the city. On Mondays she kept open house, and many a lonely toiler found the great social pleasure of life in sitting down to her simple but genial table. But while so perfectly adjusted to the needs of life, each day was full of spiritual meaning and joy to her. She had no shrinking from death, but felt that she should go on to more and more life, and that all that had blessed her here would be hers in fuller measure hereafter. Now (1898), in, I think, her eighty-sixth year, she is still a benediction to all who approach her, and I thank God for the light she has been in my life.*

The Twenty-Eighth Society held their services in the old Melodeon, a dingy hall on Washington Street, which had once been a theatre, and which now was used on week-days for a variety of

* She died in 1901.

unclerical purposes. Mr. Parker gradually became more and more known, and the hall was filled entirely every Sunday. In order to secure seats, many people, especially young men, came half an hour earlier than the opening of the service, and would read newspapers and pamphlets to beguile the time. Some of the older parishioners were a little scandalized by this freedom, and asked Mr. Parker to request a discontinuance of it. He answered: "I confess that it grates upon me; for it is not like the decorum of the old churches; but when I remember how precious a half-hour of reading was to me when I was young, I cannot bear to ask any one to forego such a privilege because it jars upon my feelings." Mr. Parker so frequently preached upon the topics of the day that he often made remarks which would naturally elicit applause which was not then allowable in the churches; but the audience restrained themselves until one occasion, when, in the intensity of feeling, they broke through all sense of decorum.

When the first fugitive slave, Shadrach, was arrested in Boston, at the opening of the prayer Mr. Parker said, "When I came to you I expected to have many hard things to do; but I never expected to have such a note as this to read from one of my parishioners." He then read the note. "Shadrach, a fugitive slave, in peril of his liberty, asks your prayers that he may not again be returned to bondage." "But," said Mr. Parker, "thank God he does not need our prayers; for he is now safe, far on his way to freedom." (He had been rescued from the Court House by a company of friends.) For a moment the hush of that great audience was as if life had stopped. Then came a burst of applause, the relief of which it is impossible to describe. It was like opening the doors of a dungeon.

Many thrilling scenes accompanied his preaching, and laughter and tears were often very near together. When preaching on the subject of sin, as he spoke of the infinite power of redemption in the human soul, and said, "We can overcome sin," a

voice from the gallery called out in deep tones, "I know it, I feel it, I am sure it is true!"

At one time, preaching on the message of nature, Mr. Parker spoke of the beauties of the earth, the grass, the trees, etc., and of the common notion that toads could foretell the weather. An old lady, who walked out after the sermon with her head very high in the air, exclaimed: "Well! I never heard before that toads were prophets, and that grass was revelations!"

Mr. Parker kept a careful and kindly watch over the maidens of his flock. One of them was very much annoyed by the intrusive attentions of a poor man who wished to marry an heiress, and who afterward proved to be insane. When Mr. Parker saw him approach her after the service, with the intention of walking home with her, he would slip down the platform steps, take him by the buttonhole, and detain him in conversation until she could escape.

This poor man was the victim of all the mischievous wags of the time, who played upon his self-conceit and vanity by assuring him that this lady and others were in love with him, and only refused to accept his addresses because of the opposition of their rich families. They would also arrange for him to give a lecture, and would fill the hall with young scamps, who would not suffer him to go through with a sentence, but constantly interrupted him with tumultuous shouts of applause. It was carried so far that the poor man actually believed himself a candidate for the Presidency, and I have seen him appear at a public meeting decorated with stars and ribbons, which he supposed to have been sent him by mighty personages.*

* When Kossuth was in Boston, many of the abolitionists condemned him very seriously for his silence in regard to slavery. Mr. Mellen wrote him a long letter expressing his high disapproval. Kossuth then probably thought the high-sounding name, George Washington Mellen, represented the first citizens of Boston, and he read the letter at his lecture in Faneuil Hall. When the signature was read the shout of laughter and derision which went up from the amused audience staggered the eloquent orator, who could not understand the ridicule attached to the serious attack of the writer.

But the most annoying, and at the same time, amusing of persons was Abby Folsom, whom Lydia Maria Child (I believe) was the first to call "the flea of conventions." Certainly no flea was ever more alert or tormenting, or more indestructible. Her history should be preserved; for she was a characteristic, abnormal expression of the time. Abby Harford was a young woman of Rochester, New Hampshire. She was very bright and smart, with a warm heart and full of zeal for good works and great reforms, but had an uncontrollable temper, excitable brain, and an irrepressible flow of speech. When Mr. Folsom took it into his head to marry her, he went to his employer and told him he was to be married, expecting his congratulations. "Whom are you going to marry?" "Nabby Harford." "Then you had better go down to the bridge and jump into the river at once," was the answer. Nabby, however, was a very good wife when she was at home, kept the house and her husband's clothes well in order, and does not seem to have alienated his affections, for he would say, after she had been long absent, "Now, Nabby, why can't you stay at home?—we would be so comfortable." But a country home without children was quite too narrow a sphere for Abby's large soul. She came to Boston and was deeply interested in the anti-slavery work, but not alone in that; she went among the poor, doing constant deeds of kindness, rescuing the drunken woman from the very gutter, and taking her into her own poor rooms. Mr. Parker, Mr. Phillips, Charles F. Hovey, and other noted abolitionists recognized her noble qualities, although they suffered grievously from her tongue. They occasionally gave her money and sympathy and assistance when her furniture was put out upon the sidewalk for non-payment of rent, or for making a disturbance in the house. But she did not spare them for that.

When Mr. Parker first began to preach at the Melodeon, she became a regular attendant. She would rise in the middle of a sermon and ask him some question not very pertinent to the

subject. She would usually come gliding in, in some mysterious manner, so that you never knew where she came from until she appeared at her chosen spot. She seated herself in full view both of the minister and the congregation. Poor Mr. Parker would be fastened by her eyes, as by a basilisk, and when the sharp, shrill voice was uplifted, he lost, for an instant, his presence of mind, and uttered a quick, sharp "No;" then he said, very gently, "Come to me in private — and I will answer you." But this was not what she wanted. After a while he prevailed with her so far that she promised not to interrupt until the service was finished; when she would rise up and begin an exhortation to the congregation. Mr. Parker would give a signal to the organist to play the people out; who would then sound the whole strength of the sub-bass of the organ in its loudest tones, and even Abby's lungs could not prevail against it.

Mr. Parker wished to have meetings on Sunday afternoon for free conversation; but with Abby in the field they proved impossible. She was there on the first day, and began her exhortation. Mr. Parker addressed her with the utmost sweetness and patience, saying that he recognized her as a good woman, a Christian woman, who desired to do good to her fellow creatures, and begged her to remain quiet, and not to obstruct the meetings, from which they hoped so much. She had great respect and gratitude for Mr. Parker, and she seemed at first softened by his appeal; but as she began to speak in answer, the blood mounted to her brain, her voice rose higher and shriller into almost a wild scream, and great confusion arose from the efforts to check her. The chairman had difficulty to decide among many who were wishing to speak, when Abby's shrill voice arose above everybody's, exclaiming: "Let Brother Hovey speak; he always speaks to the p'int." The "p'int" of his speeches, to her, was generally a twenty-dollar bill. The managers of the meeting the next Sunday stationed good Dr. Flint, a strong, fine-looking man, at the door, to prevent

her coming in. But he could n't help greeting his acquaintances as they passed in, and lost sight of her for a moment, and she slipped in. He then went to her and said: "Now, Abby, you may stay if you will be quiet and not speak." When the meeting was opened Abby's voice immediately arose, and she said, "When I came in here this afternoon, a *thing* in the shape of a man came to me, and told me I might stay if I would be quiet;" from this text followed a tirade of words, and if I remember rightly, the meeting finally broke up in confusion. After the regular meeting closed, John M. Spear went to her and said, "Well, Sister Abby, you come to my meeting this evening, and I will let you speak." Abby again lifted up her voice, with a sneering laugh, "Brother Spear says he will *let* me speak" — as if anything in heaven or on earth could prevent her if she chose to talk! The same difficulty occurred at the anti-slavery meetings, and even the non-resistant principles of the managers had to give way, and they were at last obliged to carry her out by force. One day Wendell Phillips and Francis Jackson carried her out, as children carry each other in an arm-chair. She sat as in triumph, and exclaimed: "I am more honored than my Saviour, for he was carried into Jerusalem by one ass, while I am borne out by two."

She formed a close league with another original, Silas Lamson, who was a little more crazy than she, and had the same mania for disturbing meetings. Silas belonged to a good family in Maine, and was originally a maker of scythe-snaths. He had become filled with some peculiar religious notions, the outward sign of which was that saints should dress in white raiment and wear long beards (which was not then the fashion for sinners). He could be seen frequently about the streets of Boston, in this costume, and leaning upon his long, crooked scythe-snath made a very picturesque figure. His family were quite willing to take care of him, and much mortified at the course he took; they paid him a regular stipend monthly, but did not

dare give it directly, lest it should be foolishly spent; so it passed through the hands of a young lawyer. He had set up house-keeping with Abby and they came together to the young lawyer's office monthly, to receive the payment. He was a great wag, and had an abundance of fun from the interviews. Silas would often quarrel with Abby because she spent too much money on the house-keeping; he thought it ought all to be reserved for the saints in white raiment. He would go down on Long Wharf, on the coldest Sundays, and preach to the people, who were amused at his strange doctrine and expressions.

This was the time of Mr. Parker's richest activity, and most burning eloquence; his soul was on fire with anti-slavery zeal and intense anxiety for the fate of the country he loved so much. He preached many sermons on the stirring questions of the time, and it was then that the most bitter opposition was aroused against him both by theological opponents, supporters of compromising politics, and even among his former brethren of the ministry. Prayers were offered for his overthrow, in Park Street Church, and it is a valuable sign of the ease with which false tales are propagated, that it was currently told that, "after a prayer had been offered that the Lord would put a hook in his mouth, he was struck dumb while preaching his usual blasphemies in the pulpit, and had never opened his mouth since." If such stories could be circulated and believed in his own time and city, what credit can we give to traditions of miraculous prodigies occurring in remote times and distant places? His preaching continued until the stormy times before the war; but sickness had driven him away from home before that eventful period. He lived to shelter William Crafts in his own house, and witnessed the carrying away of Burns, a fugitive from Boston. I will not dwell upon these events, because his biographers have given full account of them. I only wish, in addition, to give my testimony that in the

midst of all this violent agitation he was the most tender and devoted of pastors to his own flock, whom he loved as they loved him and each other. As he sat at his desk before the prayer, he looked around upon them and gathered up the thoughts of their hearts, and many a heart recognized that its secret griefs were known, its deepest struggles interpreted, as he lifted up his own heart in penitence or prayer or thanksgiving to his God.

He received letters from all parts of the country, from people of every age and sect, asking for advice and help, or sometimes remonstrating with him on his course; they were all carefully and cordially answered, and often formed the basis of a life-long relation of great value. One of the most touching of these was from a good Quaker in a Western State. He began his letter: "Friend Parker, — I have read thy books," and he proceeded to tell how much help and comfort they had given him. The page was left unfinished. The next page, with a somewhat later date, opened: "Dear Theodore, — we have just returned from the funeral of our child, and our hearts turn to thee first for sympathy and help." The letter touched Mr. Parker deeply, and his whole heart went out in his answer to it. Years afterward in one of my Western journeys, I found the family of the Quaker, who cherished the name of Theodore Parker as a household angel; and some of them went with me afterward on a pilgrimage to his West Roxbury church, which was then partially destroyed by fire.

After a meeting in the West at which I had spoken of him, a young girl came up to me and asked to shake hands, saying: "Oh! if you knew how I have longed to see the face of one who had seen Theodore Parker."

This is the Theodore Parker who is doing his work, while his body lies buried in Florence.

After Mr. Parker's absence from home and after his death, the Music Hall was for a time filled with the old spirit, and the

work went on at the period when we felt that we needed him so much, at the beginning of the Civil War. I must note some of the well-remembered occasions.

Wendell Phillips often spoke with his wonted eloquence and power. On one occasion, when he had been severely attacked by the newspapers, he read for the Scripture lessons the most severe passages of Jesus' "Woe to the Pharisees" in his heart-thrilling voice, and then closing the book he added, "If the 'Daily Advertiser' calls this blasphemous railing and vile abuse, I am not responsible."

One time it was rumored that the Mayor refused to protect the meeting when there was undoubtedly preparation for a riot. Individuals were armed with pistols to shoot Mr. Phillips down, but there were a hundred policemen in the hall, while the audience was packed closely about the speaker. A chosen band protected Mr. Phillips to his home. I never before realized the spirit of excitement and intense life in such an audience. I have always thought that the greatest safeguard on this occasion was the holding of the regular service in the morning. New England propriety overcame the passion of the mob.

Theodore Weld, in his youth, was thought by many to have equalled Wendell Phillips in his earnest eloquence as an anti-slavery lecturer. But he almost utterly lost his voice, from a severe exposure to cold, and fatigue in his work. His imposed silence was a severe trial, but at this juncture speech became an imperative necessity to him and he ventured the experiment. He came to the Music Hall, and spoke of the preservation of the Union. It was a trumpet sound, gathering up his long repressed force, great in logic, strong in reasoning, and passionate in eloquence. Charles K. Whipple, no mean critic, said that his argument for the Union of the Government was equal to that of Daniel Webster. He spoke once again in a different strain, with the force and beauty of a patriotic poet, which Edwin P. Whipple compared to the eloquence of Choate.

I think this was his last public effort. He had spoken his word, and he was again forced to silence.

Samuel J. May's plea for peace was most touching, for he stood as truly an opponent of slavery as any man living, and firmly as ever he maintained his old faith in non-resistance.

And Samuel Johnson was not less true and noble. He had just returned from England, and there he saw and honored the unselfish and heroic action of the working-classes, who were starving from want of cotton, and yet who stood bravely by the cause of the North. He dared to tell the people, when believing that all England were against us, that he came to bear to us this noble testimony to the warm heart of the mother nation. His old friend, Miss Lucy Osgood, went up to him and grasped his hand, saying, "God has given to you the great gift to increase, and not to decrease."

When Charles Sumner had received from the legislature of Massachusetts severe censure for the pacific removal of the records of Union victories from the national flag, the legislature revoked the censure, and his old colored friend, J. B. Smith, the well-known caterer, was sent to Washington to give the word to the dying patient. I can never forget the tone at the Sunday service in which Mr. Johnson said, "Massachusetts to-day rejoices in unspeakable thankfulness that her voice reached his dying ear before it was too late."

Ah! they were true men and brave, who have baptized our country forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

“Naught better man can do, each day in all the seven,
Than leave the world and self behind, and pray to Heaven.
Prayer is not form and show, Prayer is no empty word ;
Prayer is a thought, and thought alone in Heaven is heard ;
Yet Prayer must grow to work, that the whole life may rise,
Pure as a morning breath of incense, to the skies.”

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

IN 1877, Margaret and I went with my sisters and some other young friends to Europe, but I have little to record of the journey, save the deep sorrow that came to us in Rome, from the death of my dear sister Helen, who died of Roman fever.

While we suffered from the usual unfeelingness of the hotel keepers, who are in mortal fear of a case of sickness in their houses, I must yet bear testimony to the extreme and constant courtesy of all the officials, whom we had to meet in the necessary arrangement consequent on a death, and must especially mention the guardian of the Protestant cemetery, who made everything as little trying to our feelings as possible.

It was at an interesting period of time, for we arrived in Rome just after the death of the King, and I saw him laid in state; and soon after Pius IX. died. I visited his bier also and was struck with the changing fates of men. I had heard Theodore Parker give thanks in his own pulpit for the election of this pope, when he believed him to be a true lover of freedom, who promised great good to Italy. He lived to be execrated by his countrymen, as false to his promises, and an enemy to his

country's freedom. His kingdom of Italy was shrunken to a voluntary prison.

He was interred with all due honor at St. Peter's, but so great was the fear of tumult among the people that the Catholic managers requested the government to defend the church. The government refused to send soldiers without a written order from the authorities of the Pope's command, which was accordingly sent. The soldiers entered the church with their hats on, and refused to take them off at the bidding of the priests. Their prescribed uniform was not to be changed at ecclesiastical order.

The journey is memorable as the occasion of meeting one who has ever since been a very dear friend, Mrs. Rebecca Moore of London, — a woman of fine culture, the most earnest reform views, and the sweetest temper and disposition. She is happily living now, young in her old age, and full of interest in literature, art, and reform.

Through her I met some of the early English abolitionists. They were men and women of the finest stamp, and their mantle has descended on the present advocates of such reforms, as the crusade against the contagious disease acts. Mrs. Josephine Butler I remember with special interest.

Through the kindness of a friend I met some of the liberal leaders in London. I had the pleasure of dining with Peter Taylor, and there met the noble blind hero, Professor Fawcett, with his devoted and able wife. Having lost his eyes from an accident by his father's hands, he nobly accepted his life to prove that his career was not ruined, and having made the utmost of his education in spite of all obstacles, he became at last the chief postmaster of England. He died in middle age, and his wife has since honored his life by her useful writings on political economy.

Mr. Garrison and his son were in London at the time, and it was very interesting to see the spirit of the old abolitionist.



A. W. Cheney.

Mr. Taylor kindly took us to see the House of Commons; where of course I could only sit in the caged gallery and look down upon the distinguished assembly.

It was the morning session and a dull debate. If I remember it was on temperance and Sabbath-day legislation. We were amazed to see the English ladies present in handsome dinner dresses of blue silks and short sleeves. Afterwards Mr. Garrison spoke to a Woman Suffrage meeting, and pleaded for women's emancipation, and he would begin, he said, "at just that caged gallery." This was in keeping with his love of securing a striking point and leading on to the whole question.

Among other friends I will only mention Mrs. Nichols, widow of Professor Nichols, the astronomer. She was not then as she afterwards became, blind, but in her old age she was most cheerfully and usefully occupied, and she was always active in reform. Her copy sent me of Professor Nichols's "Architecture of the Heavens," illustrated by David Scott, is one of my most prized possessions.

When I returned home in 1878 I found an invitation awaiting me to give a course of lectures on Art at the Concord School of Philosophy in the following summer.

I had, as I so often have before and since, the painful feeling that I owed this invitation rather to the wish to do honor to women by giving them an equal position than to my own individual merits, for I felt poorly qualified for the task. I believed, however, that it was my duty to appear as a representative woman and do the best I could.

This School had long been a cherished project of Mr. Alcott. It had no precedents to follow, and was bound by no ordinary rules. I think the spirit which animated it was a desire to awaken and diffuse in the community a more spiritual view of life and thought, without antagonizing the religionists on the one hand, or the scientists on the other. If so, has not this school done its part, and a large one in bringing about that drawing to-

gether of science and religion, which is to my mind the most remarkable feature of thought in our times?

Although the great natural leaders of the movement in the work, Alcott and Emerson, were both past their prime, and fell out of the ranks after the first years, yet their influence was potent in it. Mr. Alcott gave more than one course of lectures. He had then attained that serenity of views which enabled him to look calmly at institutions which he had criticised in his youth, and to find in the past records of thought the seed and promise of the new. It has been asserted that he changed his religious views, but I think he never did. The early association with the Episcopal church was pleasant to him, and he put up a memorial window in memory of his mother. But his thought was the same. He used the same formulas as in his early days. Will not a deep religious thinker take up again many rejected beliefs, and find in them a living truth, though he has not lost the sense of their partial error or narrowed interpretation which forced him to perhaps exaggerated protest in his youth? For this service to me, for it is one, I feel indebted to Mr. Alcott, and still more to Mr. Harris, whose broad, comprehensive mind cannot give up the hold on any truth, and whose keen wisdom always sees its relation to the newest discovery.

I cannot give a history of this famous School or its members, but I must speak of the charming social enjoyment in it. As we walked home from the evening session under the light of the moon, beneath the tall trees that shadowed our path, one group or another would pass by with a few words of the intellectual feast which we had enjoyed together, thus bringing us into a beautiful and hearty communion.

It was a sweet, holy, blessed time for a season only, never to be repeated, but never to be forgotten. Many a mind opened in that flowering time whose fruitful seeds have been borne abroad, and I think the thought of our time has been largely moulded by the influences started there.

One of the most interesting men who spoke occasionally at the School of Philosophy was David A. Wasson. He was not enrolled with the Transcendentalists at so early a period as most of those connected with the school, and came to their ranks through somewhat different disciplines and influences.

Born in Maine and belonging to a genuine Orthodox family, he was early alienated from the prevailing doctrines, and thought out his religion and philosophy from his own standpoint and experience. But his nature was so sweet and true that he never thought bitterly of those who held such severe constraint over his early life. His account of a revival in his own little town gives a very true and reverent account of what such an experience actually brought to many who came under its influence. In his satirical poem of "The Revival Preacher," it is difficult to separate the genuine belief from the false theology and egotistic vanity of the speaker.

I think the best of his poems will live like the sonnet of Blanco White's. He suffered much from his eyes, and finally became almost totally blind.

In his will he committed to me the care of collecting and publishing his poems. I had just met with an accident, and in my hours of forced quiet, I gained communion with his deepest and finest moods.

Mr. Frothingham, in his biography, speaks of something wanting in this noble nature, and implies that he lacked humor and perception of others' needs. I acknowledge the lack, and yet Mr. Frothingham's view does not solve the difficulty to my mind. I found him sympathetic and most responsive to kindness. When the Women's Club sent him a purse of money before his European trip, he said, "It is especially welcome as coming across known differences of opinion." And at a similar occasion, when a collection was made to employ a hoped-for cure, his reply was, "God bless you, and all who value my health more than their money."

Yet it is true that he did not meet the popular heart as Theodore Parker did. At the Twenty-Eighth society, many were warm admirers and friends, others complained that they could not understand him, but his adherents were not always confined to the highly educated people. I remember an intelligent mechanic and his wife who were devoted to him. My little girl, then eight years old, said, "Mamma, I liked Mr. Wasson; I did not quite understand all he said, but I liked him." He was greatly pleased with her speech. "If I have spoken to a child, that is something," he said.

He was not a master of humor, although he sometimes used an apt illustration, as when he compared Mr. Lincoln to a ratchet wheel which, once set to the right point, held fast; but at other times he pursued a figure until he ran it into the ground. He was apt to speak too long and weary his auditors.

I feel that he was greater than we knew; he never found adequate expression for the spiritual life which overflowed him. James F. Clarke once said, "He is the greatest thinker among us." In many respects he was a reactionist, and did not accept some of the most prized opinions of his Transcendental friends. He doubted of equal suffrage; he believed in a hierarchy of the noble, the good, the wise, who were to rule by divine right. His objection to the suffrage for women rested more on his general unwillingness to increase the number of voters than on any want of faith in the highest capacity of women. His respect and tenderness for them held no contempt. He was not quite of his time, and never met the popular feeling, but by a circle of friends, many of whom differed heartily from his opinions, he was revered and loved with unflinching devotion.

He was in youth full of boyish life, and in wrestling with some far more athletic opponent, he injured his spine so severely that he was ever after the victim of a nervous disorder, which at times caused him excruciating agony and often left him a prey to depression. Yet his wonderful buoyancy of

nature enabled him to rise above his sufferings, and produce one of the most remarkable lyrics in the language, not only for its rapt expression of the highest optimism, but from the painful circumstances under which it was written. Exquisite sensibility to pleasure and to suffering was the result of his temperament and his physical disease; after the exertion of preaching he often sank to a degree of sadness until he said, "I pity everything; I pity my child that he is born; I pity God that he exists." But his strong, clear mind overruled his emotions and kept his thought in poise. He always seemed to me the truest interpreter of the laws of Spirit.*

A very remarkable woman took a large part in the Concord School, although I think she did not often speak at a regular lecture. Elizabeth P. Peabody was so well known and so generally beloved that she won rightly the name of the "Grandmother of Boston," for she had cared for and educated and blessed three generations of Boston's citizens. Her great intellectual powers have been often overlooked in the recognition of her great heart, which felt for all the homeless and helpless persons who appealed to her sympathies. She was devoted to her family in all times of trial, and not less true to her many and beloved friends, but she was not confined to these friends; her sympathy, not in words alone but in great deeds, flowed out almost without restraint to the children, to the foreigner, to the slave, and to the Indian. I never had the good fortune to be her pupil, but many have borne witness to her rare power as a teacher. Her essays in "The Dial" are of marked excellence by the power of her thought, by her pure English style, and her broad and temperate judgments.

Withal she was the most simple-hearted and unconscious of beings, and stores of anecdotes are told of her absence of mind and of her enthusiastic doings, and her carelessness of dress

* Wasson's Poems, edited by E. D. Cheney. Life and Essays, by O. B. Frothingham.

and conventionality. I will only speak of her remarkable appearance at the last lectures of the Concord School. She was then quite old and was often unable to keep awake during the lectures. As she sat on the platform the audience believed her to have slept sweetly through the discourse, yet after the lecturer ceased she would arouse and discuss the profound topics presented to the School making the clearest and most important suggestions offered by any one. Mr. Harris was especially struck by the richness and pertinence of her remarks. Her latest enthusiasm, as well as her earliest, was in education, and she became an ardent apostle of the kindergarten, in which she personally engaged. In giving my own dear child to her care I did not value so much the rules of the kindergarten as the opportunity of leading a young girl into the respect and love of one of the noblest women I have known. It is the great regret of her many friends that there is no adequate biography of her.

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I cannot refrain from recording an anecdote which so far as I know has never been printed. It has to me a specially dear significance, with which I will preface the account.

My little sister Anna was obliged occasionally to pass through a narrow passage where she once met a rat, and was much frightened by it. She was hardly five years old but I thought it most important to give her courage for the little effort and I told her of the story I am about to relate. I did not tell her she must go alone, and might easily have found some one to accompany her. She came back to me singing and said, "I went all alone," and she was never afraid afterward.

Margaret Fuller gave me the story of Waldo Emerson, who is so beautifully commemorated by his father in the "Threnody."

Little Waldo went to school at quite a distance from home, and on the way a French family lived. He was much excited by the strange language and was unwilling to pass by them. Some person therefore accompanied him to and from school.

Mr. Emerson thought it was time for his son to conquer his foolish fears. After assuring him of the harmlessness of the French family, he told him that some one would take him to school that day, but nobody would call for him, he must come home alone.

When the school was out the little fellow felt so much afraid to pass through the way that he leaned on the gate of the yard in helpless tears.

Miss Elizabeth Hoar lived opposite, and from her window saw the dear little sufferer, and crossing over to him she said, "Come, Waldo, I am going down town, come along with me." Waldo looked up into the kindly face, then his own countenance cleared up, and he said, "I do not think that is what my father wishes." He went on alone and never again found himself in the bondage of fear.

One other story of Mr. Emerson, told me by a dear friend, I must preserve.

Mrs. C—— had a colored servant whom she had taken from an almshouse, a very poor, homely, seemingly degraded being, but she proved capable, faithful, and affectionate.

When Mrs. C—— returned from the house where Mr. Emerson had died she said to the girl, "Nancy, our good neighbor is gone."

"Oh, marm," she replied, "is he gone? then he'll never call me Nancy again."

"Why, did he always say, 'Good-morning' to you, Nancy?" asked Mrs. C——.

"Oh, yes, marm, he never came here nor met me in the street but he said, 'Good-morning, Nancy,' or 'How do you do, Nancy?'" He gave her all she asked, she received the best good that was possible to her.

CHAPTER IX.

ART.

“It is not enough to draw forms fair and lively,
Their conduct likewise must be beautiful ;
A hearty holiness must crown the work,
As a gold cross the minster dome, and show,
Like that instonement of divinity,
That the whole building doth belong to God.”

FESTUS.

NATURE made some mistake in my composition. She gave me a great love of Art, without any corresponding genius for production or talent for execution. I have ever cherished the greatest reverence for artists, and believed that somewhere in the vast possibilities of eternity I should receive the endowment denied me here. I have often wondered how much of my life-long devotion was awakened by a book which I began to read when I was only eight years old. It was in a series called, “The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.” The subject was illustrated by the biographies of men in different walks of life, but in my volume the majority were artists. I followed their struggles with poverty and neglect until I came to feel that the pursuit of Art was the one great object in life and that all other things should give way to it.

From that time to this, the life of the artist has always seemed the highest and truest expression of the full life of the soul. But the word has expanded in meaning, until I have seen that it must stand in true relation to the whole circle of thought and action. The artist must not be a dreamer only, but a worker for humanity, a reformer. Thus Michael Angelo



served his country in the darkest days of her history, and Victor Hugo was at once statesman and warrior and poet while his heart beat with the love of humanity. Life is the sum of all arts, and the true artist puts into expression for others the truths he has learned from all nature, experience, and thought. "God is the great Artist."

It has been customary to speak of American Art, and its representatives, as suffering from cruel neglect and poverty in the early days of the country, and it has been contemptuously doubted whether American life offers any opportunity for Art. I feel that this is a very shallow view of the subject. It is absurd to expect from a new people, struggling with a wilderness, to found schools of painting or collect galleries of Art, and the founders of our own New England did not lay great stress on this side of life; but the early records show abundant instances of the early longing of the people for Art, and of the generous munificence which helped and encouraged the artist. The biographies of West, of Stuart, of Trumbull, and above all, of Allston, are enough to indicate the love of Art which was in this people and struggling for expression. The story of West is too well known to need repetition, but the Quaker boy, rising to be the favorite of an English king, yet preserving his loyalty to his struggling country through all her trials, is full of interest. We may not place his actual achievement in Art very high, but he will compare favorably with most of his English contemporaries, and he ever held high the standard of Art, both in his truth to nature and in his relations to other artists, to whom he was a faithful and generous friend.

There is an original power in Trumbull, which atones for his defects in education, which makes his works fresh and interesting, and which calls forth recognition from Goethe, and from Thackeray the injunction, "Never underrate or despise Trumbull."

He has always seemed to me a noble type of the chivalric

gentleman. In Margaret Fuller's first work, "A Summer on the Lakes," she gives a very touching story of a man tragically married to a coarse, unworthy woman, and bearing his burden with the most manly courage and silence. Mrs. Clarke, the mother of Margaret's dear companion on this journey, Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke, told me that this heroic sufferer was Colonel Trumbull. I tried in vain to gain any verification of this fact, until many years afterward, when Mr. Sanborn sent me a passage giving an account of Colonel Trumbull's conduct from an eye-witness :

"In a letter of King's to Gore (Feb. 19, 1817) he relates particulars of this Englishwoman's intemperate conduct at a ball of the French minister in Washington. As King was sitting in conversation with Correa, the Portuguese minister, he said, Mrs. T. quitted her husband's arm, and sallying towards me, almost tumbled into my arms, but by good fortune brought up on a empty chair at my right. She told me how much she esteemed me, hoped I was her friend and her husband's friend, and, under pretence of a low conversation, put her mouth to my ear. Correa expressed in his countenance admiration, and all who passed halted to observe our tête-à-tête. Mr. (H. G. Otis) happening to appear, she made out to rise and take hold of him, beginning, as with me, to declare her esteem for him, and invoking his friendship. 'How does Mr. Gore do? Is he any better? and Mrs. Gore, I hope she is well? he is one of my best friends, he is my father, he gave me to my husband; Oh, how much I love him.' This morning I saw Colonel Trumbull on some business; he looked as usual, without any expression of mortification in his countenance. I had thought I would try to muster up fortitude to tell him freely how much his own character suffered by this scandalous conduct of his wife; but his amiable countenance and polite manners discouraged me; and we parted as usual, — except that I could not bring myself to make the usual inquiry concerning his wife."

Stuart, as a portrait painter, is still unsurpassed in force and vigour in the delineation of character.

But to Allston we are most of all indebted for the high standard of idealism which makes his works so dear and elevating,

to the heart and mind. Unfortunately his works do not bear the ravages of time, many of them are already much injured. I well remember the excitement when his great picture of Belshazzar's feast was unrolled from its long oblivion, and first presented for exhibition. The tragic grandeur of the half-erased soothsayers, and the exquisite beauty of the group of Jewesses made a deep impression. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about Allston was the effect of his personality on other artists, who all looked up to him as "one of the Immortals." As one contemporary said when he died, "I have lost all my inspiration in Art, since I feel that he will not see my work."

It was my blessed privilege for five years to share the life of one who was a true artist both in his life and his work. His fame was not wide, his work was limited to a few years, but there is not a touch of his pencil which does not bear witness to his high conception of his art, to his great knowledge of human nature on its best side, and to his entire conscientiousness and devotion. Through him I came to know some of the artists of that day, and I was very much struck with their generous relation to each other. Our artists then were mostly self-taught and had to gather knowledge of their art from their own experience. Some of them indeed went to Europe in later years, but I think it was usually after they had made a name for themselves here. Accordingly there was usually great difference in the merit of their works, a happy inspiration was not always well carried out, and they did not form a permanent style. I have seen in the house of a well-known connoisseur, a portrait of Alexander's which we mistook for a fine old work of the Italian school, yet many of his paintings were very harsh and crude. Frothingham, who started in life as a carriage-painter, at times achieved an excellence at which Stuart marvelled, saying, "He does not know himself what a good thing he has done."

After the publication of the memoirs of my husband I had a

very interesting and delightful opportunity in an exhibition of the works of John and Seth W. Cheney, at the Museum of Fine Arts. The collection was prepared with great care by Mr. S. R. Koehler, and contained most of the works of these artists.

The collection of portraits was a joy to many hearts, for they represented the dearest and best people of our city and time, and, as one of the managers of the Art Museum said, "It seemed like Thanksgiving Day, gathering together the loved ones who met again!"

Mr. Cheney's work represented the transcendental period, and it preserved, especially in the portraits of women, the beautiful blending of intellectual expression with the womanly sweetness of modesty and grace. His favorite themes were old men and women, and children who, in their budding beauty, prophesied the deeper meanings of life.

Yet the portraits of men are not less striking in character and beauty; the youthful face of Bryant gives all the poetry and truth which the artist found in this favorite poet.

It was the most stormy time of a stormy winter, and many lost the opportunity of seeing this collection, which can probably never be repeated.

I will say a few words of the contemporary artists whom I have known. Hammatt Billings was a man of the rarest intelligence, almost amounting to genius. He was a most delightful talker and excelled in his talent for nearly every style of art. But he lacked the finer element of conscience which looks upon Art as a sacred calling, and he scattered his forces in many different and unworthy directions. His pecuniary necessities forced him into work for other architects, who bought his designs and used them according to their own purposes. He was so careless in the construction of his buildings that in one case he planned a room with no possible means of entrance to it unless by a ladder from the outside. He designed a church for

Mr. Waterston's society in Bedford Street, which was nearly perfect both in design and execution. It was afterwards taken down.

He made many illustrations for books and for Fourth of July fireworks as well. One of his best works was a series of illustrations for "Pilgrim's Progress." I think it was never published and I do not know where it now is.

Joseph Ames had a brilliancy of color and boldness and freedom of execution which gave great promise. A fine portrait of Daniel Webster was one of his most successful paintings. An occasional coarseness marred his work.

Mr. Cheney's success in portraiture in crayon led several other artists to try the same style. Of them Samuel Rowse achieved the greatest popularity. His pictures of children were full of grace and beauty, but he did not succeed so well in portraying older and more thoughtful heads, such as Emerson, James Russell Lowell, and Abby W. May.

When I showed Theodore Parker the portrait of Emerson in photograph, he said, "That is not Emerson; that man could not do the things Emerson has done." I always regretted that Rowse did not work in color; his few attempts in this line have great delicacy and beauty.

When I was about twenty-one years old my father and mother both sat for their portraits to William Page, the artist mentioned by James Russell Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," in these words:

"Be true to yourselves and this new nineteenth age
As a statue by Powers, or a picture by Page."

He was, indeed, a man of extraordinary talent and full of ideas. Of a passionate and wilful temperament, he was absorbed by theories, and his work was often damaged by experiments in color and material. I learned much from him, for he allowed me to sit and watch the whole process of painting my mother's

picture. He entirely rejected his first two attempts, and only completed it on a third trial. His method of painting at that time was to make a careful outline in black and red, neutral color, then to alternate blue, black, and red, working out the features more distinctly, until the requisite amount of red, and the proper depth of shadow is attained. Then he added a film of yellow, and finally glazed a delicate film of white over it all. He was very fond of deep color, and was glad of a chance to use red and yellow as much as possible. The result in this case was very rich, both in the drapery and flesh, and was much admired by Hamilton Wild and other young colorists. It was painted in 1846, and is now as fresh and brilliant as at first, but I do not think it very true to the character and expression of my mother. It is stiff and rigid, and has none of that sweet, modest bloom which distinguished her all her life.* My father's portrait is thoroughly realistic, but more lifelike.

I enjoyed Page's conversation very much, but he said that he would never again let any one see a portrait of his until it was finished; he found that he painted to my eye instead of his own, and wanted to have the likeness increase at every sitting. Page was a thorough realist, and would have needed no injunction to paint the wart on Cromwell's nose, but his imagination sometimes penetrated below the surface very deeply into the real. He told me that he was once asked to paint the portrait of a lady, the president of a benevolent society. She was the very ideal of ugliness, like Charles Lamb's Mrs. Conrady; there was a perfect harmony in it, it impressed you at once and forever. Page delighted in portraying the full expression. Nothing was softened or omitted. The lady's daughter sat with her, but was not allowed to see the portrait. When it was finished Mr. Page told her to look at it. As she stood and gazed,

* I have always preferred for this reason the portrait of a crayon by Miss Harriet Cheney (Mrs. James Cheney), a cousin of my husband. She was a young artist of great promise.

she put up one hand to wipe her moistened eye, and then another, and then burst out, "My mother is a good woman, if she is homely." Page thought his work a success.

Page was an excellent draughtsman, and was much interested in working out a scheme for human proportion. He took his hint from Revelation, but how he worked it out I cannot tell; but it is a curious instance of his vein of mysticism in the midst of his realism.* Among the interesting portraits which he painted in Boston was one of James Russell Lowell's first wife, Maria White, and a portrait of President Eliot for Memorial Hall.

An extract from Longfellow's "Life" gives a good account of Page's art:

"A call from Emerson, who gave us an account of Page's new picture of Ruth, which he thinks very fine.

"It imposes silence on you, which is the effect of all great paintings. The figures are solid, and like sculpture could be weighed, and as some one said, "If you scratched them, they would bleed." Afterward — came in, full of the picture. He said the same things that Emerson had said about the figures being weighed, and bleeding if scratched, and imposing silence. So that is probably the received phraseology in regard to the painting. He said, moreover that — had uttered the following judgment on the piece: 'It is the greatest thing that America has yet done in painting or in anything else.' Let me breathe! It is the fashion with Young America to consider Allston a mere dauber in comparison with Page."

I saw this picture in his studio with much interest, but I do not think posterity has ratified the opinion of contemporary critics.

His life was a tragic one, and his fame does not answer to his early promise, but he was a genuine artist and I have always felt grateful for my early acquaintance with him.

* I think the passage was Rev. xxi. 17: "And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel."

Alpheus Carey Morse was another friend possessing great natural talent, but he lacked concentration and perseverance in his line of art. Some of his portraits are very beautiful, however, as one of Miss Ariana S. Walker, the wife of Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, and one of Mrs. Follen. He devoted his last years to architecture, in which he was successful. He was one of the most genial and delightful of companions.

I will now speak of Kimberley, since he has already reached so great an age that he will hardly be living when these pages, if ever, see the light. One of the most eccentric of human beings he combined rare qualities of mind and heart, delicate feeling and warm enthusiasm, with a recklessness of manner and heedlessness of conduct which sorely tried the patience of his friends, though he still held within bounds and did not lose their regard. He had the soul and eye of an artist, but his education was defective and he had not the constancy of purpose to make up for this defect. He would begin a portrait with great feeling and enthusiasm, and it was full of promise, but he had exhausted himself in the first stages and could not finish it with equal skill. He had the most intense love of my husband and a great regard for all his family. They are indebted to him for many cheerful hours. After Mr. Cheney's death Mr. Kimberley made repeated attempts to reproduce his features in sculpture, in painting, in crayon, and even in engraving. All have some valuable glimpses of likeness, and yet they are seldom harmonious and complete enough to give perfect satisfaction. Still, they remain the best things that have been done and the one engraved for the memoir gives the best expression of his subject.* He removed to Paris when he was quite aged, where his wife died, but he still continues to paint although

* I must make an exception of a life-size photograph by Mr. Hawes, which has been worked up in crayon by some hand, I do not know whether by Mr. Hawes himself or by John Cheney. This is by far the most expressive likeness of Mr. Seth W. Cheney remaining.

in his ninetieth year. He was an excellent singer and rendered alike sacred and comic music with the greatest effect. Many will remember him as one of the choir at Trinity Church, where he was retained for his rare sympathetic voice, although his behavior often scandalized the dignitaries of the church. He was brimming over with fun and frolic, but as the natural result of such a temperament was often depressed and moody.

Another very different person was Richard Staigg, best known as a miniature painter. An Englishman by birth he had all the sterling traits of conscience, fidelity, and unselfishness which make up the moral fibre of an artist. He began life humbly in New Bedford, where he supported his mother by his labor, but the miniature painting in which he spent his leisure hours attracted the attention of connoisseurs and he was soon able to devote himself entirely to his art. He was always a gentleman in manners and deportment, and his art partook of the same qualities: it was graceful and pleasing, but lacked individuality and strength. His portrait of Daniel Webster is only a pleasing miniature likeness.

Similar traits characterized Thomas Ball, who has given in his reminiscences a beautiful story of fidelity and truth to his own thought. His mother was dependent upon him for support and care. He had an equal love of music and the plastic arts, and was ready to do anything honest by which he could support her. His first experiments were in color, in which he was not very successful; taste seemed lacking to restrain the violent effects which attracted him. At last he found his true place in sculpture, and has given us many ideal works of great beauty. But he has told his own story so simply and clearly that I need only give him my tribute of respect and welcome him to the brotherhood of Art.

William Furness too, blessed soul that he was, kept his high place in Art by his true moral nature. Loving Art from his childhood he turned from the road to wealth which was offered

to him, and firmly relying on himself, devoted his life to the pursuit of Art. Yet he knew himself perfectly and was under no delusion. For him it was the pathway of hard work not of swift guiding genius. He was faithful to his task. When he saw the exhibition of the famous Dusseldorf school he said "It makes me sad; it is all that talent and industry can accomplish." He died young but he left a few works of great merit, especially a portrait of Mr. Emerson and one of his father, the beloved minister. One fine saying of his was, "It is the bad work that discourages me, the finest picture always makes me hopeful for myself."

Eastman Johnson began his career in crayon portraiture, with great vigor and truth to nature in his work, but his drawings lacked the delicacy and ideality which make this branch of Art attractive. He afterwards went to Holland and studied many years, and has made an enduring reputation by his paintings in oil. I have seen but little of his later work. His name recalls an amusing incident which shows the progress of woman in the last half-century. When I first saw him in Paris in 1854, I met him at an evening reception. As he sat beside me he noticed a very pleasing lady well and handsomely dressed (Dr. N——C——), and asked me who she was. I answered, "She is Dr. C——;" but he did not seem to understand and asked again. "She is here attending medical lectures with her brother, Dr. Talbot." "What!" he said in extreme surprise, "a doctor! Does she ride about in her gig?" "I don't know whether her practice yet warrants that," I said, "but I have other friends who are physicians." "Well," he said, "tell me some more of your Boston notions; I have been seven years at the Hague and have heard nothing."

Owing to the illness of our party, I had little opportunity of seeing the artists in Paris or elsewhere in Europe. I met Christopher P. Cranch and William Story and William M. Hunt.

Hunt was one of the few American artists who could not

complain of defective education. He had every opportunity which money and the interest of his friends could procure. But most of all he had the friendship and companionship of François Millet, the great painter of modern times. I think Hunt's best works were done under his influence, and bear the stamp of his love of nature and keen perception of life and character. But Hunt's works never have the earnest love of humanity, which makes everything of Millet's great and tender. He had much charm of color and a feeling for homely beauty, but even his peasants have a high-bred air unlike Millet's genuine creations.

His best portraits are very noble, — Judge Shaw's, for instance, — but he often failed in the delineation of character. He was wilful and passionate, and had not mastered the secrets of life so as to make all service a high purpose. His last great work, the frescoes at Albany, I cannot but regard as a miserable failure. He did not seek to meet the wants or feelings of the people to whom his work was to be addressed, but indulged his own fancy for a remote and obscure foreign legend.

The drawing, the action of the horses was admirable, but the thought and the life of the work were wanting; at least they did not speak to his audience. "Perhaps I should like them better if I knew what they were about," said a countrywoman at the Capitol. Time has dealt ruthlessly with them, and they are now destroyed or removed. By his lessons to his classes and by the inspiration of his conversation he did great service to woman.

I saw Ary Scheffer in his own studio, and he looked the great artist that he was, one who spoke the language of tender sentiments of homely truth. I took lessons of his less known brother, Henri Scheffer, a good draughtsman, but no genius.

But I had more intimate acquaintance with two artists of less note. William Babcock attracted us by his charming naturalness, and his hearty admiration of his great master Millet. He had the misfortune to leave home and country early, and even in Paris he did not have the regular instruction of a

school or teacher, so he never thoroughly acquired the first principles of drawing. His love of color and his exquisite appreciation of it could not wholly make up for the defect, and his pictures give only the feeling which color expresses, without the intellectual meaning which form best reveals. Living without home and family he was wayward and moody, but withal, most affectionate and winning in his personality. When we were in Barbizon he spent every evening at Millet's home, and would give us charming accounts of Millet's relations to his children, and of his reading to them fairy stories, and the old Bible histories. It was amusing, and at the same time very interesting, to see the delight which the grown man had in passages from the Bible, which, to most people, had become worn out and hackneyed by senseless repetition, but which had to him all the freshness of original thought when heard from the lips of genius. He was our companion in trying days. He has left some gems of painting, as well as a valuable collection of prints and photographs to our Art Museum.

I had the pleasure of a brief acquaintance with Pierre Millet, the younger brother of François, who at one time resided in Boston. He told me he well remembered when his brother had the first idea of the *Angelus*. Millet always dwelt much on the effect of the state of the atmosphere on the distinctness and beauty of sound, and one evening he called his brother's attention to the quality of the air as most favorable to sound, and said that he would like to paint a picture, in which this appearance of the air would indicate the sounds that filled it. He took the evening bell as adapted to the hour, and has so perfectly represented not only the stillness of the evening, made more impressive by the distant bell, but the sacred feelings of the young couple who listen to the sound, that no one doubts that the bell is actually sounding, or fails to lift his soul to heaven in response. Pierre Millet said that he himself stood as model for the study of the peasant's attitude.

And dearest of all was the French painter Dubourjal, a type of the best Frenchman, whom I hold to be about the best result of the civilized world. He never attained great fame, but was simple, true, and conscientious. He set aside his own happiness to support his mother and sisters, but was the most cheerful and sympathetic of companions. He had been to this country, and here painted the miniature of my husband and his brother John (treasures they are), and a few others, but he did not win great success here, and he returned to his home. For tenderness of feeling, delicacy of expression, and fine sympathy, I have never met his superior.

One of my husband's early friends, although much younger than himself, was George Fuller. He worked in New York mostly, at the time when he knew Mr. Cheney, where he had a rising reputation. But after his father's death he retired to his farm in Greenfield, Mass., where, in the interval of his farm labors, he produced many of his most charming pictures. The quiet and simplicity of the country were reproduced in such beautiful representations as Winifred Dysart, whose unconscious beauty recalls the line of Shakspeare, —

“ In maiden meditation fancy-free.”

When he returned to Boston he was at once warmly welcomed, and in the short time which he remained he gave us many valuable portraits. His last work finished was a portrait of my daughter. Among those pictures which he painted in Greenfield, was an admirable portrait of a domestic in his household, who is a noble representative of a truly brave, honest working-woman. It is as significant of the worth of labor as Millet's peasants.

Dr. William Rimmer was a remarkable man rather than a great artist. His early history is strange and romantic, and accounts for many of his peculiar characteristics. He was first known here as a physician who, residing near the granite quarries

of Quincy, had cut from the granite a head of St. Stephen of remarkable vigor and expression. It is now in the collection of the Art Museum. It attracted the attention of Mr. Stephen Perkins and other connoisseurs, who persuaded him to devote himself to the pursuit of Art. He was a skilful anatomist, and he began his new career as a teacher of artistic anatomy, confining his lessons to the outer signs of the muscles, joints, etc. He was a very inspiring teacher and soon had a class of enthusiastic young ladies, among whom were some of great promise. I remember well Miss Abby May Alcott, Miss Susan Hale, Miss Harriet Cheney, Miss Elizabeth Bartol, Miss Elizabeth Greene, and others, who attained to much excellence. His off-hand illustrations on the blackboard were full of life and vigor. Artists admired them greatly and wished to preserve them, but he could not carry them out to perfect finish. This seems to me the great danger in American Art. It remains sketchy and fails to preserve the first expression in a complete work. His full-sized statues, of which one of Hamilton is in the Public Garden, are unequal in workmanship and unworthy of the genius of the man. He was not a student of nature, but bade even his unformed pupils to work only from their own mind and avoid direct imitation. He was a man of astonishing variety of resource, with great love of literature, and wide acquaintance with art, — a man from whom one might learn a great deal, rather than a teacher. He gave a valuable series of lessons in the Lowell course in Boston, I believe for young women only; and as a curious bit of history, I will narrate that much opposition was made to the young women studying from the nude. The proposition was made that the pupils should all be veiled during the lesson, but this Mohammedan solution did not meet the feeling of the women, and I think the lessons were not repeated.

He did good service afterward as teacher of anatomical drawing in the school of the Museum of Fine Arts.

Michael Angelo has always been the great artist to me. I have spoken and written so much of him that I will not repeat it here, except to speak of his poems which I published with selected translations (in 1885). My attention was first called to these by my husband, who pronounced them equal to his paintings at the Sistine Chapel, and they have ever since been my beloved companions. That I have been able to introduce them to a few lovers of art is one of the few literary achievements on which I congratulate myself.

Albrecht Dürer has been very dear to me. I shall never forget the strength which we gained from his wonderful series of the "Passion," especially the agony in the garden, when my husband was very ill in Dresden. I have written fully of him in my "Gleanings in the Fields of Art."

But my best artistic gain on my second European trip was from acquaintance with the works of David Scott, the Scottish genius who has been my inspiration and help for over fifty years. It is still the delight of my old age to open to this young generation the treasure of his thought, and I find them prompt to receive it as I was in my maiden days. Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller recognized his genius as early as 1846, and he painted that portrait of Emerson which now hangs in the Concord Library, and which, in spite of some peculiarities of color and manner, yet reveals the true vitality and power of the great thinker more than any other representation of him. The very attitude and motion of the hand brings his person before you.

Mr. Emerson brought home to Mr. Alcott a set of Symbolic Monographs of Life which fully answered to the philosopher's thought. Mr. Alcott lent them to me, and I studied them with such interest that he promised to leave them to me as a last legacy. But alas! in the chances and changes of life they disappeared, and I have never received them. They are reproduced in a volume of Scott's designs published after his death,

but something of the original strength and beauty is lost in this reproduction. Mr. Cheney's first Christmas present to me was a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* with Scott's illustrations. They are full of wonderful meaning and beauty. Dr. Rimmer said of him, "The designs are as strong as Michael Angelo." When in Edinburgh I took pains to see every picture of his that I could hear of, and through the kindness of owners I saw several noble works. I have procured everything that was possible, and finally through the kindness of the wife of Prof. Nichols, I became the possessor of his spiritual and beautiful illustrations of Nichols, "Architecture of the Heavens." I remember this book well, as the first one which opened the heavens to me, as Herschel had seen them through his great telescope. It made a powerful impression. I was at the seashore and as I stood on the beach and looked up to the broad sky above me, I felt lost in the immensity of the spectacle and questioned of God. "What is God that he is mindful of me?" And then into my mind came the wonderful thought of Law, that was binding all these immense worlds into harmony, and yet cared for the tiniest pebble that was rolled up on the beach, and fashioned by the same power, and according to the same cause. Religion and science "met and kissed each other," and I have never doubted of their union since. Fifty years afterwards I found the same inspiration in this book as in my youthful days. David Scott died before he completed the engraving of his illustrations, and they were finished by his brother, a very different man of varied gifts. His memoirs are, however, very interesting, and contain a most impressive picture of the last hours of the great artist.*

And now a word of the women who have made such advance in art during the century. I had the pleasure of meeting Rosa Bonheur in her atelier and in her school. She was direct,

* I have written so much elsewhere of Scott that I will not say more of him here. For a further account see my "Gleanings in the Fields of Art," or still better, the life of Scott written by his brother.

business-like, and conscious of the value of time, yet when we (Miss Clarke and myself) introduced ourselves as interested in a school of design for women, she invited us to her school, made an appointment to which she asked us to be punctual, and went through the school with us. When asked as to her method of teaching she answered, "Bon Dieu elles dessinent, et moi, je les corrige."

Our own countrywomen have achieved greater success in sculpture than in painting. Harriet Hosmer, Anne Whitney, and others less known to me, have achieved a lasting reputation, but my memory dwells tenderly on one less known, but hardly less worthy, if unfortunate. Poor Margaret Foley struggled with poverty and with a sensitive temperament which made her sometimes a prey to melancholy, but she had rare powers which may yet blossom in that fair clime where we may say "Good-morning." She was a poor girl from New Hampshire, and I first knew her as a student in the School of Design for Women. She was then teaching at Lowell in the afternoon, and went between the two cities every day. She began professional work as a cameo cutter, and had gained such popularity that she had orders to the amount of one thousand dollars when the panic of 1857 stopped all extravagance in art. She received only fifty dollars. She was almost discouraged, but by the sympathy and encouragement of a few friends (among whom Miss Sarah F. Clarke was foremost) she persevered. She managed later to save four hundred dollars, with which she went to Europe, but owing to the high price of exchange at that time, her four hundred dwindled to about half the amount, and she was on the verge of starvation. Her fellow-countrywoman, Harriet Hosmer, was her kind friend, though she hardly knew the extent of her destitution. She began to work in sculpture and made a beautiful model for a fountain, which, through the kind offices of her friend Miss Clarke, was proposed for the Park at Chicago. The bargain was all but completed

when the disastrous fire of 1872 put all such matters out of mind. The fountain represented three or four children playing about the stream. One of them, called "The Timid Bather," has been frequently repeated, and is a charming statue. Among her friends were William and Mary Howitt, who loved and helped her as they would a daughter. Some years later an order was received from Philadelphia for the fountain. But life was ebbing away, and the artist had the sad satisfaction of receiving on her death-bed the money she had so long needed to keep her in life. A rare and beautiful spirit! A medallion of Charles Sumner belonging to the New England Women's Club is the only important work of hers besides the fountain in America.

Equally lovely in life and death was Jane M. Clark, of whom I have spoken in my "Memoir of S. W. Cheney."

Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke was an exquisite landscape painter. She was the only pupil of Allston, and she learned his idealism and quiet poetic beauty. She was the intimate friend of Margaret Fuller. Among her most beautiful works are the pictures of temples in Egypt, and also a very interesting series of pencil-drawings representing all the places made sacred to the residence of Dante through his long and varied exile. Miss Clarke lived many years in Italy, but returned to make a home in Georgia, where she lived to old age, employing her pencil without glasses, and, what is even better, in the service of the colored people who lived around her. She first formed the public library in Atlanta.

CHAPTER X.

REFORMS.

“When through long bitter strife, and weary years
 Freedom’s stern battle for the right is won,
 And hope takes place of fear, and joy of tears,
 Who is it that the mighty work has done ?

“They sought no glory that this earth affords,
 Saw not the wreath which should their temples twine ;
 Spoke out their message in immortal words,
 Such Prophets wist not that their faces shine.”

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

ON my return from one of my Southern journeys in 1867 I found a new and most interesting society had been formed, called the “Free Religious Association.” I was extremely sorry to have missed the first meeting, which represented a spontaneous movement in many minds, but I was soon appointed a director in the association and I have worked in it ever since. Theodore Parker was gone, but he had left his impress upon many minds who were longing for a generous communion in religion with no fetters of church or creed or nation. The constitution was as free as possible, leaving each member responsible for his own opinion alone. It is impossible to report the inspiration and freedom of the first meetings. A galaxy of brilliant minds, such as may never gather again, spoke out with perfect freedom their thought, which had been maturing in silent meditation for many years. Alcott and Emerson and Octavius B. Frothingham and John Weiss, Francis E. Abbot, and T. W. Higginson, and William J. Potter, Samuel Johnson, William Henry Channing, Cyrus Bartol, John T.

Sargent, Lucretia Mott, David A. Wasson, Charles A. B. Mills, and Samuel Longfellow, with many a lesser light, were there, and gave us year after year, a wealth of thought unsurpassed in its richness and variety. The strong characteristic of the new society was that it did not stand within the circle of Christianity alone, but welcomed truth from any source. When Kesho Chunder Sen founded his Brahma Somaj in India, the Free Religious Association of America responded most warmly, and welcomed him to their communion; and thus was begun that great work which has naturalized the faiths of the Eastern world among us, and given us a brotherhood with the Buddhist, Parsee, and Hindoo. The Jew found himself no longer shut out from his fellow-men, and felt a happiness that he had never known before; while the agnostic might express his doubt, and was listened to with calm respect. We attempted to have representatives of all sects, but found that they would not come upon our terms; they preferred their own churches, where they could appeal to emotion and feeling uncontradicted by reason or fact. We had on one occasion, however, a discussion by Mr. Abbot and a Catholic bishop, on the great question of the public school; and we always freely invited representatives of different faiths to address us. Neither had we forgotten the pleasure of fellowship, and our evening festivals have offered opportunity for the most genial and delighted expression, especially in the earlier time, when Mrs. Sargent made the salad, and Mrs. Joslin sent her unrivalled baked beans, Miss Lucy Goddard and Miss McDaniel decorated the rooms, and the company did their own singing. The speakers of the day then had a separate table of their own, and the young lady waiters were charged to keep them supplied with the best of coffee, that they might be refreshed and ready for the entertainment of the evening. But times changed, and the caterer was called in, and a different spirit prevailed. Still the Festival holds its place, and gives opportunity for that fellowship of the

spirit which our constitution states to be an object of the association.

But the best of all is that we hope we are becoming useless, for the spirit of free religion is fast permeating all the societies. How much of it is due to our special efforts, we do not care to estimate, but we feel that, as an advance guard, we still have our place in importance.

Among those most cherished of our numbers was our first secretary and later president, Mr. Potter. His thorough earnestness, his entire freedom, united with a gentle tenderness, endeared him to all, so that he could speak the truth without offence. His sudden death in the ripeness of his powers, when he was full of schemes for the future usefulness of the association, was an irreparable loss. With the resignation of Mr. Higginson, his successor, it seemed to close its first brilliant period. Let us hope that under the new régime it will still do good work wherever it is needed.

We hoped that the succession of Dr. Lewis G. Janes might become a link between this early brilliant time and the thoughts of the younger generation which must have its own expression. His perfect liberality of mind and his wide scholarship as well as his genial temper made him especially fitted for this work, and it was a keen disappointment when he was so suddenly taken from life. He died in 1901.

We hope that his successor will take up the torch of liberty with all the enthusiasm and the wisdom of youth.

The Parliament of Religions in Chicago, in 1893, was a most noteworthy event. It seemed a real Pentecost, for men of all times and faiths met together, and yet all seemed to speak with the same spirit. It has given rise to several other meetings in different places. This has emphasized to me, most strongly, the importance, not only of unity, but of difference. The Eastern religions brought to us great enrichment, because they had pursued their own way of thought, yet each had arrived at the

same great truths though with varied manifestations. So it is uniformity, and not unity which denies all faiths but its own.

This Congress of Religion, at the great celebration of the Discovery of America, was a most welcome event, exactly in line with our efforts in the Free Religious Association, but broadened into international interests.

It was very striking that the expressions of universal religion met the most cordial recognition from the great audience at the congress. The influence of the meeting has spread far and wide. One delightful result from the general growth of this broad and harmonizing sentiment is the hope of closing the chasm in the great church of Congregationalism.

Throughout all the heated controversy of Unitarianism and Trinitarianism both parties met once a year in Anniversary Week, and now there seems promise of a deeper union, by the spiritual recognition of truths which have been held to the letter and disguised to the spirit. Such changes are gradual, and only recognized as new thinkers can cast off the fetters of sect and speak and act as independent thinkers.

A rather unique association, which has given me a great deal of comfort and pleasure, was organized in 1871 (American Association for the Advancement of Women), although I did not join it until a year or two later. I think it was first started by members of Sorosis and other friends of New York, to unite all the women who were interested in their advancement by holding a congress once a year, when all the speakers should be women and they should discuss all matters of practical or theoretic interest. The congresses were held for about twenty years in different cities, and were generally attended by enthusiastic audiences. The organization of the society was a little crude and cumbrous and did not work wholly without friction, yet it accomplished a great deal of good.

We were always entertained in the cities we visited, which gave us an excellent opportunity to make friends in different

parts of the country, and to think more justly of others than we had done before. We were anxious to go to the South for this reason, and were much pleased with a cordial invitation to go to Memphis for a congress. We met with a very kind reception, although one of our number could remember the time when thirty thousand dollars was offered for her abolitionist father's head in this city, where Mrs. Howe's battle hymn was now sung again and again in compliment to her.

At Buffalo the ministers, except the Unitarians, preached against us, advising their people to stay away from our meetings. In consequence of which, perhaps, we had the most successful congress of the whole series. The Opera House was crowded, and the courtesy of the entertainers made everything delightful. Mrs. Howe was asked to speak in the Unitarian church on Sunday, and did so to a crowded audience. The Buffalo people have since dated all their progress in woman's work from that time. I must especially mention one lady who joined us here, who proved very valuable in our subsequent work, Miss Mary A. Ripley. She had been a skilful teacher, but had lost her health and been obliged to give up her work. She was a fine speaker and had such exquisite humor that she won her audience by her very first words, yet she never sank below her level; her fine English marked the scholar and lady in everything she said, and she was very earnest in advocating the most unpopular reforms. She had been obliged to cut off her hair in her illness, which showed to advantage her large square head. At Memphis she was said to resemble the Episcopal minister, and when told of the comparison, he replied, "Yes, I know it; she looks like me and she talks like me." She was so much liked there that she was invited to remain and give a course of lectures. It was her last appearance at our meetings; she was taken ill at a little village, where I fear she suffered want of care, and died. The ladies of Buffalo have named a room in their beautiful library in memory of her.

We were received with kind hospitality at the South. We visited Louisville, Knoxville, Memphis, Atlanta, and New Orleans. At Knoxville I was much pleased with the liberality shown in religious matters. Mrs. Howe was invited to preach in the largest Congregational church in the city, and what was even more remarkable, Mrs. Wolcott was asked to repeat in the evening an address on a charitable subject which was considered a brave utterance in our meetings. I, being a little more of a radical, was asked to speak to a new society which "met in a small upper room," but we had a good time notwithstanding.

While we went to the South in an entirely friendly feeling and did not wish to antagonize their social prejudices, we yet desired to express our own feelings in regard to the great problem of equal relation with the colored portion of the people. We therefore announced visits to the great schools at Atlanta and Tuskegee as part of our programme.

Our reception at Atlanta University was most cordial and interesting, and we had a fine reception attended by many pupils and teachers from other schools. This school is devoted to the higher education of the people. Its managers believe that the fullest development of the mind is of importance to the best welfare, and is the right of every human being. They do not ignore the present condition of most of the colored people, but they believe in inspiring them with the highest ideals, that they "if they be lifted up, may draw up all others." Their great purpose is to supply good teachers to other schools. Yet they do not neglect the importance of manual training, but do excellent work in various branches.

I was also very much interested in other schools in Atlanta, especially in the admirable theological school, which I believe is the best endowed colored school in the country. A fine, manly looking class of colored men were engaged in translating the Greek Testament, and I could not but think what a great step in advanced thinking it was to recognize that the Bible

was a translation, and did not come directly down from Heaven in King James's version.

At Tuskegee we saw the working out of a different problem. If Mr. Bumstead's aim is to develop the whole man, and to show that the negro is capable of receiving and wisely using the highest education, Mr. Washington is endeavoring to meet the most urgent and most wide-spread want of the present time, by a severely practical education, which will form a basis for all subsequent attainments. The two are in harmony, for several of the teachers of Tuskegee are from the Atlanta school.

I was very much struck with the change in the address of a stranger to a colored man. Formerly he said, "Whom do you belong to?" now he commonly asks a young man, "What school did you go to?"

Mr. Washington is a very rare man, of great eloquence and broad knowledge of mankind, which enables him to choose his assistants well, and his own modesty of character and demeanor almost hides his superiority. His heart is bound up with the future of his people, and he is doing an immense work for their recognition, and for ultimate amalgamation with the other elements which go to make up the future American people.

We were not less interested in a little club which Mrs. Washington had established for the women of the neighborhood on Saturdays, when they come into town to do their weekly shopping. This day had mostly been spent in gossip by the women, and Mrs. Washington invited them to meet her and have a little talk about their best interests and partake of a social cup of coffee. While these women waited for their leader, they beguiled the time with singing spirituals with a pathos and beauty which far surpassed what we had heard in the schools. Young America is neglecting these old spirituals; it loves better to sing, as other people do, Moody and Sankey's hymns. New generations prefer to voice the hope of the future, and not

the wail of the past. Yet the memory of those old songs should be preserved, for they sustained the souls of the people through their many years of bondage. In the morning as I lay luxuriously musing in the beautiful sunrise light, I was suddenly aware of music sweeter than the birds sounding through the morning air. It was the greeting of the pupils of the school, who thus welcome their visitors to a new day with them. This was an instance of the poetic feeling and natural religion so precious among this ignorant people.

I must preserve one anecdote to show the spirit of the times. Two of our friends had to leave earlier than we did. At the station they found a white gentleman who was very much inclined to be courteous. He spoke very highly of Mr. Washington, and then said, "I am afraid you ladies have not been quite comfortable here, as the hotel is very poor." "Oh, yes, we were very comfortable," they replied; "Mr. Washington entertained us in his own house." "What!" said the man. "Washington is a very good fellow, I like him very much; but I'd no sooner sit down in his house, nor have him sit down in mine, than nothing at all." Miss W. replied, "Do you have two Gods down here, a white one and a black one?" He looked as if a pistol had been fired at him, and then said, "Sometimes I think we have n't any God at all down here."*

This story well illustrates the actual feeling of the South. They have no personal physical feeling against contact with the African race, as is abundantly proved by the love of their old mammys and other relations, but they are utterly opposed to any equality with their former slaves. It is only by slow degrees that this feeling will wear away. It is of the first importance that all legislation sanctioning such distinctions should be abolished. We cannot have permanent peace and a true

* This was in 1892 before Mr. Washington had been welcomed to the best houses in England, and had sat down at the White House with our brave President.

republic with a body of millions of people who are not heartily one with us. The process of entire fusion of different races will be slow and attended by many sufferings and wrongs and cruelties, but the result must be accomplished if the American republic is to be perfected and perpetuated.

In 1868 the New England Woman's Club was formed. It seemed to be the spontaneous thought of many minds. I do not trace it so directly as the successor of the sanitary work during the war as Miss Sprague has done in her excellent history of the Club, but it was a true child of the times, and evidently filled a want felt by many. The almost simultaneous origin of the New York Sorosis proved this. Mrs. Howe took up the idea with great earnestness, and was the inspirer of many clubs, both here and in Europe. I cannot express sufficient gratitude for the constant pleasure and comfort it has given me; the tie between the members was very strong, and we loved to be together, in the times of sadness as well as of joy and merriment.

Who will ever forget the spontaneous tribute to Charles Sumner, Lydia Maria Child, or the birthday celebrations of Miss Lucy Goddard and Elizabeth P. Peabody, the golden wedding of Mrs. Judith W. Smith, or, still later, the celebration of the eightieth birthday of our president? The condition of women has greatly changed since my youthful time. No young woman is satisfied to live without a purpose, and the woman in the loneliest town on the prairie does not feel isolated when she can go weekly or monthly to her club, or once in two years to the General Federation, and gather strength and comfort and intellectual help by meeting with other women.

From the formation of the club there has been a large liberality for all religious and political opinions, and a sacred regard for the recognition of all races of men. Frequent meetings were held in the interest of the colored schools of the South, and contributions were made for their help.

We welcomed William and Ellen Crafts on their return from their visit to Africa, and frequently heard Dr. Horace Bumstead and Mr. Booker T. Washington, and other teachers of the schools. We had honored members of the colored race among our speakers, and Mr. Washington was unanimously chosen an honorary member.

I can never forget one important occasion when Mrs. Lily Chase Wyman read an admirable story of the lives of two heroic women, Sarah and Angelina Grimke. Among the visitors was the venerable Theodore Weld, the husband of Angelina, whose trembling lips bore testimony to the love and worth of his wife, and her nephew, Mr. Archibald Grimke, who told us the pathetic story of himself and his brother. The brother of these sisters had married a slave woman and brought up her children tenderly, but at his death they were claimed as slaves and subjected to all the misery of such a lot. They escaped, however, and several years afterward Mrs. Grimke recognized them at a Freedmen's school. The sisters adopted them as their nephews, and gave them a thorough and professional education. One is a successful lawyer, and the other a valued clergyman. The listeners were deeply moved by these speakers, and many a mother mourned that her children lost such an opportunity to hear the history of the great struggle of slavery which can never be repeated from such lips.

Many benevolent institutions were inaugurated by the New England Women's Club. One was the Horticultural School for Women. This was first suggested to supply the need of out-door employment for women, many of whom suffered from sedentary in-door lives. A society was formed for this purpose, of which Abby W. May was president. A house and garden were hired in Newton and a greenhouse built for the purpose. Mr. Barnard was chosen for the principal of the school and several pupils entered on the work. A legacy was given to the school and the work was progressing, although rather slowly. An

effort was then made to interest the legislature in order to obtain further means to perfect the school, when Bussey Institution was opened to the public, and announced that classes in horticulture would be opened to women. This seemed to close the opening to further assistance from the legislature, and we supposed that the pupils would be transferred to this institution. We were cordially interested in the new work, but it was carried on with very little vigor. Mr. Francis Parkman was the professor of horticulture and gave his valuable instruction to a few pupils sitting on boxes in the greenhouse. The society kept together and attempted to secure applicants to the school by offering free tuition to the classes. But there was no demand for instruction. The legacy was accumulating and the treasurer, Mr. Edward W. Hooper, felt that it should be applied to good uses. We petitioned the legislature to enable us to convey the property, then amounting to seven or eight thousand dollars, and at our request the money was given to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for scholarships for women in kindred sciences. Since that time there has been more activity in the work at Bussey, and there is much greater general interest in horticulture for women.

Another interest fostered by the Club was that of dress reform, but I was not specially engaged in it.

When a young girl I first met the poet Whittier. I saw him at the house of my friend, Mrs. Pitman, one of his dearest friends, but I had no special talk with him. When I had left the room he turned to his friend and said, as I went out, "See that girl under a Quaker bonnet and she'd preach in six months."

I never had the advantage of a Quaker bonnet, but I was very much inclined to the preaching. I had no regular calling, but I was often asked to address the colored people at the South, and I preached to them with great delight.

The first time I spoke in a regular church or meeting-house

among white people, was at a Methodist church in Boston. A certain minister of that sect had the wish of having women in his pulpit. He first invited Mrs. Howe, and she suggested asking me to succeed her. I accepted the regular invitation readily, but a short time afterwards the reverend gentleman, probably alarmed by the reputation of free religion, wrote, asking me to please "to put as much of the gospel as possible into my sermons." I thought the advice rather impertinent, but I took no notice of it.

I chose for the subject of my discourse, "The Value and Sacredness of this Present Life." I was somewhat puzzled to find a text for the sermon, either in Old or New Testament, and I applied in vain to a well-known clergyman to aid me, but I did the best I could.

The organ and the choir were placed directly behind me, and such a storm of melody almost drove everything out of my head. But I was in earnest and spoke of what I thought. I was rewarded by the interest of at least one hearer, a working-girl in a printing-office, who came to me and thanked me, saying, "I never prized my life before." The minister said to me, "How can you preach so earnestly without any gospel?" I thought it was the right gospel for my young woman, at least. He then offered to pay my expenses, which consisted only of a car fare from Brookline. I graciously refused, but accepted a book, which did not convert me to his gospel.

I spoke several times at the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Free Religious Association at Horticultural Hall, and have occasionally spoken at churches in various places. I never, however, made a regular business of either lectures or sermons. I have spoken when I was asked to speak, and offered such as I had to give.

I found the warmest and heartiest response from my colored hearers. They seemed utterly unconscious of differences of thought, but entered into a perfect sympathy of religious feel-

ing. This remarkable power of the negro nature, to enter into religious and spiritual life, beneath all the superstitions and extravagances of his expression has sustained and comforted him through all his sufferings, and when he has developed through a life of freedom and education, he will add a precious treasure to the religious life of our people.

Another great movement in which I was most deeply interested, although I have not taken so active a part in its management, is the Women's Suffrage movement. While I believed in making the full and direct claim for suffrage as a right, it yet seemed to me very important that women should be ready to meet its duties and obligations when they came, and so I have been especially interested in the plans for their education and employment. The movement for school suffrage which was begun by the New England Women's Club seemed to me timely and valuable, and I gladly accepted a post in the Massachusetts School Suffrage Association. Its great work was in putting women on the school committees. The members of the committee were chosen from the Club. Miss Crocker was one of our greatest successes; and her admirable qualities as committee woman and supervisor silenced all opposition to her. Miss Abby W. May was another very important woman. She was president of the School Suffrage Association, but ill-health frequently prevented her discharge of its duties.* Miss Lucia M. Peabody did good service on the School Committee for nine years. Before long an important difference arose among the women voters, which resulted in the formation of a party called "The Independent Women Voters." This was formed by the more decided partisans of temperance, who wished to introduce temperance text-books into the schools, and who were also extremely opposed to the Catholics. The Association always held the ground for entire freedom from sectarianism in

* See memoirs of Miss Crocker and Miss May.

connection with the schools, and while earnest for temperance, did not advocate some of the measures of their opponents. The excitement brought many women out to vote, and as time and experience has somewhat modified their extreme views, I think the party has done good service.

For these reminiscences I have abstained generally from speaking, unless incidentally, of living persons, but I cannot refrain from a tribute of love and respect to our president, Julia Ward Howe, with whom I have been intimately and tenderly associated for over fifty years. At her advanced age her life is rounded, and she need not pass through the portals of the grave before she is assured of victory, and the laurels that await her. Still more the remembrance and love of her contemporaries attend her at every step of her path. I will not speak of her public virtues, for they are known before the world, but I must bear testimony to her great sympathy, to her tender love, and her simple courage and faithfulness. Graced by every social charm, she has yet found respect for the humble and helpful tenderness for the outcast. The entire truthfulness which is so seldom united with graciousness of manner, has won my respect through all circumstances. She has passed through many and varied experiences, and has won from all the sweetness of her life, happy in the children and grandchildren around her, and honored and blessed in the hopeful success of the causes she has so steadily pursued.

NOTE. — The Boston Radical Club should be mentioned. It was a more private society in sympathetic relation with the Free Religious Association, but was swamped by its slight organization and wide hospitality. The generous hostess welcomed everybody and many curious listeners came, not sympathetic with the original members. Instead of the calm deliberation of philosophies, the advocates of special reform monopolized the discussions, and personal disputes were not unknown. Reporters were finally allowed and they prevented free expression, in consequence of which Mr. Emerson ceased to attend. It became a brilliant literary entertainment, but had no lasting influence.



CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

“And with the lust of their historie
Sometime I draw into Memorie
How Sorrow may not ever last
And so Hope cometh in at last.”

GOWER.

NEARLY my whole life has been contained within the nineteenth century, for in the morning of the twentieth came a crisis in my physical condition which gave me pause, and bid me look forward to the inevitable change which must end this mortal career, even while its postponement may give a period of calm retrospection of the life that had gone before. I look therefore upon the little meagre leavings that I have gleaned out of the rich and varied past which has been granted me, and seek for them an indication of the meaning of the events, the feelings, and the thoughts which make up the great whole into which every private experience is weaving its special part.

Every age is bound closely to its predecessor and its successor, and we see clearly in history the forerunners of our own times, and we find examples of the highest spiritual thinkers, and greatest heroes of the soul, which still remain to us preserved in legend or tradition, to serve us as the instructors and prototypes of the future.

We can however pause at a station which marks our progress directly from the lower beginnings of life to its highest stages, and yet we hardly see a spiral as life winds upwards, but we learn only a slight upward tread in a circle so large that we can

hardly believe in its uprise. In a great climax of history, or in the exceptional power of a world hero, we mark the ages which are slowly building up the great whole, which has been dimly foreseen.

A century is but a conventional limit of time, and yet its hundred years give us a sufficient space to indicate a purpose and plan, and as the years have passed on, from my own little outlook I seem to see one unifying characteristic in the century which is past.

I regard the tendency of this century with great admiration, because amid all the jangle and retrograde movements, there seems to me a real course of progress, which distinctly appears on the whole, however marred in details.

It is the century of Emancipation long prepared for.

I will not try to record every movement, but let me remember what the century has brought to us.

We received a precious legacy from the previous years, a mighty hope for the emancipation of religion. Savonarola and Luther and Wicliffe and Huss, and all the martyrs of France and England gave us the inspiring hope and faith in the future freedom of religion; yet so often the fires and the scaffolds were raised again and again, and even in our own land, and almost in our own time, man's thought was not free from the bigot's control. But we can see in this century at least a clear foreknowledge and certainty of the emancipation of religion. Physical tyranny is over, and thought is now free from authoritative constraint.

Freedom of thought is won in the highest realm, and out of it has come, not separation and antagonism, but a wide and cordial sympathy.

Thus I believe emancipation in religion is substantially won, in spite of the agonizing throes of dying superstitions and obsolete tyrannies. We have through this century and through all centuries been working for this emancipation and union, and

now we are ready to welcome the word of the new century in reconstruction, or the building up of religion itself, not by an eclecticism which breaks down peculiarities and individualities, but by a deeper insight into the roots of all natural growths, which will find in them the same truths which have taken different forms in various minds.

As witness of this striking fact is the new alliance with the great religions of the East, from whose source come the fountains of our later life. The Hindoos have learned of Christianity, not as of outward allegiance to a different church, but as comprehending the same spirit which they recognize as revealed from the great central source.

The sympathy of religions, a phrase made familiar by the happy thought of Colonel Higginson, has called forth a general response from many minds ready for it. Every religion rests on a deep basis of truth, but in the varied experience of life error and falsehood become inevitably mingled with it, and we need constant recurrence to first principles.

In this freedom and mutual recognition which so markedly indicates the emancipation we have even now, we see a striking forecast of the promise of reconstruction and harmonious union of different faiths, which is the desire of the incoming century. The eager reception of the Eastern religions by Western scholars, and even by receptive and intelligent laymen, is a marked feature of our own times. The studies by Mr. Jaues in his conferences, and by the school at Greenacre, show a real hospitality to, and earnest interest in other faiths. Whether there will arise a more active combat before the final reunion, I cannot say, but let us rejoice in the ultimate prospect, and be sure that if a conflict is to come, it will be in the interest of truth and reconciliation.

I like to speak of Mozoomdar as a genuine forerunner of the deeper religion, the prophet who comes to the Christian Church not with outward acceptance, but with the deep spirituality of

the Hindoo, and with the reverent tenderness of his love for Jesus. And when I heard him in the Orthodox church in Hartford, where the pastor at his side was melted into tears, as he listened to the Hindoo, speaking of Jesus as the greatest and beloved Son of man, I felt that the emancipation was already prepared and the union at hand.

This freedom, this union will come by no shallow thought or excited emotion ; long, painful struggles, hard, earnest work will have to be borne before the new ground is fully conquered. This has been the joy of the new day. And I am grateful that I have lived in my century which has been the birthplace of a new life in the great stream of progress which has been flowing on from the dawn of time.

In the Bramo Somaj we welcomed a society as free as we can imagine on our own shores, and yet in harmony with the best Christian thought.

Closely allied to the great emancipation of this age is the freedom of science, the opening eyes of matter.

Science is emancipated from its thralldom to tradition and unbelief. Many a religious believer feared science was darkened and wandering in its own dazzle of light, and was ready to wreck the fairest hopes of humanity. But the true scientist has not faltered in his course, until now the light is streaming from matter itself, and mingling with the wider life of religion, until science has recognized spirit and matter once more united in a fruitful union, and we recognize the offspring as " Good."

The spiritual imagination will prophesy of the meaning of the universe, while calm reason slowly and surely builds up by gradual steps to the same great heights.

As the great philosophers of antiquity dimly shadowed forth the principles of Evolution, so the physical laws of continuity and preservation reach up to the spiritual meaning of all life, and we find that the resurrection comes not from a dying Saviour alone, but is the whole process and consummation of the life of

humanity, as the final fruit of the long series of birth, death, and reproduction.

And to come to more immediate good for humanity, I believe that the nineteenth century, with its legacy of freedom from the terrible revolutions of the last period, is a grand prophecy of the emancipation of peace.

Peace is not only a negative rest, but a harmonious union. We find a prophetic feeling over the whole earth, — a faith in an active progress of humanity faintly shadowed in the hope of a millennium on earth, or a heaven in a future stage.

There is evidence in the century that the period of war is coming to an end, not soon or easily, but by its very violence is to become the forerunner of the living, growing fruitful peace.

The whole meaning and blessing of warfare must be learned before there comes a stable peace!

The struggle of nature must be recognized and understood.

It is present in every department of the animal and vegetable kingdom. The fungus on our trees and the blight on every flower, the insects that depredate our fields, the parasites that prey upon the useful bees, the mischievous mosquito which brings contagion and death, the meanest of all creatures are yet most powerful and engaged in the closest war. Who shudders now at the approach of the lion or the tiger? — but all turn pale at the mention of bacillus or microbe!

Yet each is interlinked with every other, and some scientists tell us that were the sparrow or the thrush or the busy bee banished from the earth the world would become a desert.

War has gone through all the ages of humanity, and it has brought forth heroism and nobility.

There has always been a longing and a prophecy of peace. Some Buddhist will not violate the life of the meanest animal, the saint feeds the starving tiger; Jesus who came with a sword yet preaches a gospel of peace and good-will for all the earth;

modern Quakers have tried to build a nation of peace amid wild savages.

But can we say that this past century will promise the beginning of an era of peace? Shall the lion and lamb lie down together, and we learn no more of war in all the holy mountain? In these very last days of the century have we not known the cruel wars of Spain and Cuba; the terrible contests with the Philippines and the Boers; the desolating massacres of China, and the agonies of Armenia? In every little country the same struggles are repeated, until we feel that we are still forever to go over the dismal story.

More especially terrible because in the very midst of our own life have we passed through the most fearful of all, the great Civil War which is still echoing through the land, while many believe that all has been in vain. But it requires but little observation to recognize the blessing which has come from these struggles, and it is in the very violent bitterness of the old prejudice which rages against the rising and successful race, that we see the sure power which secures for the negro the honorable citizenship of America. And I believe that it is by the thorough union of these races, and of other races, that American citizenship will become welded into a higher country and a nobler manhood. By every tie they must be blended into union; an alien people must ever be a danger to the State.

And with all the present horrors, how different is the warfare of this age, when we compare it with the terrible record of the past. Even that record may have the justification of the former time, for we have the history of noble heroisms as well as of fiendish atrocities, but now the nurse and the teacher are following the conquering squadrons, instead of leaving only hatred and desolation in their track.

I believe that by the wise and generous provisions of the Northern schools a better education is at the command of earnest colored men at such places as Hampton School, or Fiske Uni-

versity, or Kittrell, or Atlanta, than can be gained by the laboring classes of the whites in many sections; and this fact is recognized and used as a stimulus to the greatly needed improvement of the public schools of the South. And in perfect harmony with this high education the noble institution at Tuskegee is a monument of broad freedom on a basis of industrial progress. From this foundation of simple, honest, and intelligent labor supplemented by the higher education which opens the career to talent, come the leaders of the race who already show themselves in literature, in professional work, and in the business of economy, and in the gradual improvement of all the community. Nor must we lose sight of the bravery and nobility which have been conspicuous in war, which commands respect when other merits are not so easily appreciated.

I cannot refrain from a grateful tribute to the position of the oldest college in America. Not only does Harvard welcome the colored fellow-citizens to its academic privileges, but the accomplished president welcomes to social enjoyments, and as the same influences flow down to all the sources of education, the result will not be wanting in the whole community. And with the same spirit in our brave young president, we may hope for security for welfare, and progress for America.

The most important proof of the progress which is shown on all classes of the people is in the number and quality of individuals which have proved their rights to respect in every walk of life. The intelligent farmer, the devoted nurse, the skilled physician, the capable lawyer, the learned and skilful teacher, as well as the popular author, and the useful and honored clergyman, may all be seen in the ranks of colored men, not as single exceptions, but in large groups constantly extended; and as surely as water when freed will rise to its level, will intelligence, character, and success rise to the highest position in life.

As the South rises up from the paralyzing influences of slavery, so the negro race will rise with it, as two elm trees may stand

apart in their small beginnings, but as they grow up more perfectly into the upper air, their branches blend and form a perfect arch.

The emancipation of women has specially marked the nineteenth century. It is the most important and far-reaching reform of the world. I do not mean by this alone the extension of suffrage to women, which is a partial and outward mark of emancipation, but the far deeper principle of freedom which reaches to heart and mind. The suffrage movement takes its place as foremost in representing other claims behind it, but even the anti-suffragists make an important contribution to the development of women.

The claim of woman is to the individual; she is not the counterpart of man, or the subject of his will or happiness. How truly the relation of one to the other is of supreme importance.

I remember that Charles K. Whipple claimed the emancipation of woman as only second in importance to freedom in religion. It is of equal and correlative importance. Woman must stand in immediate relation to the Universal Being, or she cannot have the moral duty to serve the truth and defend the right. This is the basis of all freedom. Her own soul must be the highest arbiter and responsibility in her own dictates of duty.

Still, I do not claim that the identity of sexes is established, or still less that I believe in the superiority of woman. There yet remains a great problem to be solved; it is hardly intelligently stated, but it will become clearer only as the evident wrongs are eliminated, and both sexes will develop in freedom and finally into perfect harmony.

Great minds have striven in vain to trace the radical differences of sex, and the resulting natures of woman's life.

Theodore Parker maintained that "There is no sex in souls," but Coleridge said, "A man who does not know that

there is a sex in souls, has not ever seen a wife, or sister, or mother."

The greatest thinker of our time has embalmed in sacred verse the highest expression, whose meaning has not been yet exhausted, when at the close of his life he wrote: "Das ewig weibliche zieht uns hinan;" and thus goes before us a light over the path of emancipation. The long and varied way of history has wavered again and again from the highest glorification to the lowest depth of degradation.

We never lose the deep reverence of Jesus or the spiritual worship of Beatrice. Great prophets of humanity have kept alive through the ages the hopes and truths of womanhood, that we may rejoice in their practical fruition of to-day.

But even amid the promise of radical and universal emancipation how slow is the progress to which the new century is vowed! How terrible are the evils yet to be surmounted!

Most fearful of all is the wrong against woman, and the sin of man; which seems to be rooted in the ages, and to-day casts its poisonous slime over all countries, and all societies, and even shatters the sacredness of marriage itself.

I honor unspeakably the brave "Abolitionists," who nobly and persistently, and not wholly in vain, are striving against this monster.

They inherit the mantle of the heroes of anti-slavery. I can name only one, but among the many heroic and sainted women, first of all I rejoice in having seen the beautiful face of Josephine Butler, who with her husband standing faithfully by her, has led the contest against evil, and has hereafter consecrated her lonely life of widowhood, like Saint Ann, in the temple of humanity. God bless her and all the brotherhood and sisterhood who are working for this great redemption.

And greatly must we rejoice in the noble stand of Roosevelt in the proclamation to the Philippine army. When the Chris-

tian warrior like the prophet of old, shall become pure and stainless, the curse of war will itself pass away.

And now there remains to us from the nineteenth century the great struggle for freedom, which is a direct fulfilment of the work of the past century which has so amply redeemed us from chattel slavery. In spite of lingering remains among savage nations, I believe that chattel slavery is forever abolished.

It is now not the simple question of slavery, of tyranny and submission, it is the problem of labor and social economy. There is a constant intermingling of interests and changes of persons and positions. The ancient wrongs reappear in the face of new rights, and it is only by constant education of all classes, and adjustment by good feelings and right thinking, that a stable condition will be secured.

I cannot go into the discussion of means, but if I have the prophetic eye of old age, I seem to see that there is a clearer light of wisdom on both sides, that will bring out the meaning of union and reconciliation between the apparently conflicting interests. If the strife is hotter, as it seems to be even now, I think that the boiling caldron is cleansing, and there will be a reconstruction of labor, and a utilization of capital for the benefit of humanity which will be begun, at least, in this dawning century. With that reconstruction, what miracles of production, and of economic happiness for the race may we not believe in?

In Goethe's great educational novel, if we can call such a treasure of wisdom by that name, he gives to the pupils the three great reverences.

They stand us well in all situations in life. First, is the respect for what is above us. Long ages have recognized this duty, and perhaps it has needed all times, and the many changing circumstances to educate humanity into this recognition of the high and noble, since from it Goethe learns to

prize and honor the love of God, and finds also the feeling for parents and ancestors.

All religions put the emphasis on this great duty.

But Goethe only begins here, and gives to his pupil the charge to reverence what is beneath him, and with joyful looks he greets the earth and the common days of work and joy. But also come sad days and many troubles. The pupil is not held long in this attitude, but it seems a hard lesson in life to learn the duty and reverence to those beneath us.

We begin now even to claim the emancipation and the freedom and rights for the range of animal and vegetable beings, for the noble horse, the faithful dog, the enchanting birds, the mysterious and wise bees, and the myriad of insects which gladden and alas! at the same time poison the air. Do we not go a step farther and fancy that the birch trees laugh with joy in the summer sun, that the water-lily loves the brooks and faints away in the dry sand, and all have a certain right to live?

The prophetic worship of various animals, the sacred cow of the Brahmin, the watchful care of robins, the tender regards for domestic animals, the recognition of a living soul, and an immortal future claimed for the lower races, are symptoms of the feeling of unity with the whole creation which is dimly recognized by man.

A most remarkable instance of this feeling appears in a story of the elder Booth.

The great tragedian collected a large number of birds, whom he had saved from the murderous hands of street boys, and he asked a clergyman to perform a funeral service. On seeing the lifeless bodies of the birds, the clergyman refused to make the prayer, esteeming it as an insult to the sacred service. I have wondered why, since Jesus had taught us that God cared for every sparrow, — why should not a prayer be offered in remembrance of even these sacred dead?

The doctrine of Evolution has taught us that man is only at the head of a long series of slowly developed beings, and does not it command of us to consider our poor relations or our revered progenitors ?

Is there not a varied meaning in the facts of the present century, which I hope will lead us into clearer and kinder relations of the whole series of creation ?

Instead of passing quickly through the second stage of reverence for what is beneath us, as Goethe taught his pupils, there seems a long lesson to learn, and yet we are to come in this new century into the last great reverence for all equals. The pupils finally look out straight and boldly to all the world. How much is implied in this position ! but Goethe himself does not follow out the consequences.

“ We cannot add anything farther,” he closes, but Wilhelm answers, “ Es leuchtet mir ein.”

But if we can come to the close of one century, and look so gratefully and proudly over the results of emancipation, cannot we look forward with confident hope for the greater work of reconstruction, which has already begun, and which will go on through the ages ?

“ One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost.”

How will the grand symphony resound in the days to come !—

“ I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is a weed.
Lord, place me in thy Consort ; give me one strain
To my poor weed.”

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

PRAYER.

At first I prayed for sight ;
 Could I but see the way,
How gladly would I walk
 To everlasting day.
I asked the world's deep law
 Before my eyes to ope,
And let me see my prayers fulfilled,
 And realized, my hope ;
But God was kinder than my prayer,
 And mystery veiled me everywhere.

And next I prayed for strength
 That I might tread the road,
With firm unfaltering pace,
 To heaven's serene abode.
That I might never know
 A faltering, failing heart ;
But manfully go on
 And reach the highest part.
But God was kinder than my prayer,
 And weakness checked me everywhere.

And then I asked for faith ;
 Could I but trust my God,
I'd live in heavenly peace
 Though foes were all abroad.

His light thus shining round,
 No faltering should I know ;
 And faith in heaven above
 Would make a heaven below ;
 But God was kinder than my prayer,
 And doubts beset me everywhere.

And now I pray for love,
 Deep love to God and man ;
 A love that will not fail,
 However dark His plan ;
 That sees all life in Him,
 Rejoicing in His power ;
 And faithful, though the darkest clouds
 Of gloom and doubt may lower.
 And God was kinder than my prayer,
 Love filled and blessed me everywhere.

July 16, 1850.

SONG.

Spring time came to me,
 With thee, with thee.
 Oh, then ! how lovingly
 Came it to me !

Less in the sunny sky,
 Than in thy eyes,
 Less in the flowering earth
 Spring beauty lies.

Spring music 's not the brook
 Murmuring along,
 But thy sweet heart of love
 Breathing its song.

Ever, beloved, then
 Keep me with thee ;
 So shall it ever be
 Spring time with me !

April 30, 1851.

"BEGGAR AT THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL."

A beggar at the gate called Beautiful am I,
Asking an alms of Earth and Sea and Sky,
From night till morn I sit, nor ever lose
My hope, nor aught doth me refuse.

The Earth brings flowers, in my lap she throws,
Bathed with fresh dew, the Cowslip and the Rose,
Wreathes me with Lilies and the Violet,
Nor e'er her wealth of beauty hath denied me yet.

The Sea brings all her treasures, wreathed foam
And dancing spray each with their tribute come ;
The tinted shell, the many-colored weed,
All bring their beauty to supply my need.

And the blue sky ! I wake at early dawn
To drink the beauty of the blushing morn.
And mid the splendor of the noonday light
Come cloud-like angels soft to bless my longing sight.

And Night, dear Night, to me her gracious boon,
Of tender beauty is the silvery moon,
The bright Aurora and the shooting star
And the fixed lights all glorious still and far.

And yet nor morn, nor night, winter nor dewy spring,
The choicest treasures to the beggar bring,
But oft in deeper longing do I cry
And beg the tender glance of one dear loving eye.

Then comes a friend who knows not what he brings,
Nor gold nor silver in my lap he flings,
But health and life are with his presence come,
He sees my need and takes me to his home.

January 16, 1852.

WAITING HELP.

The question was asked, "To whom do Free Religionists pray?"

The answer was: "To whoever they believe will help them."

Whate'er the Name, whate'er the Power,
That helped me in my bitter hour,
I know there came a Strength not mine,
A Peace not Earthly but Divine.

That Peace, that Strength, I know it waits
For every heart that opes its gates,
To let the Gracious Presence in ;
And with its help new life begin.

So waits the morning in the skies,
Until the sleeper opes his eyes ;
So breaks the Sea on every shore,
The sick and weary to restore.

Each lovely flower, each busy bee,
Says, "Only come, I'll give to thee ;"
The North Star waited, æons back,
To guide the slave on Freedom's track.

Each hero soul, each martyr heart,
In thy deep pain has born its part ;
And every triumph in the skies
Has helped my unfledged soul to rise.

The Over-soul, the All, the Law,
The God whom mortal eyes ne'er saw,
And yet whose presence all things knew,
'T was that helped me and will help you.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE WITH
THY LIKENESS.

“Waken in Thy likeness,” meet Thee face to face,
Know the sweet unfoldings of Thy perfect love,
All the wondrous meaning of Thy wisdom trace,
All the perfect justice of Thine order prove.

“Waken in Thy likeness,” be what Thou hast willed,
Know the sweet communion hearts can meet in Thee,
All Earth’s restless passions, all its longings stilled,
All Times blended in Eternity.

“Waken in Thy likeness,” knowing all Thy truth,
Loving all Thy children, living in Thy breath,
Blossoming forever in the joy of Youth.
Break thy peaceful slumber, waken me, O Death !”

1895.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

A LECTURE.

THE spiritual wave that passed over New England between forty and fifty years ago, and whose pulsations may still be felt in the greater New England which is planted along the banks of the Mississippi, or on the margins of the Great Lakes, and on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, was no spasmodic convulsion of the spiritual life, but a slight acceleration of the never ceasing flow of intellectual tides constantly appearing in the history of thought. It was a springtide indeed, when sun and moon, the inspiration of the Infinite, and the love of humanity, worked together.

Transcendentalism was no child of unknown parentage, but was the heir of all the ages, and like the true manna "had the taste of all in it;" the finest flavor of every field from which it was gathered. Yet it had here in New England its own peculiar aroma, undoubtedly derived from the new soil and climate in which it sprang up. As plants from a foreign land often develop into fresh richness and beauty in a new field, not alone because of the virgin soil and softer airs, but also because they are out of reach of their old enemies who have preyed upon them heretofore, but have not yet tracked their way across the ocean, so the spiritual seeds sown and resown in the older countries had a freer chance here, where their old enemies of bigotry and proscription, of tradition and routine, had not the chance to suck the nourishing sap out of their young shoots.

A remarkable precursor of Transcendentalism appeared in New England in the person of Anne Hutchinson, whose influence upon the future intellectual and spiritual growth of New England, especially through its women, cannot easily be thoroughly weighed. She came to Boston in 1634 and gathered the women about her, to listen to the truth as it filled her soul. She preached the value of the inward witness of the spirit over outward authority, with a power and a beauty which not only charmed her immediate hearers, but exercised a great influence over many of the best minds in the colony. So powerful was her thought that it aroused the opposition of the rulers, who banished her from the colony. Her moral fame is unsullied, but her history was tragical, and New England women in the enjoyment of

their own privileges now, should never forget what they owe to the first martyr in New England to freedom of thought and speech.

In some degree Transcendentalism was not alone a fresh expression of spiritual life, but was a protest against a false or rather an extreme direction, a return of the tide which had ebbed so far that it threatened to leave the shores dry and sunburned.

I regard the fifty years previous to the time of which I am speaking, the period of the French Revolution, of Rousseau, of Voltaire, of Thomas Paine, and Dr. Franklin, as the most important and beneficent time in modern history; for, as Theodore Parker said, "How many falsehoods by which man had been defrauded of his birthright, robbed, beaten, trampled on, were extinguished by that Transcendental French Revolution." This uprising of life laid the foundation for those grand movements for the emancipation of mankind from both physical and intellectual slavery, which even more than its wonderful scientific achievements will make the glory of the great century which is just closing. Yet it was an extreme movement, which producing great material results, did not always clearly take due account of, nor reveal the spiritual forces which were working beneath them.

In philosophy this was a time of materialism, or at least sensationalism, popularly represented by Locke and his school, with their favorite illustration of the mind as a blank sheet of paper, which passively received impressions from without.

The Unitarian movement in its theological protest was still largely dominated by this philosophy, which made it so distasteful to such men as Coleridge, who were more imaginative and spiritual, and while it did a great good in clearing both the intellectual and moral sense, it did not wholly satisfy the cravings of poetic and emotional natures. Yet it was largely out of this Unitarian movement, which gave so much freedom for thought and life, that the apostles of Transcendentalism came. Emerson, Hedge, Dwight, Parker, Jones Very, W. H. Channing, and others, had been educated for the Unitarian ministry, but had found more new wine than they could pour into the old bottles.

Transcendentalism did not hold the position of negative protest only, but boldly made the greatest of affirmations, and announced as its basis the great truth of religion, the immediate conscious relation of the soul of man to the living principle of the Universe. Mr. Parker, in his essay in "The Dial," states this very fully.

It declared that the mind of man is not a mere blank receptacle of notions received through the senses, but is a vital force in which is the germ and potency of all thought, which can only be developed from the interior, not from without. They declared that certain ideas were of spontaneous growth in the mind, although I need not say that they had endless difficulty to decide exactly what those ideas are. You will see how readily this prepared the mind for acceptance of the great scientific truth of Evolution, and how later it came into full relation with science. In spite of its great truth, which reappears again and again in every form of religion, this doctrine, if held without due correction and limitation by reference to all the facts of life, and pushed to its ultimate results without regard to practical considerations, is especially liable to lead to extravagance and absurdity in manners and life.

It takes powerful hold on the imagination and sensibilities, and is apt to scorn all corrections of reason and experience, and even, when seized upon by impure natures, to throw away moral restraint, and riot in sensual indulgence.

Such a charge cannot (unless in the rarest cases) be brought against the Transcendentalism of New England, which was grafted on so wholesome a stock of rigid morality and sound common-sense, that it lighted and warmed the conscience instead of perverting it. And yet I think we may find its aberrations in many theories of life and education which have prevailed in our community. It is always easy to mistake impulse for inspiration, and in refusing arbitrary restraint to give the reins to fancy instead of reason. The serious struggle for humanity in the person of the slave, which so soon drew all earnest minds and true hearts into its army, saved the votaries of Idealism from becoming lost in mazes of speculation, or dreams of beauty. Those who have been foremost in accepting its doctrines, and applying them to the enlargement of thought and the elevation of the soul, Emerson, Alcott, Parker, W. H. Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Margaret Fuller, E. P. Peabody, etc., became earnest workers in the great struggle of humanity in various ways, and it was the same idea, the supremacy of the eternal right over the statutory law, that roused the people against the Fugitive Slave Law, and the abominable compromises of the central government, and paved the way for the heroic uprising of the war.

It is almost impossible to overrate the obligation of our times to

the Abolition movement, taken up as it was by Garrison on the high ground of right and duty. The doctrine of compromises always finds ready advocates, and we must have the straight line of right always in mind, however beautifully we may round it out with love and grace. Puritanism planted this idea firmly on New England soil; and Abolitionism was its first fruit after the sun had sweetened and ripened it.

The Transcendentalists were friendly to reform, even when its manifestations jarred on their sense of harmony and beauty, and Heaven knows that was often enough. Even Hedge, the most literary and fastidious of their critics, in writing of the "Art of Life," said: "On this ground I am disposed to rejoice in those radical movements which are everywhere springing up in the discontented spirits and misguided efforts of modern reform. Perfectionism, Grahamism, Nonresistance, and all the forms of ultraism, blind and headlong as they seem, have yet meaning which, if it cannot command assent, must at least preclude contempt. They are the gropings of men who have waked too soon, while the new day still tarries in the east."

The perfect freedom of this movement, fettered by no attempt at organization, and the variety of character in the men who united in it, saved them from any extreme of dogmatism, and gave richness and fulness to their expression. Two men, for instance, more unlike in their methods of study and thought than William Henry Channing and Frederick Hedge could hardly be met with, and yet they found in the Transcendental ranks scope for their own development, and help from each other's work.

The practical attempts at association, such as Brook Farm, clearly brought out these differences of character and thought. George Ripley, W. H. Channing, and J. S. Dwight were very earnest and full of hope in association, while Emerson, Hedge, Miss Peabody, and Miss Fuller, while interested in a movement so sincere, always criticised the basis and methods of the plan, and Cranch found ample subject for caricature in the picturesque life of the members. Mrs. Ripley at the wash-tub, Hawthorne tending his cows, afforded contrasts strong enough to delight the satirist.

It was impossible for any company to hold the Transcendental doctrines without greatly valuing Art, which always represents the Ideal; and accordingly we find the pages of "The Dial," the organ for four years of these thinkers, filled with the deepest thoughts on Art. The

opportunities for the study of Art were very small, but we had a great living genius among us whom (whatever criticisms they may feel obliged to make of his actual achievements) all must recognize as working in the spirit of the highest Art. Allston did not fully belong to the company of Transcendentalists, for the old traditions of the church clung closely about him, and there was an aristocratic flavor in his feelings and manners; but still in his thought and philosophy he was very closely in sympathy with them, for his art was entirely ideal, as free from realism as that of any true lover of nature could be. He was the favorite artist of Boston, and in "The Dial" we find more than one poem addressed to him and his pictures.

But this company was not a mutual admiration society, but held closer to truth than to each other. Margaret Fuller wrote a very discriminating criticism of Allston's novel, "Monaldi," in which, while she did full justice to its great beauties, she pointed out its defects as a true picture of character. The same frank criticism was applied to his pictures. Although Margaret Fuller's study of Art was then confined to a narrow range, yet after forty years I still find her criticisms extremely just and broad. She may overrate the comparative value of her subject, since it is the best she has ever seen, but she never fails to judge it by high ideal standards and to develop the meaning of the artist. Her article on the Allston Exhibition is very interesting, not only for its frank estimate of his especial work, but for its statement of the position of the American artist at that time. She particularly admires his landscapes, and to those who have known nothing but the realistic landscape of later days, it is worth while to study these pictures with her words in mind. She says: "From time to time I have seen other of these pictures, and they have always been to me sweet silvery music, rising by its clear tone to be heard above the din of life, long forest glades glimmering with golden light, longingly eyed from the window of some crowded drawing-room." Sarah F. Clarke said of one of Allston's pictures: "It seemed to be the only gentleman in the collection." Tribute is also paid to the famous painters and sculptors of Italy; but in those days they were rather known to us by the echo of the impression they had made on the world, as we know of the poetry of Sappho, than by any real acquaintance with their works.

Remember that all this was before the days of the photograph, and that there was hardly more than one place in Boston where a good

engraving could be purchased; yet how we loved and studied everything that could be seen, especially the noble casts from the Greek, and Michael Angelo's "Day and Night" in the Athenæum. Transcendentalism is the philosophy of Ideal Art, which places no value on the material save as revealing the inward life. As Michael Angelo says, "Which, since they image Thee, alone I love."

It was a dreary transitional time in Art, and the American group of artists studied either the old masters in Italy or the Academic school in England.

I think Michael Angelo was the great source of artistic inspiration and worship to the Transcendentalists. He is more often referred to than any other modern artist, while they still cling loyally to the Greek sculpture.

They hardly recognized the new era in Art which was already opening, and which, through excessive tendencies in the direction of realism, was to bring such new power and freedom into the decadent schools of Art.

Historical pictures were the ambition of the English school, and portraiture and landscape were considered as far inferior branches, although the portraits of Reynolds, and the landscapes of Gainsborough had won a lasting appreciation far beyond the ambitious representations of heroes and battles by the Academicians.

The recognition of the modern school was coming through the interest in all the productions of the German mind, and even the work of the dry Düsseldorf school was warmly welcomed in this country. The sentimental tenderness of Ary Scheffer and the mysticism of Overbeck were interesting, and when the true apostle of humanity appeared in Jean François Millet, America was ready to welcome him. But this was a little later (in 1854) than the flowering time of Transcendentalism. Other influences had mingled its pollen and ripened its fruit.

But music was the art that especially appealed to the spiritual life, and this group of lovers of thought gave that impulse to the culture and enjoyment of the highest music, especially German instrumental music, which has distinguished Boston ever since.

In 1844 Margaret Fuller writes, "Music is the great art of the time. Its dominion is constantly widening, its powers are more profoundly recognized. In the forms it has already evolved, it is equal to representing any subject, can address the entire range of

thoughts and emotions. These forms have not yet attained their completeness, and already we discern many others hovering in the vast distances of the Tone World."

How fully has the modern medley of composers justified this prediction. Out of them will arise, from the full action of natural selection, the finished art which will equal the sculpture of the Greeks and the forms of the Sistine Chapel.

In 1840 John S. Dwight, in writing of the concerts of the past winter, ventures to hope "to hear one day the 'Sinfonia Eroica' and the 'Pastorale' of Beethoven." His hope has been amply fulfilled. For fifty years, Boston has listened to these symphonies with undiminished rapture, and only a few winters ago the old critic was called from his retirement to give his weekly verdict on the performances of the Symphony orchestra, and he did it in the same spirit of ideal interpretation and keen but appreciative criticism that distinguished his early work.

Beethoven's symphonies were first performed in Boston about the year 1844 in the old Odeon, and while I have since heard them played by the noblest orchestra that America has ever known, under the unequalled leading of Gericke, and when the audience was roused to keen feeling, by the imminent departure of their great leader, I can never believe they have spoken more deeply to human souls than they did in those early days of enthusiasm when Herwig led, and John Dwight and Margaret Fuller listened.

Boston, may I not say even America, has adopted the fifth symphony as the expression of her highest faith and hope, and when the greatest day in her history dawned, when Emancipation was proclaimed throughout the land, the grand tones rang out with new meaning, and our hearts responded to the great pæan of faith in the Eternal Guiding Hand which would bring peace and progress out of the wildest chaos.

Fifty years has not dulled the freshness of the earlier impression and when our great leader returned to us and his first welcome was in the old strains, the whole experience of life, the whole power and sureness of God sounded forth as of old.

Margaret Fuller compares her feeling for Beethoven and Michael Angelo to passionate love. I can see her just where she sat in the old theatre, long since destroyed, and I love to recall this anecdote of her.

Some young people talked and laughed in her neighborhood, and when the concert was over, she beckoned to them and said, "I hope you will never experience such annoyance as you have this evening caused to sincere lovers of music." She then set the keynote to that respect for music and its lovers which holds the immense audience of the Music Hall at the symphony concerts in such unbroken silence.

To Emerson, literature was the greatest of all the fine arts. He says, "There is no better illustration of the laws by which the world is governed than literature."

His articles, "Thoughts on Modern Literature," review the great writers of the day with the most searching and critical analysis. Take for illustration this sentence regarding Wordsworth, and see how it sweeps over the petty carping criticisms of details in which so many shallow rhymesters then indulged. "The great praise of Wordsworth is that, more than any other contemporary bard, he is pervaded with a reverence of somewhat higher than conscious thought. There is in him that property common to all great poets, a wisdom of humanity, which is superior to any talents that they may exert. It is the wisest part of Shakespeare and Milton. For they are poets by the free course which they allow to the informing soul, which through their eyes beholdeth again and blesseth the things which it hath made. The soul is superior to its knowledge, wiser than any of its works."

They recognized that the index of new life in a nation is found in its upspringing literature, and to-day we hope and believe that not the colonies alone, but Spain herself is to find an upspringing of new life, and we see proof of it in the new growth in science and literature springing up among her people.

Wordsworth was very much beloved by the Transcendentalists. His "Intimations of Immortality" was Mr. Alcott's favorite text, which he often gave to his pupils to paraphrase.

There was wider difference of thought about Goethe, who did not readily yield to their methods. He was a riddle to them, for they had not fully learned the relation of idealism to realism. Margaret Fuller was an ardent admirer and wrote much of him, with her usual penetration and breath. Emerson, although so strongly in sympathy with his disciple Carlyle, yet never felt quite in harmony with Goethe. While he says true and important things of his limitations, I must personally find that the revelations of fifty years of study, do not

quite justify the severity of his judgment. He says, "Humanity must wait for its physician still at the side of the road, and confess that they have served it better who assured it out of the innocent hope of their hearts that a physician will come, than this majestic artist, with all the treasures of wit, of science, and of power at his command."

There was much ignorance of Goethe, and also much prejudice against him, which arose from the political influences of the time. We had fine Germans among us, who were full of the revolutionary spirit of the German liberals, and who saw in Goethe the very opposite influence, and did not recognize the deeper thought which moved him.

Theodore Parker was another of the leaders of the Transcendental period, who was very much moulded by the German influence, but it came to him from the German theology and philosophy rather than from the poet Goethe, whom he never with his strong Puritan nature fully accepted, while he fully adopted the Transcendental philosophy. Conscience and practical reason were so strong with him that his course led him to active reform rather than metaphysical speculation.

The influence of Carlyle must be noted as affecting the group of Transcendentalists, and however we may have revolted from the later phases of Carlyle's thought, we must recognize the great value of his vigorous, direct, uncompromising spirit in saving Transcendentalism from the dangers of sentiment and effeminacy into which it might have easily fallen.

A little group received him at once. When James Freeman Clarke found his early papers in an English magazine he hastened in a glow of enthusiasm to impart the great discovery to Emerson, Dwight, Hedge, and the other kindred souls who were ready to blaze into fire from this spark. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton tells us that the intellectual life of the new generation had not found expression. "The Unitarian movement had opened doors and knocked off shackles, but the full light had not yet streamed in." Here was a writer whose convictions were based upon principles and whose words stood for realities. In 1833 Emerson made a special pilgrimage to Craigenputtock, where Carlyle was living solitary and almost unrecognized.

Frederick Hedge, John S. Dwight, with their coadjutors did admirable service by their translations from the German, which were often

so felicitous that they have been adopted by the public as original poems.

This Transcendental group never entered fully into the great work of modern science, yet the direction into which science is fast leading its votaries is wholly in harmony with the great truths which Transcendentalism held. The grand doctrines of Evolution, of the conservation of forces, of the continuity of life, of the oneness of all life, and the constantly increasing perception of the perfect accord of mortal and spiritual truths are entirely in harmony with Transcendental ideas. The methods of work were very different, the one announcing the intuitions of the spirit, and disclaiming material observations and slow and careful deduction by logical processes, while the other sometimes lingered too long in the mere outer processes of Nature and did not find her hidden meaning.

But as all roads lead to Rome, so all sincere thinking and study lead to the truth. Emerson, from his reverent and keen perception of Nature, anticipates the truths which science is slowly revealing. He prizes every fact as an expression of spiritual law, and it becomes illuminated to him. He lives so near to Nature that he knows her secrets like the farmer and the shepherd and the wood-chopper. Every fact in science was like a pearl which Emerson strung into his necklace to adorn his bride, his beloved Nature.

T. W. Higginson says, "And now that much which Transcendentalism sought is fulfilled, and that which was ecstasy has, as Emerson predicted, become daily bread, its reminiscences mingle with all youth's enchantments and belong to a period when we too 'toiled, feasted, despaired, were happy.'"

The most characteristic of the Transcendentalists was perhaps A. Bronson Alcott, a man who could hardly have been what he was anywhere but in New England, but who was no less the heir of Greece and Europe.

Never having had the advantages of training in school or college that Emerson did, he was more in danger of following out his own notions to extremes, and of attempting to embody them in actual experience, without regarding those checks and balances that meet us at every turn. Yet an admirable purity and health of nature kept him from any license. He had a great deal of sagacity, keen wit, and knowledge of character, but not that admirable good sense which is so conspicuous both in Emerson's words and life.

Born in a little mountain town in Connecticut, he had as few outward opportunities as any child in New England could be supposed to enjoy, and yet from his English ancestry he had inherited a natural high tone, not only of thought but of manners, which might lead a believer in heredity to suppose him to be a nobleman's son stolen away in childhood.

"What manners your friend has," said an English gentleman to Mr. Sanborn.

From the solemn religious light which flooded New England he gained his deep insight into spiritual thought.

You will find in Mr. Sanborn's excellent biography a history of his life, and Mr. Harris's able paper on his philosophy in the same volume.

Alcott was the most complete representative of the idea of Transcendentalism in Education and labored unselfishly and earnestly all his life long to put his ideas into practice. Yet, as must always be the case with those thinkers who are not wedded to a sect or school, or bound down by old traditions, his methods and principles do not always seem consistent, and he cannot be treated as a thoroughly typical representative of what is vaguely called the New Education.

It is difficult to understand his doctrine of the Fall of Man in connection with his theories of the purity and almost divine inspiration of children.

Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality" was his favorite theme, which he frequently gave to his pupils to paraphrase and interpret. To him the child was no miserable little sinner whose will was to be broken to obedience and whose impulses were suggestions from his father the Devil. "Trailing clouds of glory did he come," and if his train, like others, gathered straws and sticks and dust upon the way, these were to be removed by his own vital energy, not by thrashing from a master.

But even he recognized the duality in the child's nature, and he made great allowance for temperament, and recognized the force of inherited tendencies which need direction and pruning if not destruction.

It is greatly to be wished that we could have the frank expression of Mr. Alcott's pupils as to the effect on their minds.

In some respects Louisa Alcott was not a Transcendentalist, and she loved to mock at the philosophers of Concord, all but Emerson, for whom she had ever the deepest reverence; but the great doctrine had moulded her thought and was a living principle in her soul. She had too hard a struggle with the bitter realities of life to give her fancy

free play and she could not live in the serene atmosphere of contemplation which seemed possible to her father at all times. Yet she understood and revered him, and to her filial devotion he owed the pecuniary ease which made his old age comfortable and happy. His sonnet written when nearly eighty years old expresses this recognition. Her religion permeated her whole life.

LECTURE GIVEN AT THE CONGRESS OF AMERICAN
ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN — NEW ORLEANS —
NOVEMBER, 1895.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER,
(By Marriage MADAME OSSOLI.)

Born May 23, 1810, AT CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

Died July 19, 1850.

It is thus nearly fifty years since the waters of the Atlantic closed over the bodies of the wife, the husband, and the child, who, clinging together in trust and love, committed themselves to their cruel grasp; and yet to-day Margaret Fuller's name is more on the lips of her fellow countrywomen, and her influence in their hearts, than that of any other woman of her own time and country.

It is not that she stood alone, an exception to her sex, for it was high tide in the intellectual life of the nation, and there were noble women around her, not a few, worthy to be her peers in the love and esteem of her fellow-citizens.

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, Lydia Maria Child, Catherine Sedgwick, Sophia Ripley, Eliza Farnham, Eliza Lee Follen, and many more of her friends and fellow-workers, deserve to be remembered. In some point, perhaps, each one surpassed her, but not one of them is remembered as she is.

Why is it that, dying at the age of forty, in the early maturity of her powers, leaving no book which has gained general popularity, constantly hampered by ill health and suffering, not beautiful in person, save to those who saw the soul through its envelopment, not generally winning in manner, often satirical and severe, accused of arrogance and conceit, cruelly libelled by the wittiest poet of the day, she yet achieved a personality, and gained a fame which has already lasted half a century, and is still increasing?

She is the woman of America who is moulding the lives and characters of her countrywomen more than any other.

It is for her that in the new West which she was among the first to understand, the women's clubs are named, and both in the East and West audiences gladly listen to all that can be told of her, and seek eagerly the solution of the question, "What was it that gave her the mastery over minds and hearts?" *

Is the question not yet answered? Never had a woman nobler biographers. James Freeman Clarke, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and William Henry Channing (trio nobile fratrum) soon after her death gathered up precious memories of their friend in a noble tribute to her life and character, which is a treasure house, not only of facts, but of deep insight into her mind and heart.

In later years the demand for a more popular biography was answered by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had looked up to her reverently from his childhood, whose clear narrative is enriched by many facts from his personal knowledge, and by Julia Ward Howe, who, without the advantage of much personal acquaintance, yet entered deeply and sympathetically into the inner life of this rare woman.

But every new generation needs its commentary on the old, old Bibles, and again and again has this question been propounded to me, "What is the secret of Margaret Fuller's great influence?" So I feel bound to give whatever answer I can as a sacred duty of gratitude, for she planted in my life the seeds of thought, principle, and purpose which have grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, and I owe it to her to speak in her name, and try to make her life again fruitful in others.

The first mistake that the world has made in its effort to comprehend this large nature is in considering her, not as a typical woman, but as an exceptional one, whose powers were masculine, and who wielded some magic sword which she alone had strength to grasp. It is true that her nature was builded on grand lines, and included much of that large range of powers which belong exclusively to neither sex, but which are the solid basis of humanity. She herself recognizes what she calls masculine tendencies in her mind, but says elsewhere, "but after all my character is still more feminine than masculine." Nevertheless, with all the force of her intellect, all the

* An island near Rock Island is named for her, and Ossoli circles are formed in more than one Western city.

strength of her will, all her self-denial and power of thought, she was essentially and thoroughly a woman, and she won her victories not by borrowing the peculiar weapons of man, but by using her own with courage and skill.

She was wont to say, "He that is more than man is less than man," and she would have said also, "She that is more than woman is less than woman." Whoever does not find infinite meaning and power in her own being will not gain it by seeking to override the limitations, and despising the work that is rightfully hers. Her nature was essentially Greek, and with all her mighty aspirations "she recognized the god Terminus, and believed that our limitations are our powers," and that we can only transcend them by accepting and using them. "Care is taken that the trees grow not into the heavens, but it is well that they aspire vigorously."

And yet, who was so radical and independent as she? Who rebelled against woman's sphere as laid down by lawgivers and preachers, and exclaimed, "Let them be sea captains if they will!" Who claimed for them more earnestly the vote and the platform?

It was not acceptance of the outward rule, but of the inward law of life that she demanded, and that law could only be found in freedom. It is by the test of life and experience that we learn both our limitations and our powers. Growth and life do not change essential qualities, but bring them to perfection.

You may easily starve an oak into a scrub by hard conditions, but if you place the willow in the broadest pastures and richest soil, where all the winds of heaven may play freely about it, it may grow large and strong, but it will be evermore and more a willow, with its own graceful form, and its own excuse for being.

Her whole plea for woman is the same as for humanity, the individual right of freedom and development. She shall work out her life according to her own insight, finding access to the infinite soul by direct aspiration and reception, without arbitrary constraint.

Her wonderful book, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," however easily criticised on the score of method, contains the pith and marrow of the woman movement, and makes the largest demand for her natural equality and political rights, and yet it brings her before you as pure as *Una* herself, claiming that it is by her fine spiritual power, by her sensitive conscience, by her open relation with the great spirit of life, that she is to become "the queen that the earth waits for."

One reason for Margaret's power over others was the range and intensity of her own life. She was no saint of impossible perfections, she was not one of

"Those blessed souls, without reproach or blot,
Who do thy will, yet know it not."

She was eminently born to struggle even more with her own nature than with circumstances without. But if she had an army of fiends to struggle against, she had mighty angels to assist her in the fight, for truth, courage, and love were on her side.

Her nature was intense, sensitive, and passionate, and a hereditary tendency to self-consciousness and apparent self-conceit was so blended with loftiness of soul and the highest ambition that she was constantly misunderstood by the crowd about her, who saw only the outward manner. She herself speaks of "my arrogance of youthful hope and pride." This tendency was fostered by her father's recognition of her unusual intellectual gifts, and the classic education which he gave her. Without the wholesome correctives of a well-ordered school, her mind was intensely stimulated by her early study of the Greek and Roman authors, and her imagination created a world of heroic beings among whom she lived, and with whom she felt her own likeness and equality.

Lydia Maria Child described to a friend this little scene, which she herself witnessed, and which gives a picture of Margaret as a child.

She went to a dancing-school taught by a lively and rather irascible Frenchman. In some way she offended him so much that he ordered her to leave the room. Margaret tossed her head, and walked out with an air so commanding, that the master called out, "Shtop, Miss Fullair! you sall not walk so supèrb, you tink you General *Wasington*."

She seemed indeed like Saul, a head taller than all her brethren, and while she was ever willing to lift others up to herself, it required long training to teach her the reverence of things below her.

One of her oldest and dearest friends says of her, "In my first acquaintance I was much offended by the arrogant manner, as it seemed to me, that she wore, and wore as if it were habitual. It took time before I could begin to understand the capacity for love and sympathy which lay hidden under this unlovely aspect."

When a little child walking under the apple trees, her father pointed to her saying, "Incedit regina" (She walks like a queen).

W. H. Channing said, "Her stately deportment but expressed high-heartedness."

She gained valuable traits of character from her father, whom Colonel Higginson describes as "conscientious, vigorous, well informed and public-spirited."

Her mother was of a very different type. She was exquisitely delicate and refined, conscientious and loving. Her daughter's words best describe her: "We cannot be sufficiently grateful for our mother, so fair a blossom of the white amaranth, truly to us a mother in this, that we can venerate her piety. Our relations to her have known no jar. Nothing vulgar has sullied them, and in this respect life has been truly domesticated."

Throughout Margaret's private letters and diaries is found a clear recognition of the blessings of family love, and constant regard for the best good of her younger brothers and sister. And yet so inveterate was the prejudice against her that she was supposed to look upon this cherished mother with heartless contempt, and was reported to have said "she was going to stay at home this winter and educate her mother."

When she was about thirteen she had a short experience of school life, and this at a period when all the impulses of the soul and heart were mingled in chaotic confusion. The impression that she made upon her schoolmates was remarkable.

Her father sent her for a time to the school of Misses Prescott at Groton, probably because he felt that she was too much isolated from the companions of her age.

Here occurred that singular experience which she has told under feigned names and circumstances, as the story of "Marianna" in her first published book, "Summer on the Lakes." Among other fermentations of her young soul, arose the passion for beauty, which indulged itself in fantastic dress. "Always some sash was twisted about her, some drapery, something odd in the arrangement of her hair and dress," quite contrary to the ideas of her methodical preceptress. Private theatricals afforded a vent for this restless spirit, and in these she shone and ruled triumphant. But, unfortunately, the artificial bloom of the stage pleased her so much that she continued to use her rouge daily after the theatrical season was over. This offended

the pupils, and they laid a plot to shame her. Coming down a little late to dinner one day, when her heart had been tuned to special sweetness by a summer morning in the fields, she raised her eyes to her companions, and saw that each one was deeply rouged with a glaring round spot in either cheek. Every one had joined in the plot. The teachers strove to be grave, but they enjoyed the joke, and the servants tittered. It came near being a tragedy that might have wrecked her life. She did not blench, but swallowing her dinner with apparent composure, she made remarks to her neighbors as if she saw nothing. Her foes were the more enraged, and they ran off gaily, laughing and casting satirical glances at her. She went at once to her room, locked the door, and threw herself on the floor in strong convulsions. After a long sleep she arose an altered being. It was her heart, not her pride that was most deeply wounded. "Not one of all who had seemed to love her but turned against her." Her outward demeanor became staid and regular, but she hated all the world. I cannot tell how literal the following account is, but it must at least represent a deep experience :

"The demon of discord entered into her soul, and she fostered all seeds of envy, jealousy, and hatred in the school, until at last the principal brought her to a public trial. At first she defended herself, but when she found that she could not withstand the proofs presented, she suddenly threw herself down, dashing her head with all her force against the iron hearth, on which a fire was burning, and was taken up senseless."

Many days passed in blind anguish, when one of her teachers found the key to her heart by a revelation of her own trials and sufferings. Later she writes to this teacher, referring to these passages at school, "Can I ever forget that to your treatment at that crisis of youth, I owe the true life, the love of truth and honor?"

The great value of this account of the inward life is, that no girl can feel that there is any temptation, however sordid and vain, however deep and terrible, that this soul could not understand and help one to conquer.

This narrative, too, shows how intense was her personal affection, how deep and strong her feelings. She had the womanly power of bringing all her forces into play to meet the exigencies of the moment,

and to exercise a control over the passions and wills of others when necessary.*

Her sleep was haunted by terrible dreams, the result of the evening's mental excitement, and she often alarmed the family by walking in her sleep.

The magnetism of her influence was felt even in her school days. At a school in Cambridge, where she came only to recite in Greek, she was wont to walk in with that peculiar carriage of the head, and half-shut eyes, which characterized her, and which was partly due to nearsightedness. "We thought," said one of the girls, "that if we could only come into school that way, we could know as much Greek as she did."

She had little of the free, careless life of childhood, which forms such a warm undertone for the coloring of life. Serious study, and deep thought filled up her days, and at thirteen or fourteen she was already a shining light in the brilliant society of Cambridge, and exposed to the intoxicating excitement of social success. There was a fund of delightful wit and rich humor in her that could not be repressed. It was said of her as a guest, that she filled the house with life, and her own inspiration kindled every other. One of her oldest friends gives her first recollection of Margaret as coming unexpectedly into a children's party, and at once becoming the leader in all the plays, and enlivening the whole circle with her fun and spirit.

She knew all a young girl's temptations, — the keen desire for beauty, the charms of beautiful dress, the enjoyment of admiration. She tortured her hair into curls.

A lady told me that she was in her Sunday-school class at Cambridge, and that Margaret came with her hair done up in papers, under her broad leghorn hat, that she might have the curls fresh and fair for going to church.

I am afraid that she suffered from corsets, to which she may have owed the curved spine which, together with the evening study, made her such a sufferer from nervous headache. She had a thirst for love, and a longing for excitement and adventure. Frivolities indeed, but

* A lady told me that her mother was at Miss Prescott's school, and that she said that Miss Prescott suggested and encouraged the pupils to play this trick on Miss Fuller. She was the youngest pupil in the school, and she could never forgive the teachers for allowing this attack on one whom she greatly admired.

they helped her to know the heart of young women, and to guide them in many a difficult path.

Miss Bruce, one of the young pupils at Brook Farm, speaks of the need which the girls there felt of a motherly friend. "Indeed," she says, "I know of no one but Margaret Fuller who would have been what we needed. How all-sufficient we should have found her wonderfully comprehensive judgment and tenderness."

At a later period when living at Mr. Greeley's, she wrote to this same friend, "My dear Georgiana, invite every peaceful thought that shows any willingness to come, and live on as courageously as you can for us who cherish, and the many who will yet need you—I can say no more; this is all the consolation I have been able to find for myself at certain dark periods of my life, yet have lived after to beautiful moments and successive daybreaks of glorious light."

Her craving intellect sought nourishment in every direction, and the amount of her reading was enormous.

Mr. Emerson said that her reading at Groton was at a rate like Gibbons.

Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière were the friends of her childhood, and at the age of fifteen or sixteen, *Mme. de Staël*, *Epictetus*, *Milton*, *Racine*, and *Castilian ballads* are mentioned as read by her with delight. She comments in her diary on *Shelley*, *Sir James Mackintosh*, *Herschel*, *Wordsworth*, etc. She began the study of German in 1832, and in three months acquired the command of the language, so that within the year she had read the most important works of *Goethe* and *Schiller*, with the writings of *Tieck*, *Korner*, *Richter*, and *Novalis*. Her early criticisms of these writers, as given by *Mrs. Howe*, are interesting as showing her profound appreciation of *Goethe* at a later period. In learning German she gave herself up entirely to it, reading no other language even in the newspapers.

At twenty-three she was so familiar with *Dante* that *Emerson* proposed her translating the "*Vita Nuova*."

Her love of German did not prevent her studying many French authors, of whom she counted *Molière*, *Montaigne*, *Rabelais*, and *Rousseau* the most important, to which might be added many philosophic and historic works.

But although her reading was so varied and desultory, her mind was never swamped by worthless literature. Her early acquaintance with the classic writers, and her constant intellectual communion

with superior minds, and especially with men of scholarly training, kept her standard high, and enabled her to suck the honey out of books that many would now find dry and uninteresting. Her acquaintance with languages, which was a fresh and vital one, opened to her the rich storehouses of foreign literature, and her thoroughly cosmopolitan spirit took the best from every nation.

She never made the mystic's mistake of despising the intellect. She once says, "I was careful not to let down the intellectual, in raising the moral tone of my mind."

From how many tragedies would the best of men have been saved, if they had regarded this precaution. Her sense of duty braced her mind, and reason helped her conscience.

Out of this world of society, teeming with excitement, open to inward and outward temptation, but full of the richest opportunities that America could afford her, shall I say that the angel of her life took her up, and placed her in the meagre surroundings and quiet routine of a little country town? She was at this time twenty-two years of age. The family removed to Groton, Mass., and her father wished her to undertake the education of her brothers, promising her as a reward for this work a sufficient sum of money for a journey to Europe, the goal of her desires. It was no foolish love of pleasure that kindled this purpose. Europe then was the fountain head of all intellectual life, and she, who had so faithfully pursued every path that opened to her, believed that in direct contact with its master minds she would gain the impulse that she needed for the development of her own thought, and the direction of her life.

How her heart sank as she entered her new home, clouded as it was with sorrow, from a terrible accident to a dear child, whom she found burning with fever.

She expresses her feelings in her private diary, looking at all the difficulties frankly as was her wont, but recognizing the lesson they are to teach. "What a weary work is before me, ere that lesson be fully learned." "Yet," she concludes, "will I try to keep the heart with diligence, nor ever fear that the sun has gone out because I shiver in the cold and dark."

Besides the five, sometimes eight, hours a day that she gave to instruction in three languages, geography, and history, she was obliged to do a great deal of plain sewing. This was a trial, when the beautiful summer wooed her out of doors, but she made it also a blessing,

for in these hours of mechanical labor she reviewed the intellectual treasures with which her mind was filled. Perhaps it was to this dull employment that she owed the power of criticism. Every writer whom she studied, as every person whom she knew, she placed in his own class, knew his relation to other writers, to the world, to life, to nature, to herself. Much as they might delight her, they never swept her away. She recognized clear distinctions, and saw both resemblances and differences.

She was at times a little severe on sewing, which was then considered to be the chief occupation and duty of a woman's life. I once heard her say, "Plain sewing is decidedly immoral," meaning, I suppose, that many women content themselves with the thought of industry when stitching wristbands by the thread, or stroking and sewing gathers, while mind and soul are empty and unemployed.* Yet, often as she was impatient and restless under this ordeal, she looked back upon these as the most useful years of her life. She came to a better understanding of her father, whose practical and authoritative nature was very unlike her own, and yet who possessed strong and valuable qualities, and she speaks with touching recognition of his love and pride in her.

Those were not the days, and hers, I think, not the family for sentimental gush and mutual admiration, but as is abundantly proved by her diaries and letters, as well as by the grateful recollection of her family and friends, she had the most tender regard for her mother, and watched over her younger brothers and sister with wise, constant, and loving thought, the only reward she asked being that they might do the work she had never been able to do. I think that some of her letters to her brothers, given by Mr. Higginson, are among the noblest revelations of her inward life.

Soon her devotion to duty was brought to a severe test. She had nearly completed the prescribed course of education for her brothers, and all the arrangements were made for the long promised visit to Europe. A delightful party of friends were to accompany her, one of whom was Mrs. Farrar, whose own character and connections would

* Sewing was at that time considered the chief business of woman's life. An old friend of my mother asked her once, "What is Ednah doing?" "Oh, she is always busy!" answered my mother. "Why! I thought she did not sew much" was the reply.

open to her much that she desired to see in Europe. Just as this fair prospect (which seemed all that her heart desired) opened to Margaret, her father died very suddenly of cholera.

Although up to this time his business affairs seemed to have been prosperous, and the family had not apparently suffered from pecuniary difficulties, yet after his death they "experienced miserable perplexities in their affairs, a disorder of a house which has lost its head, and the burdens resting upon the mother." To take the money from the estate, as her family urged her to do, and fulfil her plans, leaving the others to struggle on alone, was not in her power, and she felt obliged, as she says, "to follow a path for which I had no skill and no call, except that some one must tread it, and none else was ready."

It was a severe struggle to the young woman. Margaret was no sentimentalist, who valued self-sacrifice for its own sake. She thought that self-culture was the duty of every human being, but she also recognized the right of others, and the law of duty was paramount to her individual good. In after years she told of her lonely struggles out in the fields, and how nature calmed her soul, and strengthened her to do the hard duty.

The bread that she thus cast upon the waters was indeed returned to her after many days. Ten years later her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring, invited her to accompany them to Europe, so that as good Mrs. Alcott used to say, "her bread came back well buttered." By this time she had attained greater ripeness of her own powers, and established a literary fame which made her welcome among the people whom she most desired to see.

Her next great experience in life was as a teacher. This was not her chosen vocation, and while she did conscientious work, and always magnified the teacher's office, I doubt if it called out her best powers. She worked very hard with German and Italian classes, reading with them parts of Tasso, Petrarch, Ariosto, Alfieri, and the whole of the *Divina Commedia*. She also gave a boy, unable to use his eyes, oral instruction in Latin, English History, and Shakespeare, and assisted Dr. Channing by reading to him from German authors.

Her first experience in school was in connection with Mr. A. Bronson Alcott. Mr. Alcott says of her in his diary, "a person given to the boldest speculation, and of liberal and varied acquirements. Not wanting in imaginative power, she has the rarest good

sense and discretion. The blending of sentiment and wisdom in her is most remarkable, and her taste is as fine as her prudence. I think her the most brilliant talker of her day."

She saw the practical defects in his school, but she bravely defended him, and wrote to one of her friends whom she heard was "to cut him up," "I should be charmed if I thought you were writing a long, beautiful, wiselike article, showing the elevated air and at the same time the practical defects of his system."

In 1837 she engaged to teach in the Green Street School in Providence. When asked what salary she expected for teaching she replied, "What do you pay the governor of your State?" She exercised a great influence upon many of her scholars, for which they were profoundly grateful through life, but she never felt quite satisfied with her work. Probably her own rich, stimulating, but somewhat desultory education did not specially fit her for the daily drill and practical routine of a schoolroom, but she influenced her pupils by her high moral bearing. When any child asked a question which she was not prepared to answer, she never bluffed her, or said, "See what you can find out, and I will tell you to-morrow if you are right," but she replied, "I do not know, but I think we can find out. We will look it up together."

Her influence over children is well illustrated by an anecdote of a little girl, who had been accused of disobedience in touching a microscope, which was found broken. The child was shut up as a punishment, not for the fault alone, but for falsehood in denying it. When Miss Fuller came she took the weeping child on her knee, and said, "Now, my dear little girl, tell me all about it. Only remember that you must be careful, for I shall believe every word that you say." Thus encouraged, the child told the innocent story, and upon investigation was completely acquitted. This reminds me of an answer which I once heard her make, in one of her conversations, to a lady who asked, "But would you not tell a child that God does not love her when she is naughty?" "No," said Margaret; "it is not true."

She appears to have taught less than two years in Providence, and gladly left the profession to devote herself more entirely to literary work. Her summer vacation, of only three weeks, began on August 19th. As she had been rising at half-past four or five, and with the exception of two hours at noon, had worked or studied

until six o'clock at night, and filled up the evening with exercise or calls, we cannot wonder that she was weary and wanted rest when she left Providence in 1838. But she accepts the discipline and experience of the years spent in teaching, and although she wishes for a different life, she believes "that if duty should again call her to this work, she could take it up, and produce better results both for herself and others."

It is pleasant to me that her next home, November, 1840, was at Jamaica Plain, Mass., and that in what was then a beautiful rural town she had much delightful spiritual communion with nature. She came into the life of the flowers, and wrote many little fancies about them. She writes thus to a friend: "If you survive me, will you not collect my little flower pieces, even the insignificant ones? I feel as if from mother I had received a connection with the flowers. She has the love, I, the interpretation. My writings about them are no fancies, but whispers from themselves."

The wild asters and the goldenrod uttered their secrets to her, and nature's music is sometimes playing on her almost too fully. She had hardly "strength to bear it." "I am living like an angel, and I don't know how to get down. Yet they are waiting all around, leaning on the packs they expect me to lift. They look at me reverently, affectionately. They are patient, yet I see they are waiting."

It was a time of thought and exaltation, when the air was full of glowing romance. There is a touch of her woman's nature in one little word in her diary. When speaking of Goethe's "Farbenlehre," which delighted her with the beautiful symbolism it suggested, she says, "There was a time when one such fact would have made my day brilliant with thought, but now I seek the Divine rather in love than law." But even here were many of what she called rye-bread days, when the hours were faithfully occupied with homely details, letters of advice to her brothers about school matters, and even in regard to their shirt collars, and lessons of economy and respect for the use of money.

It was in this quiet life that she first conceived the plan of holding conversations, which so happily brought out her wonderful powers, and extended her influence beyond her immediate social circle. These conversations were begun in the simplest manner, and were first held at the house of her faithful friend, Elizabeth P. Peabody. They

began in 1839, and were continued nearly up to the time of her removal to New York in 1844.*

I had the inestimable privilege of attending her conversations for three successive seasons, and I count it among the greatest felicities of my life that I thus came under her influence at a very early age, an influence which has never failed me in all the years of my life; and yet I recognize how vain is the effort to give you any idea of "Vita Nuova" which she opened to me. Her oldest and dearest friend now living writes me, "You may say many things of Margaret, but the personal magnetism is incommunicable, and died with her."

I was eager enough for any intellectual advantage, but I had imbibed with the unthinking eagerness of a schoolgirl the common prejudices against Miss Fuller, and although I believed that I should learn from her, I had no idea that I should esteem, and, much more, love her. I found myself in a new world of thought; a flood of light irradiated all that I had seen in nature, observed in life, or read in books. Whatever she spoke of revealed a hidden meaning, and everything seemed to be put into true relation. Perhaps I could best express it by saying that I was no longer the limitation of myself, but I felt that the whole wealth of the universe was open to me. It was this consciousness of the illimitable ego, the divinity in the soul, which was so real to Margaret herself, and what she meant in her great saying, "I accept the universe," which gave her that air of regal superiority which was misinterpreted as conceit.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of what she was to me by an answer which I made to her. One day when she was alone with me, and I feel as if I could now feel her touch and hear her voice, she said, "Is life rich to you?" and I replied, "It is since I have known you." Such was the response of many a youthful heart to her, and herein was her wonderful influence. She did not make us her disciples, her blind followers. She opened the book of life and helped us to read it for ourselves. It was not the young alone who were fascinated by her speech, but when among her intellectual

* Within a short distance of her former home in Jamaica Plain, a primary-school house has been named in her honor by the school committee. The neighbors contributed a handsome United States flag and a streamer, so that the name of Margaret Fuller floats over the spot where young American citizens begin their public education. May she lead many a young mind to "the true life, the path of truth and honor."

peers, if such there were, all her powers were aroused, and men of the highest culture and thought would listen to her the livelong day, wrapped in the music of her speech.

The best account of the conversations is given by Mr. Emerson in the closing chapter of the original biography, and it does justice to their brilliancy and earnestness of thought. It is mainly taken from the accounts of others, not from Mr. Emerson's own recollections. Yet, after all, any attempt to report her conversations seems to me like sampling the house by the bricks. For, as a lady correspondent writes, "Just in proportion to the importance of the subject does she tax her mind, and say what is most important, while of necessity, nothing is reported from her conversations but her brilliant sallies, her occasional paradoxes of form, reacting upon dulness and folly."

At this very time she was engaged also in the conduct of "The Dial," that remarkable record of the thought and life of the epoch, which has grown richer and racier with age, and is after fifty years more eagerly sought for than when it was fresh from the printer's hands. As the zeal of some of its first contributors slackened, she was obliged often to write under severe pressure, and for one number she furnished half the contents herself.

Margaret Fuller's name is by many connected with the interesting experiment in association at West Roxbury, called Brook Farm, but her relation to it was very slight. She occasionally went there for a few weeks' rest, but she never belonged to the society, nor did she fully accept its ideas. Most unfortunately, Hawthorne, the great romancer, seized upon certain picturesque features of this movement, and the sad tragedy of Margaret's death, and wove around them a veil of fiction which is an utter travesty of the truth. He always disclaimed any intention of representing Margaret under the guise of Zenobia, but the public obstinately refused to credit his assertion, and many accept the burlesque as at least a shadow of the true character. Mr. Higginson has treated this matter so well in his life of Miss Fuller that I will not dwell upon it here.

I shall not dwell upon her literary work, except to speak of her remarkable book, first published in "The Dial," and afterwards enlarged and printed with the title of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," which caused a profound sensation on its first appearance. Margaret's ideal of women was the highest, and her treatment of the

subject was so broad and full that the book yet remains the great reservoir of thought on this subject, and the most advanced thinkers find in it constant inspiration and suggestion.

After twenty months of residence in New York, the long-desired opportunity came, and she sailed for England August 1st, 1846.

"From this martyrdom came I unto peace," says Dante. Out of this intense experience of thought and suffering, as well as of rich enjoyment and vivid life, how did our Margaret attain that peace, that sweetness, that depth of humility and patience which all who knew and loved her felt had become the very atmosphere of her being? It did not come unsought; she strove earnestly towards it. She had come to look upon patience as a supreme virtue.

The discipline of life was severe. A nature impassioned, exacting, impatient, was to be wrought into divine tranquillity, without deserting its high standard, or losing its vigor and far-reaching hope. In her short life she passed through many trials, many experiences, but each one was accepted and held firmly in her grasp, until she had sucked out its utmost significance. Thus she became the interpreter and savior of women, for there was no questioning, no suffering, that had not passed through the alembic of her imagination and thought, if not of her actual experience, and from them she drew that "solid and sweet wisdom" which enabled her to understand women's hearts, and guide them through their difficulties.*

The largeness of her life and thoughts made her a great helper. "What can we despair of with infinity at command? There is room enough in the universe for my faults," she said. She respected every individuality; "only give the soul freedom and room enough to grow, and it will grow from its own centre."

"I can understand," she says, "each mind in its own way, for I see men in their several natures, and not by any rule taken from my own character and experiences." So she says of Tennyson, "He has solved his own problems." She never imposed her own beliefs on others; she expressed them freely and sought the meaning of others' thoughts, but she respected also her own individuality, and would not

* I have no wish to limit her influence to women. Many noble men, even of those who have known her only through her writings, recognize her as a powerful inspiration and guide to their lives. Her friendships with men were as deep and strong as with her own sex, for in her early life she found in them often more intellectual sympathy and companionship.

submit to dictation. She said, "All the good I have ever done has been by calling on every nature for its highest. I will admit that sometimes I have been wanting in gentleness, but never in tenderness nor in noble faith."

Her acquaintance with nature, and her power of sympathy with all life, were expressed in her love of symbolism, her recognition of that region in which spirit and matter seem to melt into each other, which led her to delight in charms and amulets, in mysterious intercourse with other minds, in omens of good or ill to herself, in revelations of spiritual help, in all which gave her glimpses of the inner relations of the beauty of the outward world and deep eternal truths. As she says, "I would beat with the living heart of the world, and understand all the moods, even the fancies and fantasies of nature." This tendency is shown in her interest in the account of the "Seeress of Provost" which she gives in "Summer on the Lakes."

With this depth of feeling, and vividness of imagination, it is hard to see why she never became a great poet like Sappho or Elizabeth Barrett. Her thoughts often took lyric form in her diary, and always seemed a spontaneous expression of deep feeling. Spoken by her own lips, these little poems were full of meaning and beauty, which clung to the memory for years; but they won little attention, even from her biographers. That she valued them herself, although she does not over-estimate their merits, is evident from the fact that she introduced them into her books and conversations.

In Goethe she found the full recognition of the Greek tendency and the modern spirit, and if he was never her master he was always her teacher and helper, as she calls him, "high-priest of truth, and best lover of man." She recognized music as the highest art, and in her first delight in the Beethoven symphonies as performed at the Academy of Music in Boston, she places this artist above every other, even Michael Angelo.

She often expresses the wish to write a romance or novel, and the stories she has told in "Summer on the Lakes" show her rare power of entering vividly into personalities. Mrs. Howe especially speaks of her dramatic power as shown in her imaginary conversations of Aglauron and Laurie in "The Dial."

Indeed her sense of personality was one of her great powers. She never touches a story, however lightly, but the characters rise up vividly before you. Fine instances of this occur in "Summer on the

Lakes," not only in Marianna, but in the sketch of the noble man chained to a low and vulgar wife.

Her nature was intuitive and enthusiastic, but balanced by her clear perceptions of the value of limitations, and guided by her absolute fidelity to truth. Her truth was the offspring of her love and trust. To know what really is, is to know the best that can be, and she was ready to accept whatever came to her as truth, however harsh or difficult it might seem. She did not merely speak the truth, but it was the basis of her thought and life.

I think an explanation of her great personal influence was her rare power of speaking the truth. Her old friend writes :

"She made friends instead of enemies by the use of this rare faculty. A young Divinity student told me, after he had become widely known and loved, that walking with her in his student days, he said to her in answer to friendly inquiries about his plans and prospects, that he knew he should never be a distinguished preacher, but that he hoped to become a good pastor. She replied, 'There are few persons, Mr. —, who can form so just an estimate of their own powers as you have done.' He said he was startled by such frankness, for he perceived that he had opened the way for a compliment, but was pleased that he was complimented by this speaking direct truth to him."

It was an inestimable privilege to talk with a friend of whose direct truth you were so sure.

Her method of thought was to seize the heart of the subject and develop from within. Nature readily yielded to her its spiritual meaning, and it was for that she valued it. Hence, the old mythologies, especially the Greeks, were very dear to her, and she was never weary of interpreting their meaning. It was human life speaking, and without hesitation she recognized its natural piety under any guise. As the Greeks had read the meaning of nature, so nature to her interpreted the Greeks.

Her religion was as broad and all-embracing as her thought. I do not know the record of any spiritual life more absolutely free from theological narrowness, and yet more truly religious.

The depth of her life, her joy and faith in living, was the secret of her marvellous power over others. She had no question that it was great to live, and it was this abounding sense of life that made her walk the earth like the queen she was, and fill every day with the grandeur and fulness of eternity.

That in the impetuosity and impatience of youth this fulness of life rushed in excess of speech, and what seemed hauteur of manner, was not strange. She knew it herself. "You walked into church," said Elizabeth Peabody to her, "as if you felt superior to everybody there." "Well, I did feel so," Margaret replied. And yet what depths of humility were in her heart, how truly she estimated her own short-comings, how fully she recognized the discipline needed to tune her soul to patience and sweetness appears on almost every page of her diary. If she felt that the universe was her birthright, not less did she feel the responsibility for every power given her, and the acceptance of duty was as firm as the demand for life was full and ample.

"She unlearned contempt," and the tenderness born of love, born of suffering, became her marked characteristic, and made her the confidant of many a torn and bleeding heart, the helper of many a sufferer, and the consoler of the wounded patriots in the hospitals of Italy. Dazzled by the brilliancy of her intellect, or offended by the keenness of her wit, many have never thought of her in these relations. It has been my hope that in trying to present her image as it has formed itself in my mind, from a brief acquaintance in early youth, developed by all that I have since known of her history and writing, I have at least given some recognition of her true and tender heart. Poor and faint as my sketch is, I trust it will lead many to the treasure-house of her life and thoughts, from which may be drawn inexhaustible riches; and most thankful shall I be if I have given to any the key to unlock its treasures.

I must close my personal recollections with the end of her American life, after which she went on her way, and mine earthly eyes saw no more. We watched and waited, believing that she would return to us enriched by her new life, and crowned with the glory of fulfilled love, and happy motherhood. It was hard to accept the overthrow of these hopes.

From the imperfect records that have come to us, I will try to give you some idea of her life in Italy, and the fulfilment of her hopes there.

MARGARET FULLER IN ITALY (MADAME OSSOLI).

I remember my surprise when I first heard her say, in answer to a question "What country is dearest to you?" "Oh! Italy;" for as we were then so full of enthusiasm for Germany and its literature I had supposed she would choose the land of Goethe and Schiller.

There is a very sharp separation between her life in America and that which opened to her in Europe, and yet her studies and struggles here had fitted her for the fuller life that opened to her there.

As we gather up the scant records of her thoughts and deeds during these last few years, they seem to us almost like revelations of a future life, connected indeed by ties of love and memory with this life, but giving us glimpses of higher and richer experiences than any known before.

Notwithstanding her deep love for Italy, she never ceased to be an American and to love her whole country, and especially her "dear New England" as her native home. Yet she was a keen observer, and recognized the faults and dangers that beset its young life. It has been charged against her that she did not take an active part in the Anti-Slavery movement, nor recognize the great mission it was to have in moulding the destinies of the country. She did not indeed devote herself to this great cause with the singleness of purpose and intense zeal of Maria Weston Chapman and Lydia Maria Child. The influences about her early life were not of this character, and the movement had not then taken the active form which it did after her departure from America, and her own studies had been mainly in the direction of literature, art, and philosophy. But she did feel warmly and strongly in opposition to the fatal policy of the Government as she saw the growing encroachments of slavery.

I remember hearing her speak with great earnestness of the threatened annexation of Texas in order to increase the power of the slave States, and she said "it did not seem possible that such a sinful plan could be carried into effect."

When Margaret Fuller went to Europe, in 1846, no woman of her age in America could have been better prepared not only to enjoy its treasures, but to reap rich harvest of ripened thought and knowledge from its fields. From her wide reading, and still more from her power of deep sympathy and her recognition of true life under all

forms, she was more absolutely free from national prejudices than any one I have ever known. Not like Hazlitt did she have "no prejudices, but hate the French," but it might be said of her that she liked all nations, but loved Italy. As she said, "Greek and Jew, Italian and Saxon are surely but leaves on one stem at last." Although certain faults of various nations grated upon her feelings, she did justice to their merits; but in spite of its faults, which she recognized and mourned, she loved Italy as mother does her child, with all her heart. Even of Spain she believes that it has an important part to play.

She had far more of the keen insight, quick perception, passionate feeling and deep relation to the universal mind of the great Italians than the broad, cool, abstruse thought of German thinkers.

I shall touch very lightly on her experience of travel before reaching the home of her heart.

She left New York with her friends Marcus and Rebecca Spring and their young son on the first day of August. How little did she dream, when she entered upon this rich life under such happy auspices, that only four years more of earthly life would be granted her; and yet what a work these few short years wrought in her life and character, and how much of deep and also happy experience was crowded into them.

In England she met many distinguished and interesting persons and notes their courtesy, and wonders not at their disgust at American manners.

But she says, "With all the abuses of America, we have one advantage which outweighs them all. Most persons reject the privilege, but it is really possible for one to grow!"

She looked forward to meeting Carlyle with great interest, but the dissonance between these two natures was soon manifest.

She was cordially received in London and made many interesting acquaintances, but prized most the meeting with the Italian patriot Mazzini.

Her sketches of people in London show her warm appreciation of talent. She speaks hopefully of more than one poet whose fame has not equalled her expectations, but she felt the force of the personal individuality even if artistic merit was wanting.

In Scotland she had a remarkable experience in passing a whole night on a mountain, Ben Lomond, alone. She became separated from her companions in a fog, and was entirely unable to find the path

again. But in the solemn solitary night she was not afraid but awed by the glorious mystery around her. She speaks very slightly of her experience in her hurried note-book but says, "All the adventures of the eventful twenty-four hours to be written out in full," and closes: "Love Marcus and Rebecca forever." The most interesting person she met in Scotland was the artist David Scott, who painted a portrait of Emerson. She appreciated his lofty genius and the painful limitation which checked its expression.

She remained in England and France until February, 1847. I do not find any very marked influence from these six months of travel. She had great intellectual and social pleasure, and undoubtedly reviewed many of her past studies and opinions, but no new enthusiasms seem to have been awakened.

After some further travel in the Italian cities and Switzerland she finally settled herself in Rome for the winter, where, as she said, "All mean things were forgotten in the joy that rushed over me like a flood." She then found the precious friends whose names have become inseparably connected with hers: "The Milanese Madame Arconati, Marchesa Visconti, and a Polish lady, the Princess Radzivil." Her whole sympathy was with the party of progress, and the rapid unrolling of events in 1848 made an occasion for her. "Such a time as I have always dreamed of," she says. She saw the uprising against Austria — the Austrian arms burned in the public square.

When Mazzini returned from his seventeen years of exile she was able to stand by his side.

She saw the Republic established; she saw it fall. In April, 1849, Rome was besieged by the French army. Already, however, even a deeper motive, a closer tie, bound her to the fortunes of her beloved Italy.

As I have said elsewhere, Margaret's nature, though very strong, brave, and intellectual, was essentially and truly womanly. She had an earnest craving for love, and in her private journal are expressions of her keen, deep feeling of the want of it. She thought of marriage and motherhood in their highest relations, and yet with her usual keen sight and balanced thought she tried to weigh the advantage as well as the loss of her own single life. "No one loves me! But I love many a good deal, and see some way into their eventual beauty, and am myself growing better and shall by and by be a worthy object of love." This is very characteristic, her confidence in her permanent essen-

tial self and her recognition of present short-comings. She sees that love brings its fetters and she questions when she looks, not at the ideal but the actual, if it be not a privilege to be free from them. But "she hopes not to be made partial, cold, or ignorant by the isolation." Again she says "I have no child, and the woman has so craved this experience that it has seemed that the want of it must paralyze me." I do not know whether she was generally fond of children, but to three of her friends' children her heart expanded as if they were her own. These were: Mr. Emerson's Waldo, for whom he wrote his matchless "Threnody;" the beautiful Hermann Clarke, son of James Freeman Clarke; and Pickie Greeley, the son of Horace Greeley. And all these died in their blooming childhood. On these was concentrated the love which might have been given to her own offspring.

She suffered deeply from any seeming want of affection upon the part of her friends, and it was hard for her to accept anything short of the fullest recognition.

It was in the temple of St. Peter that she first met the man who was to bring to her the full treasures of love. Separated by chance from her companions, she was lost in the vastness of the great building and felt troubled and perplexed for a moment.

A gentleman spoke to her and asked if he could aid her, and from that time became a frequent visitor and valued friend.

The condition of Italy at this time occupied her mind very fully. The patriots were full of hope and courage and she sympathized in their aims and aspirations. The young Marquis Ossoli had been brought up under aristocratic influences and his family did not take the part of the patriots, but he was already inclined to their side, and it is said that Margaret's influence had great power in determining his future course. The old Marquis Ossoli died during this winter, and the care of his illness devolved on his youngest son. During this time he spent daily a few moments with Margaret, sure of her sympathy and gaining strength from her, and it was immediately after his father's death that he disclosed his love and after a while convinced her that at least his happiness depended upon their union.

I think it must have been nearly two years after her marriage when the fact became generally known in America, and the utter surprise and consternation of her friends was evident. Of course those who had never truly known her or always disliked her were quite ready with

ridicule and blame for anything so unconventional and imprudent as secret marriage and motherhood, while her true friends could only feel sure that she would always be true to herself and be fully justified when the whole truth became known. The final result warranted their confidence in her truth, generosity, and nobleness.

They were secretly married in December, 1847, and remained in Rome until the spring. Her letters to her friends in America at this time are wholly filled with the public conditions in Italy, with slight allusions to her own changed condition. In May she went to Rieti, a little mountain town, and here her child was born September, 1848. How hard it must have been to her not to confide her new joy and her new anxieties to her tender mother is shown in her letter to her mother from Rome, November 16; but her fear lest the knowledge of her marriage and motherhood would give her great anxiety, and also the effect which this fact might have upon her husband's interests, as he was engaged in litigation with his brothers who were entirely devoted to the old régime in politics, constrained her still to silence. She writes very cheerfully of her surroundings at Rome, although she speaks of the terrible excitement in the city consequent on the assassination of the minister Rossi.

Of course the news of the marriage was received so suddenly, and so little was really told, that the wildest conjectures had full chance for expression. It was asserted that Ossoli was a man of very inferior birth, of no education, and unequal to Margaret in every respect, and, still more strangely, that he married her believing her to be possessed of a large fortune.

It is true that he was not equal to her intellectually, either in natural gifts or in acquirement. He was brought up in good society but mainly educated by an old priest, and Margaret herself says, "Of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant." From this probably arose the report, which I have had to correct, that he could neither read nor write. Fortunately we have his own letters in disproof of this statement. But he appears, both from the testimony of those friends of Margaret who knew him and from her own account, to have been one of those rare, fine, intuitional natures who know the heart of things better than things themselves. She says: "He has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer of all that passed before his eyes; he has a nice sense of duty, which in its unflinching minute activity, may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very

sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His devotion when I am ill is to be compared only to yours. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces remind me of E. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie."

When we remember how Margaret's keen-sighted truth saw her friends so clearly, surely we can feel satisfied that she had found a true mate in whom love made all things to fit. Another time she said, "He gives me all that even my exacting heart can ask." Yet, true to her nature, she analyzes and questions the relations and the effect on her present and future life.

Still, she says, "The great novelty, the immense gain to me is my relation with my child. I thought the mother's heart lived in me before, but it did not; I knew nothing about it." Then she tells of the thousand fears which crowded on her heart as she had pictured the perils to which he might be exposed, but when he was born her "deep melancholy changed at once into rapture."

The perils of her motherhood were no vain dream. The little creature born in the solitary mountain town was soon left there while his mother was obliged to rejoin her husband in Rome and partake of all the dangers to which he was exposed, besides enduring the misery of separation from her darling.

On her labors with her pen depended the future support of herself and her child. She had already begun her work on Italy, and it was necessary for her to be in the stream of the events then passing at Rome, that she might give the narration truth and life. She writes to Ossoli, "Think always in seeking a house for me not to pledge me to stay in Rome. It seems to me often that I cannot stay long without seeing the baby. He is so dear, and life seems to me so uncertain, I do not know how to leave my dear ones. It is necessary that I should be in Rome at least a month, to write and also to be near you, but I wish to be free to return here if I feel too anxious for him, too suffering. O love, how difficult is life! But you, you are good. If it were only possible for me to make you happy!"

It was indeed a time when history was making fast in Rome. The Pope from whom so much had been hoped had not been able to withstand the influences of his cardinals, and did not understand the sullen silence of the people until his confidence was rudely broken by the

murder of the minister Rossi at the very entrance of the chamber of deputies, and soon after the Pope, imploring the protection of the King of Naples, fled to Gaeta. The good time seemed really come for Italy, and the Romans were quiet and sure in their rejoicings. Margaret saw all this short-lived joy, but she also saw the danger ahead. In this case she said, "Will France basely forfeit every pledge and every duty, to say nothing of her true interest?" During this time Margaret twice escaped for a few days to visit her babe and was delighted to see him well and plump. She returned to Rome about the middle of April to find the French already in Italy.

In Rome Margaret again met Mazzini, who always remained her ideal of a patriot and, as she says, of a prince. She says "he was in appearance more divine than ever, after all his new strange sufferings."

Now also Margaret found new employment for her loving energies. Her friend the Countess of Belgioso organized the hospitals and on the 30th of April, 1849, she wrote as follows:

DEAR MISS FULLER,—You are named Superintendent of the Hospital of the Fate Bene Fratelli. When you arrive there you will receive all the women coming for the wounded, and give them your directions, so that you are sure to have a number of them night and day.

May God help us:

CHRISTINE TRIVULZE, of Belgioso.

This new work called out the full riches of Margaret's loving devotion. She writes to Mr. Emerson, "Since the 30th of April I go almost daily to the hospitals, and though I have suffered, for I had no idea before how terrible gun-shot wounds and wound fever are, yet I have taken great pleasure in being with the men. There is scarcely one who is not moved by a noble spirit."

"Night and day," writes Mrs. Story, "Margaret was occupied, and with the Princess so ordered the hospitals that their conduct was admirable. I have walked through the wards with Margaret and have seen how comforting was her presence to the poor suffering men; and all this time the most terrible fighting was going on, and Ossoli was stationed in a post of danger on the walls of the Vatican, and as the men were brought wounded and dying to the hospitals Margaret looked eagerly to see whether her husband were among them. Margaret watched the departure of the brave defenders and never had she seen a sight so beautiful, so romantic, and so sad."

Her extreme anxiety made her so ill that she feared for her life, and she called Mrs. Story to her side, and told her the story of her marriage and motherhood, confiding to her important papers relating to her marriage and her son's rights of inheritance. The same confidence was reposed on our minister, Mr. Cass, on the day when she proposed to spend the night with Ossoli on the ramparts, where he was directly exposed to the fire of the French artillery.

The fate of Rome was sealed, and the moment the gates were open Margaret flew to her child at Rieti. She arrived just in time to save her boy, who had been cruelly neglected by his nurse. He was "worn to a skeleton, too weak to smile or lift his little wasted hand." Four weeks of care and nursing brought his first returning smile, and then came a season of blessed quietness for Margaret and her dear ones. It was a great relief that the necessity of concealment of her marriage was at an end; and her friends and relatives at home received the startling news with loving sympathy, — her mother especially. As Margaret says:

"She blessed us. She rejoiced that she should not die feeling there was no one left to love me with the devotion she thought I needed. She expressed no regret at our poverty, but offered her feeble means."

The following winter was spent in Florence, where, though sad for the fallen hopes of Italy, the little family were happy in each other. Margaret's letters are full of her joy in her child, and she recalls her own childish life in his. They speak too most tenderly of her husband and her love of him, as well as of his for her.

She pursued her literary studies and work, especially on the history of Italy, from which she hoped so much and which is totally lost. Of this work she wrote to her brother, and hopes to see the end of the political struggle, which she thinks will be within the year. She is confident that her work, if she can accomplish it, will be a worthy chapter of the history of the world, a possession forever for man.

Gladly would we linger long over these last days. Full of tender love and joy for her husband and child, yet with a heart fondly turned again to her own land and the loved ones there, so that she says it is in itself a vast blessing to be born an American, with her intellectual powers ripened by this rich experience, and, as she says, "my heart in some respects better and kinder and more humble," not yet forty years old, what might not life offer to her; what might she not yet do for herself and for us!

Prof. Villari says, "What was the American Margaret Fuller in Boston and New York compared with the poor and solitary Margherita among the steep mountains of Rieti, with the babe on her knees, lost in a delirium of affection, blest in the smile of her Angelo!" Ah, she was the same Margaret whose nature had been fed by every joy and sorrow of her young life, who was already living in "thousand lives, in breasts of lovers true" whose minds and hearts she had kindled to truth and love.

To Italy it was given to see her noonday light, but how we longed for her to come back to us in the joy and glory of wifehood and motherhood. But for us was the sudden setting in clouds and darkness. But for us is also the resurrection and immortality. She lived a few years of concentrated and blessed though suffering life in Italy. But is she to-day to Italy what she is to our new life, to our young womanhood who understand and believe in her, and are working for their own sex and humanity, as she would have lived and worked if the full measure of life had been granted her? She was robbed of the last precious years of woman's life, when all the unsatisfied longings and stormy impulses of youth, and the richer joys of middle life with its deep home companionships and responsibilities for other lives have moulded the mind to that solid and sweet wisdom which gives its rich fruit to the coming generation and sows seed for all future time. It is for us to fulfil it for her.

Before passing to the last tragic scenes I wish to give you two anecdotes which illustrate her wonderful personal power over even strangers.

It happened, some time before the coming of the French, while Margaret was travelling quite by herself, that she rested for an hour at a little wayside osteria. She was startled by the padrone, who with great alarm rushed into the room and said: "We are quite lost! here is the legion Garibaldi. These men always pillage, and if we do not give them all without pay, they will kill us!" Margaret looked and saw that the legion was indeed coming with all speed. For a moment she felt uncomfortable, for she thought that they might take the horses and so leave her without means of proceeding on her journey. On they came and she determined to give them a lunch at her own expense. Accordingly, as soon as they arrived and rushed boisterously into the osteria, she rose and said to the padrone, "Give these good men wine and bread on my account, for after their ride they must need refreshment." Immediately the noise and confusion subsided; with

respectful bows to her they seated themselves and partook of the lunch, giving her an account of the journey. When she was ready to go and her vettura at the door, they waited upon her, took down the steps, and assisted her with much gentleness of manner, and she drove off, wondering how men with such natures could have the reputation they had.

On another occasion two contadini at Rieti being in a violent quarrel had rushed upon each other with knives. Margaret was called by the women bystanders. She went up to the men, whose rage was truly awful to behold, and stepping between them commanded them to separate. They parted, but with such a look of deadly revenge, that Margaret felt her work was but half accomplished. She sought them out separately, and talked with each, urging forgiveness.

It was long before she could see any change of purpose, but after repeated conversations she brought about her desire and saw them meet as friends. Her reputation as peacemaker was great, and women came to her with long tales of trouble, urging her intervention.

But the time had come when Margaret felt that she must leave her adopted country, with the heavy cloud still resting about it, and return to her early home. Here she must find the means of life for the support of her little family. It was with hard conflicts of feeling that she decided upon this needful step, and dark forebodings came over her anxious heart. She engaged passage in a merchant ship, the "Elizabeth," praying fervently "that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness or by the howling waves, or if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together and that the parting may be brief."

The seventeenth of May, the day of sailing, came, but even then Margaret almost shrank from the step she was taking. But everything appeared so promising that she crowded back her presentiments and went on board the fated ship. Alas, her presentiments were soon verified. Before they reached Gibraltar the captain died of small-pox, and a few days after the little Angelo sickened with the same fearful disease. By the wise care of his parents he recovered fully, however, and the ship peacefully pursued her way until the shores of America were in sight. Their trunks were packed for the shore, and with grateful, loving hearts Ossoli and Margaret put their child to bed for the last time at sea, as they thought.

By nine o'clock the breeze increased to a gale, and by midnight to a hurricane. Yet, in their new and strong vessel there was little alarm until about four o'clock in the morning, when she struck upon the beach at Fire Island.

I cannot picture to you the details of the scenes that followed, the fright of the child, whom Margaret soothed to sleep on her bosom, and the despair of the maid, whom Ossoli calmed by prayer and kindness. Those on board used every effort to save them, but Margaret refused to be separated from her husband and child, and they were swept into the sea together.

Of all Margaret's treasures only the lifeless body of the beautiful child was borne to the shore and saved. It was tenderly wrapped in his own little robe, found in the mother's trunk, and laid by the sailors in the soft sand, from which it was taken and afterwards laid in the cemetery of Mt. Auburn, where a monument is raised sacred to the memory of the blessed three.

Her great work on Italy was hopelessly lost! But her greater work in Italy is not lost, is not forgotten by the generous people whom she loved and served; and her work for humanity and for woman is not lost while we gather together in her name to learn of her spirit and to consecrate ourselves to carrying on her work.

In 1857 an interesting article on Margaret Fuller was published by Pasquale Villari, who has since become not only one of the most accomplished scholars, but one of the ablest statesmen of the new Italy, being Minister of Education for several years, and earning from the people the well-deserved title of "The minister who tells the truth." He is well known to American readers by his biographies of Machiavelli and Savonarola, as well as by many important essays.

It does not appear that he enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Madame Ossoli, but he speaks the feeling of his fellow-countrymen towards her, and gathers for them the brief notices of her early life from the first biography then recently published.

But his estimate of her love for and her services to his beloved country interests us. Among those generous souls who have held Italy as dear to them as their own native land, he says, "One was certainly the American Margaret Fuller, who was wont to say to her friends, "I believe that I had a life before this, and that I was then born in Italy."

After telling the story of her life in Italy, of her marriage, mother-

hood, and tragic death, which is familiar to us from the same sources from which he draws it, he thus closes:—

“So finished the life of a woman who dedicated to Italy her dearest affections, her deepest thoughts, who even in her childhood sighed to live in this our country ; for in it she felt for the first time the vigor and force of her life, and in it only it seemed possible to live. And when misfortune and poverty constrained her to exile in America, one thought alone consoled her; that of recounting the new glories and new misfortunes of the country of her choice. Could Italy repay such love with forgetfulness?” *

* *Saggi di Storia, di Critica, e di Politica per Pasquale Villari, Nuovamente Raccolti e Riveduti dall' Autore.* Firenze: Tifografia Cavour, Via Cavour, No. 560. 1868.

THE REIGN OF WOMANHOOD.

Address by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney in the Mechanics Institute, June 20, 1897, on the Occasion of the Unitarian Service in Commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him ; male and female created He them. — *Genesis* i. 27.

THIS one verse contains a condensed statement of the great beginning of creation. First, God created man in His own image, and this is repeated, in the image of God created He him ; then as duality begins to appear, male and female created He them, and the history of mankind in its struggle begins to be related.

The problem of our age is womanhood ; and therefore on this day when we celebrate the longest, the most prosperous and peaceful reign which England has ever known, and under the beneficent guiding hand of a true woman, it is becoming for us to consider this great problem, not so much in its outward and practical form, which it will take our next century to work out, as in its inner meaning, and in reference to the eternal principles which alone will lead us to its final and triumphant solution.

For the true meaning of this primal question of sex does not consist alone of the outward form, which envelops the human spirit, but in its essential spirit. We are seeking to fathom the secret of life and to enter into the purposes of creation. We are trying, if not to comprehend, at least to apprehend the thought of God, when out of the peaceful unity of being He brought all this complex, warring, jarring life of creation, in which the two forces ever tending to reunion and mutual action are the necessary condition of all life. Sex as the most universal manifestation of the first step in creation is traceable throughout all life, and for perfect knowledge of it we must study it alike in the formation of the zoöphyte as in the imagination of the angelic natures. Such cannot be the work of a brief hour. Only a sketch of the essential points can be given. This great mystery, how out of the One comes first the two, and out of the twain again come

the many, confronts us everywhere, in science, in life, in metaphysics, in religion.

We, as Unitarians, may rightfully give up the narrow form of a Trinity which saw the incarnation of God in one mystic Being alone, and not in all the wondrous world of life, but we cannot get away from the philosophic Trinity which recognizes the One, the All, the two through which unity acts, and the resulting third which is the Spirit of Life, making possible all this universe of infinite variety and yet underlying harmony.

You will find this Trinity, which has its representation in sex, running through all the phenomena of life which we investigate by science. It is as true and as easily exemplified in the most practical mechanics, the most subtle chemistry, as in the sublimest astronomy.

"It is as high as heaven; it is deep as hell." No mythology can begin to read the riddle of the universe, but it has to meet the question of man and woman. Poetry is never weary of celebrating this relation, and finding every charm and glory of the universe but a symbol of its power and beauty. Law has a maxim that "everything has a woman in it," and until you get at the part she has played in the case you are groping in the dark. Goethe, who well knew the importance of this thought, has expressed his Trinity in the simplest form of the joy of family life.

After the birth of Euphorion, the mystical child of love, the chorus sing,

"Love in human wise to bless us,
In a noble pair must be,
But divinely to possess us,
It must form a perfect Three."

In the most ancient religions known to us the human mind has recognized that the duality which it finds in life has its origin in the divine nature. Samuel Johnson says of the old Hindu writings that "they treat both sexes as equally necessary to the conception of Deity. Creation proceeds from the divine love or desire becoming twain, male and female."

The Hebrew saw the same truth expressed in the manifestation, "God created man in His own image; male and female created He them," and the latest scientist traces the whole evolution of this duality running through the mineral world, and becoming ever clearer through the whole range of vegetable and animal life, until it blooms

out in the beauty of human love, and the whole earth in its springtide of beauty resounds with the divine epithalamium, the marriage song of insect and bird which call to each other from treetop to treetop, "God is love and we are His offspring."

The same thought runs through the Egyptian, Phœnician, Babylonian and other primitive religions. It becomes somewhat obscured in Christian theology, because of the tendency to dogma in the Christian church, but it has still always existed there in the essential thought of the Trinity, and in the very inadequate, though beautiful symbolism which accepted the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus, as the Divine Mother of mankind. And so necessary is this recognition to the human heart that the honor and love due to the primal Infinite God, or to His representative in humanity, the Divine Son, was almost obscured by the tenderer trust and affection given to the Queen of Heaven. In our own day this great thought has again found expression from the deep heart of Theodore Parker, whose reverent invocation to the Source of all good, as "our Father and Mother, too," will never be forgotten by those who were wont to hear it.

It is an interesting coincidence which shows how the highest things of heaven are mirrored in the humblest human life, that the poor widow whose welfare the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, made his care, addresses him in her letter of gratitude as "My father and my mother, too."

In his greatest poem, Faust, the German Goethe, the leading thinker and poet of our age, has given immortal expression to the thought of the divine womanhood, in the line which is spoken by the chorus Mysticus at the close of the man's life-long struggle, and which opens the way to his redemption:

"Das Ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan."
(The Eternal Womanly leadeth us on.)

The word "eternal" makes the grand thought of this line. Woman is not an accident of creation, a necessity of earthly life, a second thought of God, who found man too lonely if left to himself, and who therefore made for him a pleasing toy to charm his leisure hours and soothe him when ill or weary. It is not woman as a minister to earthly pleasure that leadeth us on. It is the eternally womanly, as truly divine, as essential to the order of being as the manly, who is to lead the soul upward and onward, into that entire oneness with

God which is redemption and Heaven. "What a promise of continual life and fresh creation is there in these words, what abounding love, what infinite hope." What leadeth us on? The attractive principle, the love which receives impulse and becomes creative. It is at once attraction which stimulates action and the centripetal power which holds action true to its centre. While the degradation of womanhood is the most terrible evil of all time, our own fully included, while the actual manifestations of it, the fearful, unspeakable, appalling sin, misery, shame, the leprosy of soul and body resulting from it, fill us with a loathing, a horror, a despair of God and man, which almost turn the sun to blood and the dearest hopes of life to misery, there remains yet one Pole Star of Faith which shines through the gloomiest darkness and gives us hope that humanity can never wholly lose its way, but is bound to the eternal throne of God by a link that can never be wholly broken. The lowest, vilest man does not willingly lose his ideal of woman, does somehow cherish some feeling of motherhood, some belief in an unselfish love, some little gleam of romance in his heart, some sense that a woman's prayers are more powerful than his curses, some thought of the child that might have clung about his knees, some recognition that there is a power of love, an "eternally womanly" that may yet lead him upward and on to redeemed life out of the very jaws of death and hell. Hence, men judge actual women so severely as not answering to their ideal. You remember when the miners of California, living for months and years their wild, half-savage life, heard that an emigrant train was coming, bringing women in their company, they exclaimed: "Thank God, the women are coming to make us better." They knew not who they were; they might be the very refuse of the slums of the cities, driven out by dishonor and vice, but the men did not think of that; they recognized the "eternally womanly" and the first thought was the manly, noble one: "They have come to make us better." The natural religion of these rough men clung to their ideal and hoped thence their salvation. As Goethe said: "My idea of woman is not abstracted from the phenomena of actual life, but has been born within me. God knows how!"

Man's relation to woman is the great fact of his moral life. If he fails in it, no matter how the world may condone his fault, it saps the very strength of his manhood, and as Shakespeare so truly says, "Our pleasant vices are made the whips to scourge us." None but

the poor victim can fully know how keen are the tortures, how bitter the humiliations that follow. But does man alone need to worship a lofty ideal born instead of the Spirit, but most blessed also when revealed in flesh and blood? Does not woman, too, need to feel the thrill of equal divinity in her partner and companion? When it is claimed that women should take their share of the active work and vital responsibility of the world's life we often hear men say, "Oh, we do not want woman brought down from her lofty pedestal; we want our ideal kept high and pure." Do you ever think that woman, too, must have her ideal of man kept pure and holy? Can she touch pitch and not be defiled? Her ideal of man must match her own standard of spiritual purity and truth, or instead of leading him on she is dragged down to the dust with him. The whole meaning of sex is mutual relation and the one sex must be fit to mate the other. "All are needed by each one; nothing is fair or good alone." A man expressed to me the other day his hopelessness of the moral condition of his own sex, which he believed was sinking lower and lower in depravity. I could not, would not, despair with him, and I find my best hope in the fact that the noblest men everywhere are earnestly longing that a higher standard, a standard as high for them as for women, shall be held up before them, and that the women of actual life whom they meet day by day should demand of them the strictest fidelity to it.

If the human heart was not satisfied in its earliest efforts to draw near to the secrets of life without the recognition of the woman, the mother, in God, whence came then the debasing views of woman which have had such sway in the world and have produced such corruption and misery that we shrink from any effort to portray it? Even the effort to express this dual thought of God, mingled with an anthropomorphism which, "making of God even such a one as themselves," has enlarged the selfish, narrow passions of humanity into universal proportions, until the great fact of evil and sin covered the whole sphere of thought and religion. This tremendous problem of the existence of evil demanded a solution. Man must have been wholly divine, pure in his origin; what could have separated him from God? It must be a power almost equal to God that could thus strive against and often seemingly overcome him; and, as this power was subtle and wise after its kind, and knew that when the best is turned to evil it becomes the worst, so the evil power sought his instrument in woman,

the embodiment of love, and she came to express in the popular theology, not the upward, redeeming source of good, but the arch temptress to sin and evil. Thus woman in many mythologies is both the tempter and savior. She represents attractive love, and that love is capable of being the greatest incentive to good or the most fearful impulse to evil, as it is received and developed. So in Hebrew thought woman is the tempter; yet the pure mother bringing forth the son, that is, restoring the whole, the harmony brings also salvation. So even the thought of fatherhood and motherhood became tainted with sin, and the monstrous doctrine, which lies like a heavy pall over the sweet region of theology, the doctrine of innate depravity and total alienation from God, being conceived and born in sin, has carried its message of doubt, despair, and hate into the fairest regions of life. Against it the doctrine of the divine motherhood is perpetually striving, and it is to the recognition of the holiness of the feminine principle that we must look for the regeneration of the world. Jesus set a little child in the midst of them and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Could He have been thinking of him as the offspring of the devil? In the Christian church the two opposite conceptions of woman have remained side by side struggling with each other; but where in the words of Jesus Himself, even when He speaks to one who calls herself a sinner, is there ever a want of recognition of the love to which all will be forgiven? There was a time when woman was the type of all evil, and when the deepest and holiest of human relations could not be consecrated within the walls of a church. It was a great step in the recognition of her nature when marriage was recognized as a sacrament, a symbol of that divine union which can alone promote harmony and life. Even now it is felt that the presence of woman desecrates many of the holy places of the church, and, while the Virgin is honored, and saints and martyrs are objects of prayer and devotion, the human, living mother is not received into the active service and honors of the church. Nor are our Protestant skirts free from this reproach, while large bodies of religious men refuse to hear the divine message if it come from the lips of a woman. Yet in all religions and all mythologies woman has had direct reception from divinity and become the inspired prophetess. There is one aspect of the religious veneration for woman which, while it has its deep meaning and beautiful expression, has yet worked great mischief, because it is partial and not the whole truth. In the ancient religions

we find that it is mainly as the human mother that woman is honored. As a wife she is loved indeed, but loved as a possession, and this love, so often selfish and exacting, allied so closely to selfish enjoyment and the lust of power, has thus become the greatest of dangers, the worst of foes to woman. It is only the mother who has always claimed a certain independent value and secured a measure of pure honor and respect, and even this feeling is vitiated by the selfish superstition that, as the father of sons whom she has brought to him the lasting glory of the man is secure. Thus even in the deepest corruption of womanhood something of purity and nobility and truth has lingered about the idea of motherhood, and its power to restore purity to the soul, and hope to the life, is acknowledged even in those whom the world counts as lost. The Koran says: "Woman is admitted to paradise only when she becomes a mother." If woman is not immortal by nature she is not worthy to become a mother. She cannot give immortal life to her son. Until it recognizes the true essential life of woman, Islam will always be a partial, not a universal religion. That this is the greatest distinctive function of earthly womanhood who will deny? But sin, falsehood, misery come in whenever we separate one function, however important, from the whole of life. Wholeness is holiness, and when we assume to cut off one part we destroy the harmony, we vitiate the purity of the whole. Fatherhood, too, is great and holy, so holy that we have transferred its name to the One, the Author of all good, but fatherhood is not the only duty of humanity. We reverence the Roman father who sacrificed his son at the bidding of the public law which he had sworn to support. Woman is a mother: but she is more than a mother. She is a living, immortal soul. She is a child of God and she is bound to fulfil all life and all righteousness as much as man is. Her life, her duty as wife and mother is great and holy. But she has a larger responsibility to the State, to her own soul, to truth and righteousness, to the Infinite Whole. God is a very jealous God, and will accept no human relation as before the high allegiance to His truth. You remember, in Scott's beautiful story, the sore trial of the noble Jeanie Deans, who will not save her sister's life at the cost of truth; and the same courage which enabled her to hold true to right in spite of the entreaties of the poor girl, and most of all of her own loving heart, gives her the strength for the great effort which can redeem her sister and keep God's law unbroken.

There is an old legend, well told by Chaucer, of the wife Griselda, a poor peasant maiden beloved and wedded by a rich lord. After she had become the mother of his children he took the fancy to try her virtue (for he and she deemed absolute submission and self-sacrifice to be the sum of all virtue for a woman) by driving her from her home and children back to the peasant's hut from which he took her. She yields uncomplainingly, and separated from her home spends long years in poverty and exile, only to be restored to her children when the tyrant's greed of power was satisfied.

James Russell Lowell well says: "No woman approves Griselda, and I would not wish a woman for my wife who did. She sacrificed all other duties to one she had taken a fancy to."

So woman has too often accepted a fancied duty, a romantic virtue, instead of recognizing her whole relation to God and humanity, which demands of her the full development of her nature, and the employment of every God-given faculty. And as "he who loseth his life for my sake shall find it," so the seeming sacrifice of the partial duty to the higher will give her back to the nobler fulfilment of the nearest and tenderest ties. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more." With the exclusive acceptance of special function has grown the idea of woman as an accident of creation, an adjunct to the masculine type of humanity, created for his enjoyment and help, and having no right to seek her own fulness of life and action. Every great error is related to some great truth so closely that it is often very hard to separate them. So this false idea which has engendered all woman's wretchedness and fatal wrong to herself and others is nearly related to the great truth that the idea of womanhood always suggests that of relation. Symbolizing as she does the attractive forces of existence, beauty winning to union, the part never complete without its complement, in one all-comprehensive word, love.

Woman is constantly tending towards relation, and her happiness is not complete, her life is not fulfilled except in recognition of the life of others, in perpetual receiving from and giving out to others.

You will tell me and tell me correctly that this is also true of man, and that the highest man is no more self-dependent than the most loving woman.

But this truth of relation which has been emphasized and developed, though often in the poorest way, as regards woman, has been obscured in man, as he has so largely taken the material aggressive part of the

life of the world, and as woman, in so far truly his worst enemy, has yielded to his exactions and fostered his pride of authority and self-love.

But woman's ideal of man is as truly that of a nobly, grandly, unselfish self-forgetfulness as his of her. Philip Sydney, passing the water from his own fevered lips to those of his dying fellow-soldier, is dearer to her memory than the conqueror of a battle-field, and Charles Lamb, giving up his own dearest hopes in life to shelter his unfortunate sister, is beloved and revered in spite of many a failing.

You may smile at the trifling anecdote I tell you, but the thought of it has remained with me nearly sixty years. On my first long journey to the mountains, as we stopped at a hotel, and the elders were making arrangements for rooms, I overheard a bright young fellow say, "Oh, put me anywhere, it does not matter what I have." In my girlish innocence I thought, "What a blessed privilege of manhood which does not ask to be guarded and sheltered and pleased, but can have the higher part of serving others and renouncing his comfort for their good." This chance word gave me an ideal of manhood, which, thank God, I have never lost, and have seen realized in many a noble, many an humble soul. True manhood and true womanhood are ever appearing in various forms, for the two are one. I know not whether Coleridge is right in asserting, or Theodore Parker was wrong in denying, that there is sex in souls. I fear we shall have to wait until we know more about souls and more about sex before we can settle that question; but I do know that the outward form, even the distinctive functions of sex, do not always secure the special characteristics which we suppose to belong to them; or rather, I believe that, as we rise higher and higher in the scale of spiritual being, the differing qualities which we find expressed in sex are blended into a more perfect harmony, and that out of the differentiation, out of the duality which is necessary for creation and life, we come ever and ever nearer to a restored harmony and unity of being.

So when we consider the highest representatives of masculine humanity, Philip Sydney, Fénelon, St. Francis, Channing, and above all the great founders of religions, Buddha and our own blessed Jesus, we cannot but recognize in them the perfect blending of the finest womanly traits with the strength and power which we attribute to man. And so in woman, Joan of Arc, the girl warrior; Elizabeth of

Hungary ; Catharine of Siena ; Louise of Prussia ; Florence Nightingale, — hold our reverence by their firm, manly courage and endurance, as much as they win our hearts by their feminine beauty and tenderness.

Dr. Bartol says : “The ever womanly leadeth us on, but the ever manly, too.” Attractions must become equal for harmony and peace.

I have said that this is the era of womanhood. He who runs may read the prophecy of the future in the signs of the present. From Japan to Australia, in India, Russia, Finland, as well as in the foremost countries of Europe and America, we hear the echoes of her onward tread, and those who fear its victory are helping it on by the interest and discussion they excite. Everywhere there is new recognition of her rights and her duties. The Mohammedan woman of India rides in her palanquin to the polls to vote, and the woman on her bicycle is no more a wonder on the streets than a baby in its go-cart. The young woman no longer prides herself on the delicacy of her constitution and the nervous weakness which screams at the sight of a spider, but guards her health as a precious possession, not to preserve her personal beauty, but to give her strength to do her work.

Everywhere there is fresh inquiry in woman’s essential nature. Science seeks to discover it by the analogies of the zoöphyte and the trilobite and the loves of plants ; and poetry finds it in the instincts of her heart. The great problem of the mutual relations between man and woman is the constant theme of discussion, and its solution varies from the old view, which gives all the rights to man and all the duties to women, to the sentimental dream which puts woman on a pedestal to be worshipped, instead of into the great school of life to be nourished and taught.

The scale has dipped pretty heavily on one side, until it becomes very evident that something must be done to restore the balance, or civilization will fall of its own false position. There may be not a little jarring before it is rightly adjusted. Already there are those who fear that man may have become so sure of his intellectual and bodily superiority that he is in danger of losing hold of his true equality, and that the highest offices of life, the spiritual guiding of the child, the religious influence on the community, the aspiration for the highest purity are in danger of passing from his grasp, and he is likely to be left powerless and be obliged to give up the sceptre to woman. Was it not sadly significant when the great lawyer had to

say, "I don't understand Emerson; my gals do"? It is said that, great lawyer as Jeremiah Mason was, this recognition that it required the feminine intuition to understand the highest mind of his time is the only thing likely to be remembered of him.

Still sadder, still more alarming is the fact that man's grasp on moral truth has been in danger of loosening, and that in the selfish struggles of his lower nature for power and enjoyment he has sold his birthright of integrity and purity for the miserable pottage of sensual and worldly pleasure. A late speaker on Evolution finds this the danger of the hour, and asserts that woman is now in the van of the world's progress of evolution, but that until she can draw man up to her standard of truth and purity the onward march of the world will be stayed.

In the intellectual world the advance of woman is so rapid in comparison with that of the average man that educators are considering it as a serious problem which may disturb the right equilibrium. The finer faculties of the brain in man are so much injured by indulgence in intoxicating liquor, in the use of tobacco from an early age, and from still more dangerous and sinful sensual indulgences, that the danger is serious that they may not be able to do their rightful share of the thinking and the best working of the world. My heart leaped with joy when I heard the other day of two young men who said: "No; I cannot afford to drink; I cannot consent to smoke; it will hinder my power to do my work." And when I thought myself that the mother of that family was one of the most celebrated intellectual women of the country I felt how this noble spirit was born in them, and that "the eternally womanly was leading them on."

While pessimism has been rampant in our day and the degeneration of society has been the theme of philosophers and the despairing question, "Is life worth living?" is answered by a jest, there are gleams of hope and promise which show us that "the eternally womanly is still leading us on," and that man's noblest nature is asserting itself and struggling up to the same high aims.

In our own day we are blessed with the reign of womanhood (long may it continue), which is enough to cheer our hearts and confirm our faith in its ultimate power in the kingdom of man.

England was wise indeed when she repudiated the salique law and recognized the right of the daughters of kings to their fathers' throne,

even while her laws still held the common woman in abject servitude to her husband. By this means she has preserved an ideal of womanhood, an acknowledgment of her right in the universe, which, however partial and obscured, has kept an image for loyal devotion in the hearts of men, and has thus, by preserving for her a legitimate power, saved the nation from the basest influences. Michelet says: "France, which established the salique law, has always been ruled by the distaff." And the distaff has not been in the hands of the honest working-woman, but France has too often been ruled by the imperious false favorites of her kings, who, receiving nothing from their country, have given her nothing but treachery in return.

For sixty years a woman has sat upon the throne of the foremost nation of Europe. Her name is known, beloved, and honored all around the earth, for the sun does not set upon the world that owns her sway. We do not claim her as an exceptional woman, but as a true woman. Not gifted with the dangerously fascinating beauty of Mary of Scotland, the genius of Elizabeth of England, or the daring of Catherine of Russia; she is a typical woman, clear in her perceptions of right, entire in her devotion to duty, loving and tender in her heart, holy and pure in her life. She has accepted the high position to which she was called by inheritance, with its heavy responsibilities, but has done so, not that the nation might be governed by her personal will, but that the whole wisdom of the past, as embodied in law and the best intelligence of the whole people, might find expression in her action.

She has not, in gaining the kingdom of the world, lost her own soul; she has preserved her personality untouched, the Queen in all public relations; she has never forgotten her personal responsibility to her God in her private duties.

She has fulfilled every function of human life with simple fidelity. Blessed, thrice blessed among queens, her marriage was consecrated by deep and lasting affection, and in the partner of her life she found a fitting mate, a true and noble man whom she could value and respect for his own worth, and whom she did not consider as the first of her subjects, but as her equal and life helper. To his independent thought and life England is largely indebted for many a noble work, as well as for the happiness which he brought to her Queen. The royal home was as sweet and sacred as the peasant's cot. She has been the mother, not of future kings and queens alone,

but of immortal human souls, and she felt that only greater responsibility rested upon her to guide them aright, since on their fidelity might rest the welfare of millions of her fellow-men.

What an influence has such a life, known and seen of all men, not exercised throughout the regions which have acknowledged her sway! It seems as if it were indeed a shining light set upon a hill to show that the truest womanliness is in union with the broadest usefulness, the widest relations of influence and responsibility.

The last sixty years have not been a period of millennial peace. It has been a time of wars and revolutions upon the earth, teeming with the most burning questions of capital and labor, of races and religions, of systems of thought, of material changes. England has had her full share in all these movements. Far different is the England of to-day from that over which the young maiden was called to preside, but under the leading of the ever womanly it has gone upward and onward. It has known progress through struggles, alternations of misery and hope, bitter passions seeking vent in violent action, cruel indifference to others' wrongs, and selfish quarrels for personal rights.

But through it all we can look back and see a marked progress in moral as well as material growth, and it has come through reform and not through revolution. Can we not feel through all these years a calm, sweet influence which has made itself quietly felt through the turmoil, and held many a turbulent spirit under the mild check of a loyalty which was of love rather than of enforced obedience? I am a born and bred Republican, yet I have long felt that the gracious influence of England's Queen has brooded like a benediction over all her people, and has done more to hold closer the ties of country in the far-off homes of many an Englishman than any other influence. "I cannot forswear my allegiance to Queen Victoria" is the thought which fills the heart of many an emigrant and still holds it true to his native land.

Thus in many different ways the "eternally feminine leadeth us on;" thus it will more and more find its full expression in all departments of the life of the world.

Last week when I listened to the glorious celebration of our young martyr to liberty for the negro, Robert Shaw, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung. A chorus of male voices began the strain with a quick, sharp rhythm, which sounded like the quick tread of armed

men or a volley of musketry. It left something wanting to the ear and mind, of the majestic flow of a great nation's life; but one by one the voices of the people began to mingle with the strain, and soon there came a sweet, harmonizing tone which seemed to float down from heaven, as the women's voices mingled with the music; and the rattle of the guns appeared to cease, and the step to become more glad and free, and the watchword of the mystical chorus as they sang, "As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free," recalled the beautiful voice and life of the young leader, and we felt the eternally feminine leadeth them on. So will that feminine voice mingle more and more in the world's life and complete the full harmony.

We are thankful to-day for the noble life of the Queen of these realms; we are thankful for it as a history of human progress towards more and better national life; but more than all do we prize it and thank God for it, as a prophecy of the finer, broader development of womanhood, and of the time when all the strength of manhood and all the love of womanhood shall be so blended in life that they shall bring us nearer to the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and peace.

TO MRS. CHENEY.*

Thy voice so clear, persuasive, half convinces
 Even before the mind receives thy words;
 For candor, tolerance, freedom from pretences
 Breathe in its penetrating fine accords.
 Yet so impersonal and pure thy pleading
 We think of thee less than what thou hast said,
 And follow all confidingly thy leading
 Unconscious we are led.

HARRIET W. SEWALL.

* Found among Mrs. Sewall's papers after her death.

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

Silver Cheney's golden day,
Hastens with auspicious ray,
She serene asks no delay.

Fifty years that came and went,
Full of labor and intent,
Were to her beneficent.

Throned in philosophic ease,
Yet her heart its errand sees,
Near to human miseries.

Lifting a victorious tone
Where weak creatures faint and moan
To a Zenith of her own.

Some fair grace when she was born
Said this white rose shall be worn
Out of stain and out of thorn.

Human love that did arise
Fair and stately to her eyes
Waits for her in Paradise.

Human friendship claims her still
Faith that crowns through good and ill
The patient majesty of will.

Flits our age in memory's glass,
Half we see but shadowy pass
Ere other half is halved, alas!

Brief our dream of bliss or pain,
But if earnest works remain
Cheney hath not lived in vain.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

PSYCHOMETRIC READINGS.

The great interest felt by many friends in the psychometric readings of Miss P—— has led me to place here a few records.

These records were made at the very time they were written, and I have given them unchanged, although naturally they were unmethodical and incomplete. I have abstained from writing more, because I hope that friends will sometime be enabled to produce a full and accurate report of this very interesting contribution to psychical thought.

SETH WELLS CHENEY.

This letter gives me warmth — makes my fingers tingle. Are the person's lungs strong? I have soreness in chest. He would enjoy this beautiful moonlight. The person feels deeply and strongly — not exactly ardent, but has a deep warmth — perhaps excitable and yet apparently calm. Feelings likely to be lasting and deep. Greater warmth and depth of feeling than he appears to have. He was deeply interested in the subject or in the one written to — something about country — a wild country. A person of *good* though not great mind — active intellect. This letter gives me the impression of feeling rather than thought. The person would feel the beauties of nature. He loves the fine arts. He would want truth to nature in art to satisfy him. I cannot express my thought of the connection of art and nature in this person. He loves the fine arts — would see nature with an artist's eye, and art with eye of nature. Keener eye for beauties of art than those who are not artists have. Loves music — drawing — sculpture — deep enthusiasm. Is it Seth Cheney? Saw a lake — wild mountain — one softly beautiful. Switzerland comes to my mind.*

March 3d, 1844.

* This letter was written from Switzerland.

JANE CHENEY.

She feels she is misunderstood. Makes plays in words.

When embarrassed sometimes appears flippant to hide what she is really feeling.

Is she apt to be discouraged? Is she a little obstinate?

Would anybody say she's a good old soul?

Slow of development.

One needs to be keen and sharp to make nice distinctions in this character. She is often misunderstood and it hurts her. Does n't it make her less simple in action? Cautious and care-taking. Don't think she'd set a house on fire.

A little crotchety. Builds airy castles.

Puts her hands behind her head.

Very honorable. Pretty persevering.

The peace she has sometimes is not constant.

(E. D. C. asked) "Do you get an impression of her religious state?"

Is it always clear — witty?

Doubtful, undecided, fond of children; best nature comes out with children. I see her sitting on the floor playing with them. See her going around dusting or putting things in order and humming. It is funny I sit up so straight. Shy — a good deal of natural vivacity of thought and manner, but repressed by circumstances.

Is she fond of you (to E. D. C.)? Is she fond of pets?

Is she natural? Don't like to be laughed at, rather see the ridiculous in others than have them see it in her. I feel it in my elbows — she nudges other people's elbows sometimes. Timid in some ways, courageous in others, — would stand up for one she loved, like an animal for her young.

I don't want to get down into the sad places. Now I am in a snarl. Is she orderly? Does n't she play well with children?

(Question from E. D. C.) "What does she do with naughty children?"

Ans. Did you ever have your ears boxed?

Isn't she jealous?

A considerable power of conviction without power of self-assertion.

Timid and of a doubtful mind — slowness of thought.

Does she get very tired? Every little while she gets so tired.

Don't you think she has a good deal of patient affection?
 She is warm-hearted. Don't you think so?
 Is she curious?

SARAH MARGARET FULLER.

A good deal of life in it — burns — not the outside skin merely, but deep into the bone. I can hardly hold it (changes to another letter of the same person). This does not burn me like the other — in a different mood.

“Is it sad or gay?”

It seems lively and sad.

“Has it thought or feeling?”

It seems full of both. I like this person — one moment it seems near, the next distant.

“Is it a large person or a limited one?”

Very different impressions this person would give me from different points of view.

“Is there much moral sentiment?”

I was thinking of those limits you mentioned. When I see the person from one side I think I see the limits; when I change my position I see it was the fault of my vision.

“Generous?”

Yes, a generous character. I can't take in the whole at once. Do you remember the story in the book about the chameleon? I'll try to get far enough off to see the whole. A good deal of fun in him I know.

“Is there any there?”

I don't know — a good deal of fun in the person. You have seen a beautiful autumn day, with wind and shadows flying over the landscape. This person is like that.

“Is he solitary or social?”

Both, solitary in society and social in solitude.

“Versatile?”

Every question you ask with two sides makes me want to say both. Perhaps because she is truer than most persons and follows her impulses. Mr. Clarke's voice sounded so terribly solemn it made me laugh. This person has a good generous heart.

“Is she amiable?”

That is too tame a word.

“Sensitive?”

No — perhaps he is — you would find him always where you did not expect.

“Mathematical mind, or a lover of the arts?”

He would have a true love of the arts — not like to see great galleries so much as one or two really good things — would criticise them. He has a noble soul.

“Does he neglect things not beautiful?”

He finds beauty in almost everything.

“Is he, then, free from contempt?”

No, he feels contempt for what is truly low.

“Is it a musical soul?”

A wild music.

“What is the sphere of life?”

I can't think of his being engaged in any settled business.

“Is he the object of love?”

Yes, I should think so.

(To R. W. E.) Do you know him? “Yes.”

(To R. W. E.) Do you love him?

(R. W. E.) “No, love is not exactly the word.”

He would not care much for approbation.

“What is the controlling impulse? Is it religious?”

There is a good deal of religion in him — he is very hard to describe.

“Does he desire love?”

He feels the want of it rather than the desire for it.

“What makes him sad?”

I don't know.

“Is it want of a sphere of action?”

Perhaps it is, I have only taken an outside view.

“Is there depth as well as width?”

(Bows her head affirmatively.)

A sad, deep, earnest feeling — so earnest in this letter. The whole life seems a prayer — pressing onward — a struggle — life seems so earnest.

“What difference is there in the two letters?”

There is more of soul in the note. (“Which was written first?”)

The note seems written first, but seems older.

“Is there more soul in it?” Yes.

“Is it a contented person?”

No. She has not attained perfect command of herself — she is striving to improve her character.

“A lover of nature?”

Yes. It seems a different lover of nature from the other. I wonder if the person had not come to nature through thought rather than feeling?

“Sunrise or sunset, which does it love?”

I should think sunrise. You have been up a high hill — seen hill beyond hill arise as you ascended. This character is like that.

(To R. W. E.) Have you ever had much intercourse with this person? You have had a great deal of influence upon him.

“Is the person very susceptible of influence?”

I should think not, but I have felt several times that you have had influence on the person. He may not be aware of it. You have sent him down deeper into his own soul.

“Is this influence reciprocal?”

There are certain points in the character that have commanded your respect. I think he has influenced you, not so much as you have him.

Mr. Emerson does not understand this person fully. He says he does not love him, but I think he ought to. He wrongs his own nature and the writer also by not loving him.

It seems as if she had toiled up an ascent with her back toward the landscape, and when she reached the summit she tasted of happiness — had not known the meaning of the word before.

“Does she stay on this summit?”

No, she is not a stayer.

My head feels very full — a tendency to thought.

This is a large person, much developed, not wholly. She is not the creature of society. Has a mind that would search and see things in their true relations — would see into the centre.

“Has the person patience?”

She has much patience, but not enough. She strives to be white, whole, I mean, and to say things in a white light.

“Is there poetry in her life?”

Her whole life is a poem. I don't know if she cares for influence over others; she might originally have loved power.

“Is she sensitive?”

She ought not to be, but I feel as if she is.

“Is she proud or humble?”

Has a good deal of humility and pride too. Might be thought more proud than she is. Would speak of herself as of another.

“Does she love reasoning?”

Has loved it more than she does. Could not help speaking truth; she sees truths in themselves and in their relations to one another.

“Does society content this mind?”

I was just looking back upon her past life — terrible at first — much loathing and contempt. I don't know how to express it strong enough, this feeling towards herself. After a time came hope — a better, truer view. Much to struggle with. Now she has only occasionally those retrospections.

“Are her hopes high?”

She has high, very high hopes. At times she is transfigured. It was such a relief your asking me that question.

“What objects in her thoughts are most grateful? Books, pictures, action, or society?”

She finds great pleasure in thoughts, in friends, high friends; can be a real friend, is one of the few that can. Would derive pleasure from music and drawings. A kindred pleasure she would get from those things. I can't express it. If we were only in that vehicular state how nice it would be. She would appreciate an action more than she once would, sees true greatness better. As she grows older she grows younger. I don't see how she can be contented with the present state of society.

“What makes her love her friends? Is that excellence or a defect?”

An excellence. She is one that is worthy the name of friend. Would be herself and wish her friend to be herself. One could be true with her. One could receive benefits from her without being degraded. She is seeking to perfect herself. The farther she gets on, the more she has to do and the more subtle her temptations are.

“Is it a strong character, or a peculiar one?”

Peculiar. Oh! much more than I thought at first.

“Put your hand here and say can she love commonplace people?”

I don't like to put my hand there. I was in a higher state before.

“Is this truer to her than the other?”

It was an unpleasant change. I did not feel myself one of the human family. (I will read it to you presently).

I do not want to hear.

(By C. S. “Is she good for the sake of goodness, or because she wished to be perfect herself?”)

There is gentleness, tenderness, refined delicacy — at times she might wound the feelings of others, but would not do it consciously for the world, unless she would wound to heal. She would not hesitate to speak the truth if she knew it would do good. Has yet to have more patience and charity. She can't understand weakness, she is so strong herself I think she will. Has insight into character, would feel what persons were when she had seen them very little; once it was by thought, now it is more by instinct. Goes backward to go forward, is younger as she is older, has more instinct than she used to have.

“Is it a soft, or splendid nature?”

I don't like the word “splendid.” A larger person than most of those about us. She is not whole yet, wants more patience.

“Is it pleasant to consider this character?”

Oh, I like her very much. I should love to be with her. I should like to be in the same room, but should not care to have her address her conversation especially to me.

“Has she powers of conversation?”

Great powers. I think she is a *very true person*.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A subdued warmth and determination. The subdued warmth gives all the more force to his character. A strong, compact character, — a good deal of honesty, integrity, fairness, uprightness — in public life. He is decidedly honest, and you seldom find a politician who is so. He may be irritable. He is impatient, yet has a great deal of patience — endurance. He has been successful in public life, more so than he knows — a true success. He has had bitter enemies, but will live them down and be better estimated by posterity. Is a just man, has a good deal of warmth — deep warmth — fire. Is an eloquent man — his thoughts come with great rapidity and force — a perfect torrent. I feel very feeble and yet very strong. He has much combativeness — is a religious man — a

man of great veneration. He has much knowledge; his mind is a rich store-house and he would know just where to find the fact he wanted for the occasion — very systematic. I tremble all over and I yet feel so strong as if I could face a thousand. Has great energy — good deal of poetry and imagination — a great deal of judgment and sagacity, seldom find the two so largely combined — very moral person — great thinker and reasoner — great insight into matters and things. When opposed feels strong in his own integrity — likes opposition to a certain extent. Combativeness is prominent in his character. Will be looked upon by ages to come as a sort of monument. He seems so compact, a sort of solid honesty. A large but not a whole man. Not a perfect character. Has great self-respect, and his justice would lead him to speak of himself as he would of another; therefore he might be called vain.

“Are you sure he is living?”

He seems so to me, but he has one foot in the grave, is very excitable.

“Is he a slave-holder?”

I disdain to answer the question.

“How would he feel about the annexation of Texas?”

I have said he is an honest, upright, just man. Your question makes the blood tingle in all my veins. He is very excitable at times. Who can stand before his indignation at injustice or oppression? The subject of this letter agitates and excites him deeply. Though so feeble, I tremble in every limb, yet I could face the world if need be. Has great moral courage. I can hardly hold the letter in my trembling hands, yet I am strong, firm, unshaken, and unshakable. He has not met with more success than he believes, has laid the foundation for success. He does his duty to the best of his ability. The death of his friends would affect him more than would be supposed from his strength of character, but their misconduct more, though his affections would never interfere with his justice. Is a patriot — loves his country. He is obstinate, takes up strong, immovable prejudices. He will always do his duty, tho' sometimes contrary to his friends' expectations. This would trouble him, for he loves the approbation of friends, but his own more. He would state principles he believed true if all the world were against him. Eminently a just man.

March 29, 1844.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

A slow warmth. It affects me rather sadly. Either the subject of the letter or the person is anxious, earnest, not very happy, feels deeply, not very mirthful. Much warmth, not apparent at first. I'm strongly impressed with sadness, seriousness. Stern realities of life affect him. The person is interested in reform. Not much of a talker—desire to reflect rather than to talk. Deficient in physical strength. Not that clear view of things that I received from J. Q. A. Thinker, dwells in abstractions. Organs of foresight, &c., active—much insight, not trifier but very serious, not enough that is light in his character to counterbalance this seriousness. Much spirituality—not very happy—character not equally developed—not an unpleasant impression—more love of power perhaps than self-esteem. Things not realities to others are stern realities to him. He lives rather in the world of thought than that of the affections. Not a common character—quite deep—a difficult character to speak of. Doubtful if his views are clear to himself and if he has facility in imparting them to others. His thoughts are clearer than they seem, they are so deep—for

“Thoughts are deeper than all speech.”

Calm—not impetuous, but impulsive—self-control—love of truth in highest sense—love of perfect honesty—perfect justice—perfect sincerity—through faith in these, benefits others. Does good by *being* rather than *doing*. His influence is great. He combines highest goodness with some little weaknesses. Very unlike J. Q. A.—could not comprehend each other. He could not begin to have his own opinions and plans thwarted. Irritable, but calm. Must speak slowly, say just the right words in just the right way. Gentle, wanting in character perhaps—apparent coldness.

“Has he succeeded in life?” Does not give me the impression of success. His aims are high and thus he does much good, also by his faith in what might be done. He should not be wholly satisfied with his life because of his little weaknesses. Might appear selfish, not from regarding self-interest but from forgetfulness of others. He is

wrapt up in himself, not because he is *himself*, but in the principles of which he considers himself the embodiment. A perplexing character — one of much beauty, purity, ideality.

“Is he a clergyman?” In one way he ministers to others, but I do not think him a clergyman. Seems a teacher to teachers by his life — more useful as a sign-post pointing the right way than as a guide. He may think he has attained more than he has. Almost seems not living, were it not for some earthly clogs. Seems so spiritual. Not in the so-called actual world as much as most. Not a business man surely. The idea of him in State Street — “on ’Change” — is too ludicrous — as soon expect a ghost down there. Know not where he would be at home. “In Community?” Know not that he would be happy in Community. Most himself in a twilight room, calmly reflecting or speaking in a low, gentle tone thoughts as they arise. He can be agitated and excited, more so than I thought. He would not like opposition to his view. Not very tolerant of the weakness of others — does not see his own — very pure — more decision than firmness — a restless spirit seeking his sphere, which he has not found. Aim is very high and in right direction. Does not take in all parts of his nature. Does not always remember that he is an *embodied* spirit. Activity of organs in centre of forehead — foresight, etc., etc., injure his health. Rather a *spiritual* than a *human* being.

A. B. ALCOTT.

March 29, 1844.

My father's account book for the first years of his marriage give some interesting items of domestic economy. The first house was on Belknap Street, which is still standing, and it is curious to compare the price of rent then with that of to-day.

Items.

House in Belknap Street. Agreed with Joseph H. Whiting to continue at his house at two hundred ninety-five dollars (\$295) per year's rent.

Dec. 4, 1826, moved into Tilden's house, Hayward Place. Rent \$425.

Price of Service.

Nov. 28, 1826. Dolly Gilman commenced her service at 7/6 — \$1.25 per week.

June 5, 1828. Bridget Daley came at 7/6 per week.

September, 1820. Charlotte Cross came for \$1 per week.

For Furniture.

Total of expenses for the first year, \$778.80, of which \$100 was given by Grandfather. The second year the cost was \$40.60.

Time-piece \$25. — 1 doz. cut glass tumblers \$3.50 — Do. Wines \$3.50.

The total amount for house expenses without furniture was \$1041.85.

For 1821, two years after marriage, wife's account was \$67.04, husband's \$85.99, Mary F., child, 13.85, provisions and liquor \$231.97.

For 1822 the total expense is \$1183.37. Provisions \$387.53. Wood \$80.31. Wages \$57. Wife's account \$70.27. Husband's account \$117.76.

In 1823, \$1057.96. Provisions, \$389.91. The price of yeast does not vary, two cents are charged. Wood is \$35.38 per 6½ cords, sawing \$5.52.

Flour \$17.00 a barrel, butter 20 cts., beef-steak 9 cts., eggs 18 cts., cheese 9 cts., 1 turkey 74 cts.

10 buckets of coal at 23 cts. per bucket. Goose 56 cts. Corned-beef 5 cts. Barrel apples \$3.50. 1 Cod-fish 25. 2 lemons 12. Milk \$2.50. Peck apples 62. Passage to Exeter \$3.00. Lobster 12. Asparagus 18. Dates 6. ½ doz. pigeons 38. Postage 10 cts.

1 pair ducks 75. 1 bbl. Russets \$1.50. 1 goose 31. 1 qt. Strawberries 25. Potatoes 37 per bushel.

Stage fare to Gloucester \$4.00.

A party to Columbian Museum \$1.50.

Pew Tax \$5.35.

Theatre to see Wallack \$2.00.
Museum to hear the dwarfs sing \$1.00.
Ticket in lottery \$5.00. Museum with Hannah P. Dow 50 cts.
Carriage to take an airing \$2.00 and \$1.00.
Horse and chaise to Exeter \$10.00.
Carriage to a whist party 50 cts.
Dr. Gorham's bill \$22.00.
Theatre to see Kean \$3.80. Wife's passage to Exeter \$2.00.
Theatre to see Cooper in Romeo \$3.00. Recovering umbrella \$4.00.
Theatre to see Mathews with Elizabeth and Mr. Babson \$8.19.
Leghorn Bonnet \$13.50. Goose 37. Parasol \$6.00. Gloves 33. Gloves
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